



Beano Comic Library

UK Comics Archive





Boutje Comics ©

Director : Boutje Fedankt

Manager : Boutje Fedankt

Editor : Boutje Fedankt



Boutje Fedankt Productions

UK COMICS

Content

975 pages Beano Comic Library

Stories :

- That sinking feeling
- Chips that pass in the night
- The charge of Colonel Grenade
- Jonah meets Puss 'n' Boots
- Space Oddity
- You only sink twice
- Dive! Dive! Dive!
- Having a whale of a time
- The gruel sea
- All at sea
- Sea you later, Navigator
- That sinking feeling
- Scuppered
- Bottleships
- Boys will be Buoy



The background of the entire page is a large, stylized, and faded comic strip illustration. It features the character Jonah, a thin sailor with a large nose and a worried expression, surrounded by other characters and nautical elements. The word "Jonah" is written in large, bold, yellow letters at the top, and "meets" is written in a smaller, cursive font next to it.

Jonah was a British comic strip series, published in the magazine The Beano, drawn by Ken Reid. It first appeared in issue 817, dated 15 March 1958.

The title character- a sailor and a skinny, gormless, chinless wonder- was feared by all other mariners because he would (accidentally) sink every ship he sailed on (and often all other vessels in the neighbourhood to boot). His name is a direct reference to the long established sailor's superstition (which is in turn based on the Biblical prophet Jonah whose ship nearly sank in a storm). In one episode he started a war between the nations of Gorgonzolia and Parafinalia and this resulted in the utter destruction of the combined fleets of both countries (a possible reference to the Cold War). The strip ran until issue 1090, dated 8 June 1963, when he unintentionally flooded Sludgeport Museum. Punch and Jimmy took over Jonah's page as from the following week.

In the year the Jonah strip ended a new strip entitled Jinx began this strip also drawn by Ken Reid featured Jonah's sister. This strip was similar to the Jonah strip with the main character being equally clumsy, but this new strip was less nautical. Jinx ended in 1964.

In the early 1980s Jonah also appeared in the short lived Buddy comic.

In the 1980s, Jonah appeared in several Beano Comic Libraries, meeting The Topper's Puss 'n' Boots twice. Ironically, they also joined The Dandy in 1993!

A spin-off strip entitled "Son of Jonah", drawn by Jerry Swaffield, appeared in the Beano in 1992 and lasted until 1993. Jerry Swaffield also drew a one-off Jonah strip entitled "Jonah (The Boy who sank a 1000 ships)" in 1988.

Jonah returned 30 years later in 1993, albeit this time in The Dandy. Here he met the captain of the Ragworm's Revenge, Timmy Fogg (nicknamed 'Thick' Fogg) and accidentally sunk the barge of the last water gypsy, enabling her to retire - in gratitude, she gave him a magic earring, which if pulled would turn him into a monster-like man. The strip continued in The Dandy for a few years afterwards. The revival was drawn by Keith Robson, Ken Reid having died by then.

BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No. 48
20p

JONAH

GIVES YOU
THAT SINKING FEELING



**THAT
SINKING
FEELING**

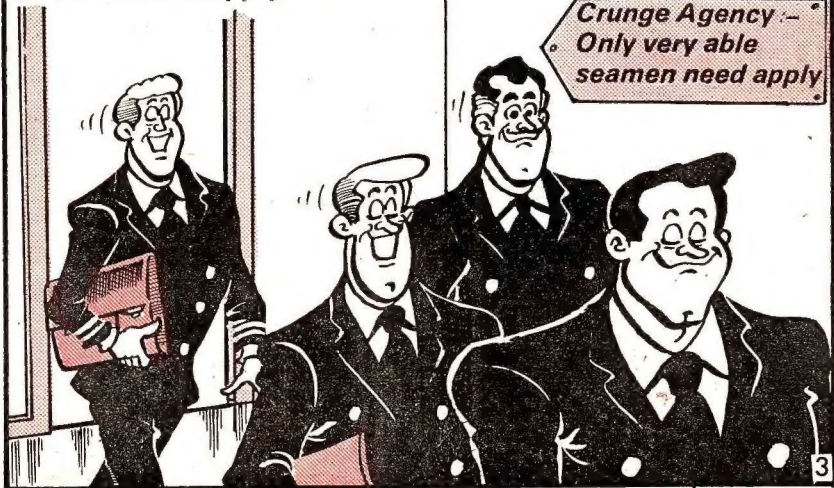
I PROVIDE THE
WORLD'S FINEST SAILORS!
HEARTS OF OAK!
MEN OF STEEL!



*This is Sir Albert Crunge, owner of
the wealthy Crunge Sailor Hiring Agency.*

*These are the type of sailors
Sir Albert can supply.*

Crunge Agency
Only very able
seamen need apply



OUR PROFITS ARE
UP AGAIN, SIR ALBERT!

NATURALLY,
HOSKINS,
NATURALLY!

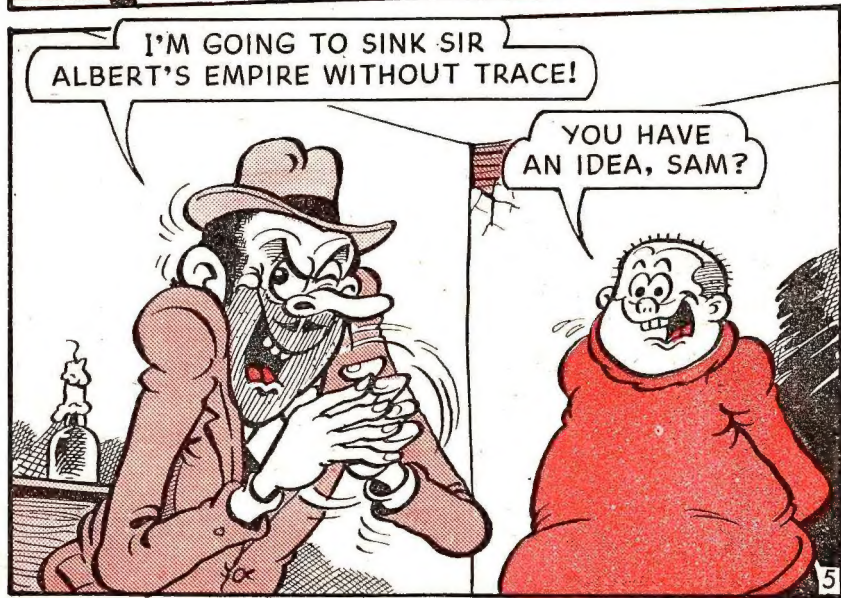


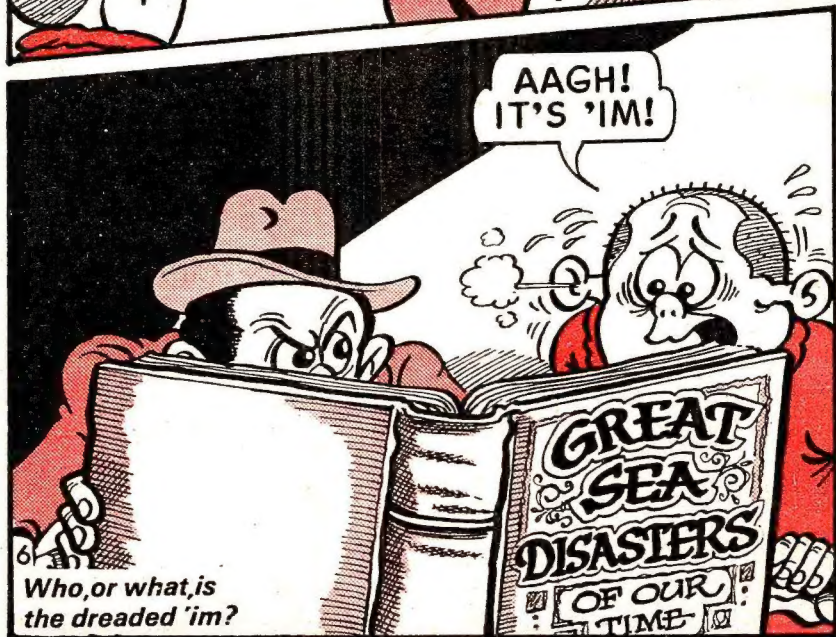
MY GRANDFATHER STARTED
THIS BUSINESS. IT IS THE
FINEST OF ITS KIND!

*Meanwhile, at the
not-so-wealthy Snidely
Sea-Farers' Agency—*

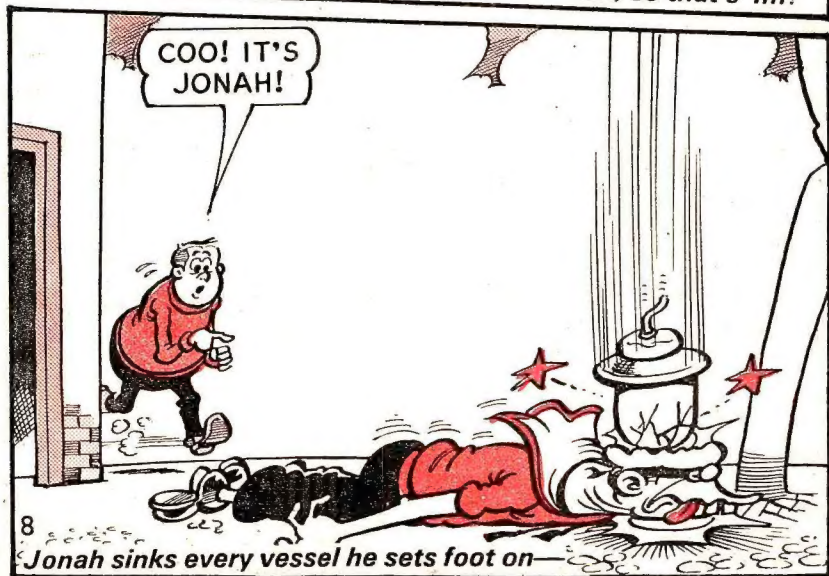
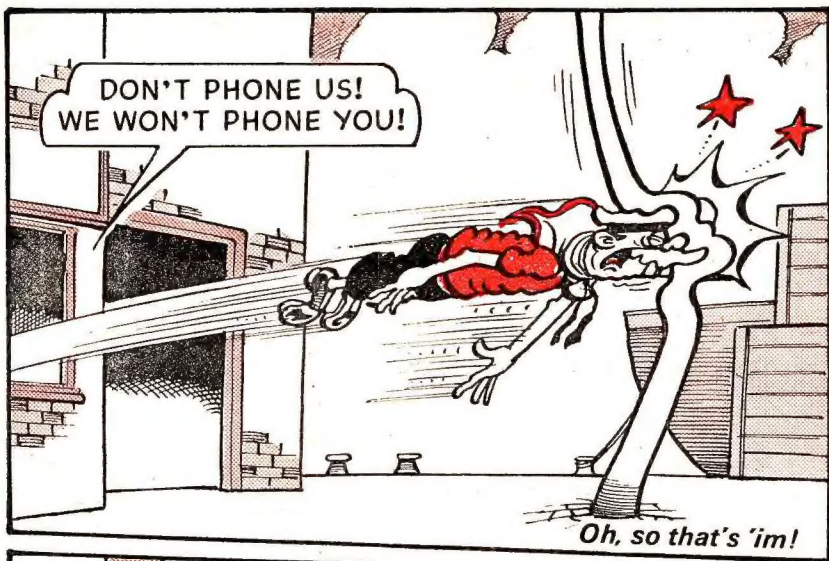
HEH-HEH! I'M GOING
TO KNOCK SIR ALBERT
CRUNGE OFF HIS PERCH!











'orrible,
ain't 'e?

I WAS JUST ASKING AGGISBOTTLE
ONNISBIKE, THE SHIP-OWNER, FOR
A JOB AS SEA-CAPTAIN!



DID YOU
GET IT?

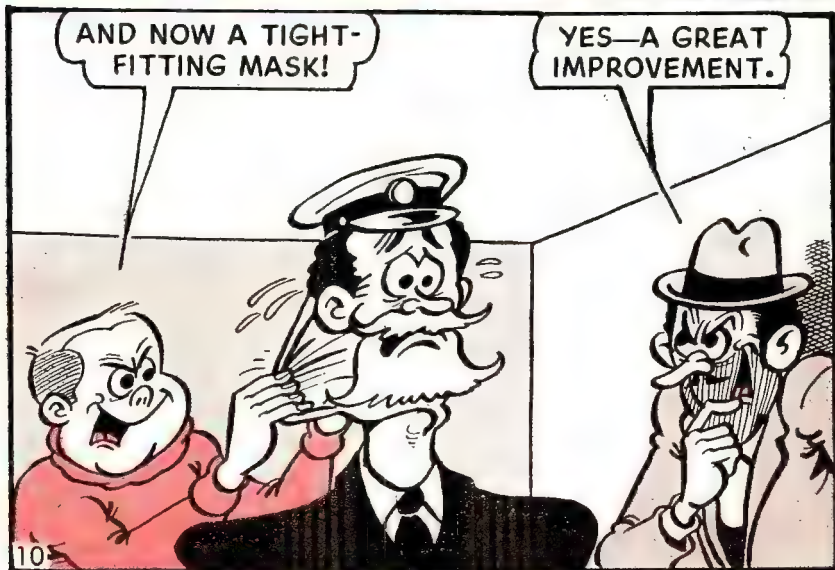
WHAT DO
YOU THINK?



THAT'S NO WAY
TO TREAT A
GALLANT SAILOR LAD!

THAT'S WOT
I SAID!





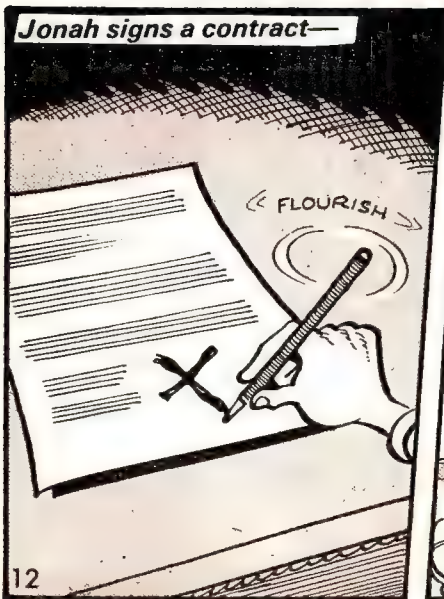
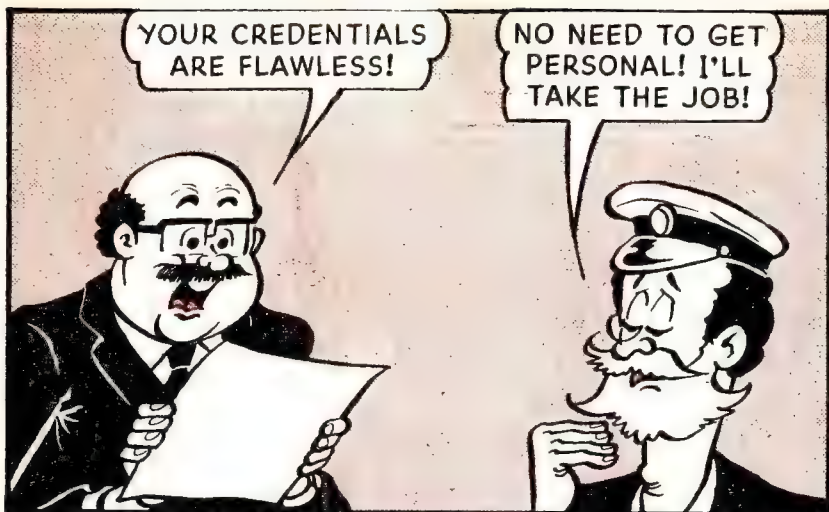
At the Crunge Agency—

AVAST THERE, YOU SWABS!
LET A REAL SAILOR THROUGH!



FIRST OFFICER EVAN KÉEL AT
YOUR SERVICE! I REQUIRE A BERTH!

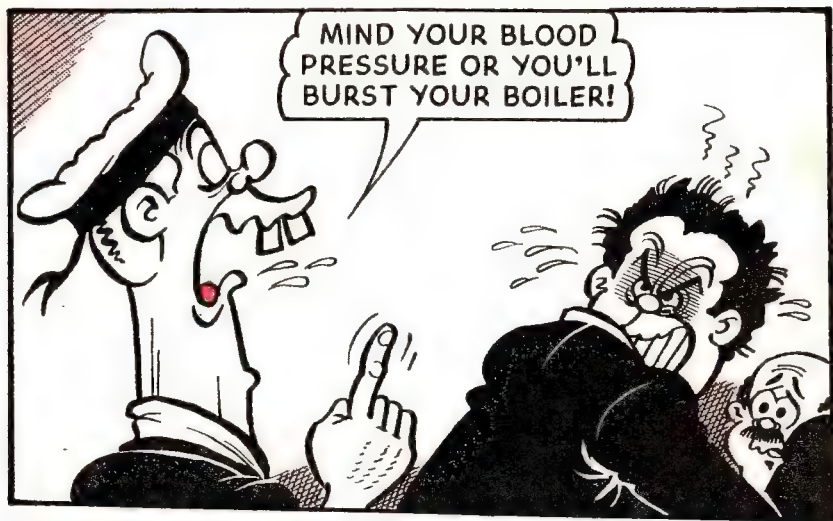


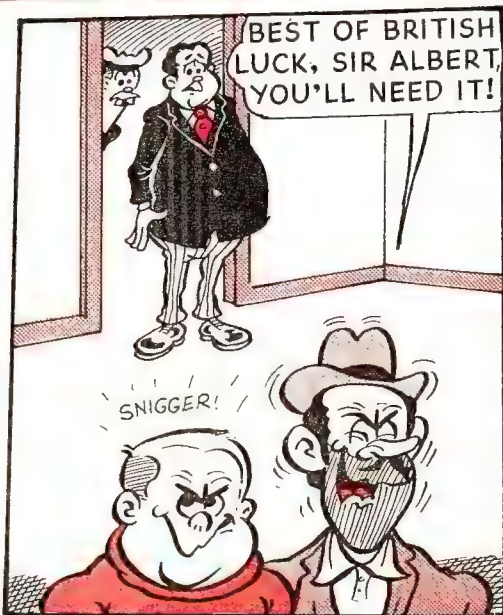
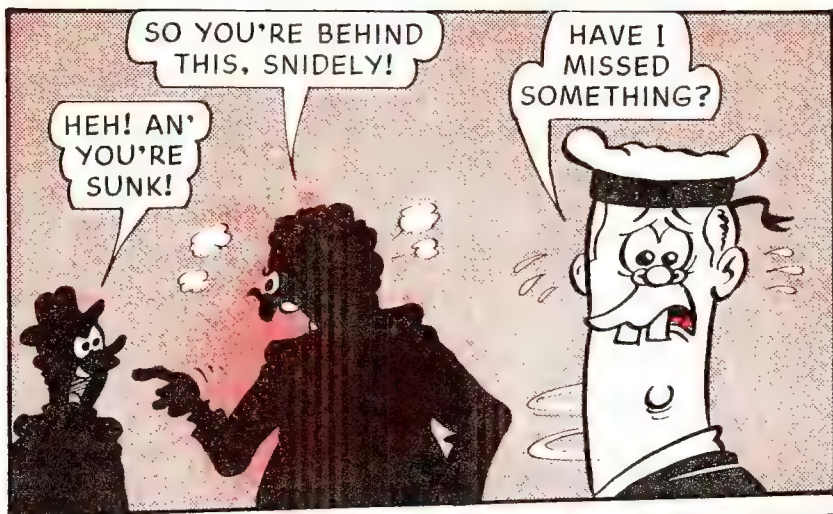




But when Sir Albert gets a front view—



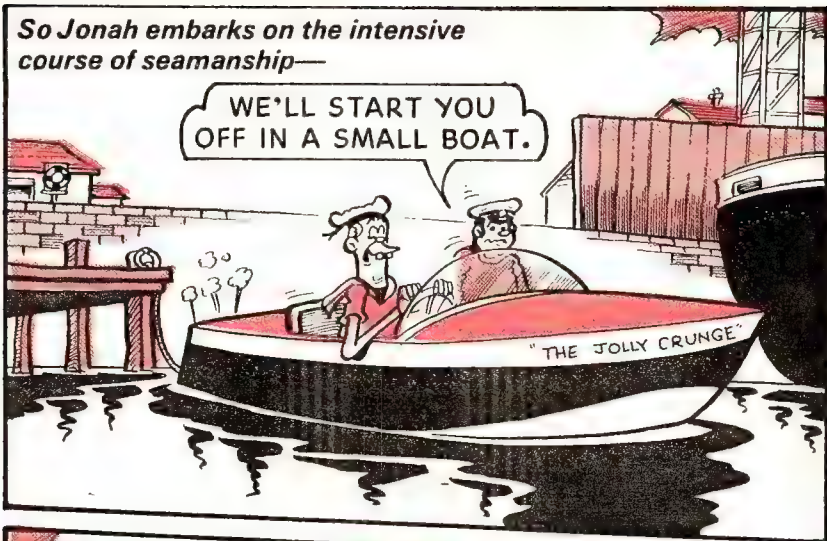






So Jonah embarks on the intensive course of seamanship—

WE'LL START YOU
OFF IN A SMALL BOAT.



THIS IS AN INSULT
TO A MAN OF MY
NAUTICAL EXPERIENCE!



I'M USED TO MUCH
LARGER VESSELS!



I KNOW! THE SEA-BED'S
LITTERED WITH 'EM!



*The captain of the car-ferry
owes Sir Albert a favour—*

IT WON'T
BE EASY!

I MUST GO DOWN TO
THE SEA AGAIN, TO THE
LONELY SEA AN' THE SKY!

↑ SAILOR'S
POEM



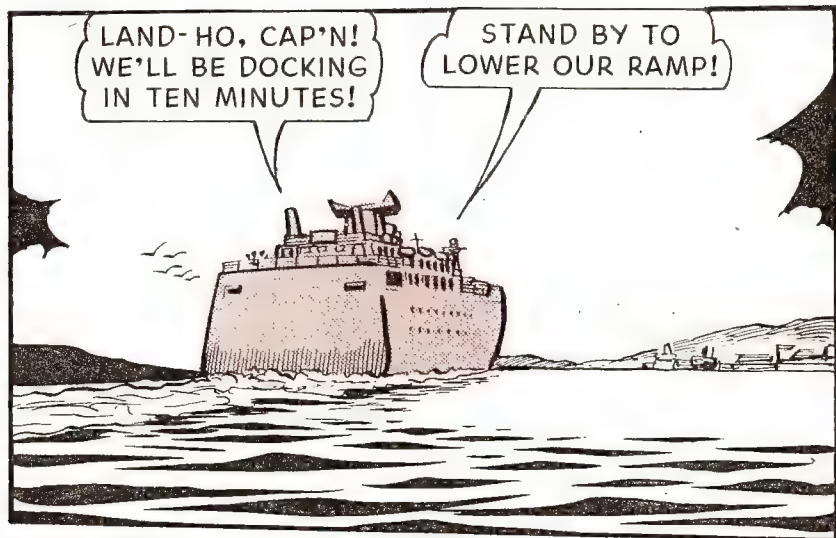
AN' ALL I WANT
IS A SMALL SHIP
AN' A STAR TO
STEER HER BY!

HE'S
KEEN!

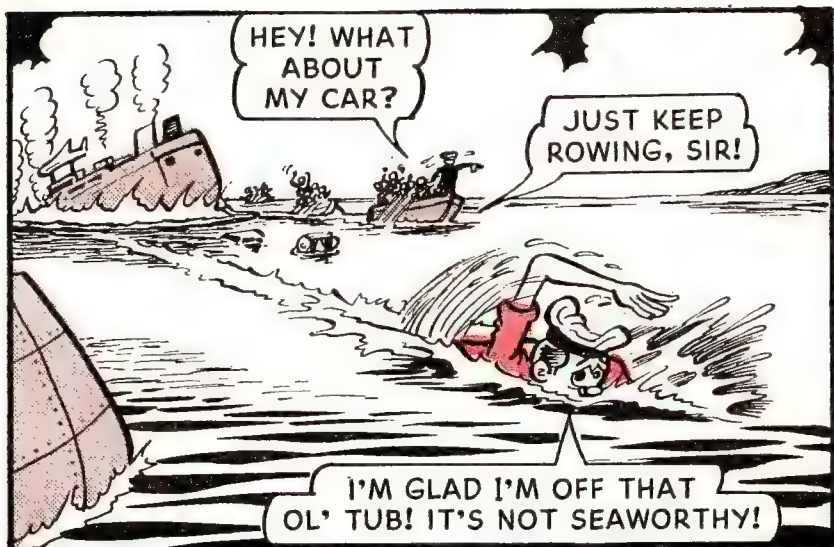
I'M
NOT!

YOU WILL
LOWER THE
CAR RAMP AS WE
DOCK IN CALAIS!

AYE-AYE,
SKIPPER!







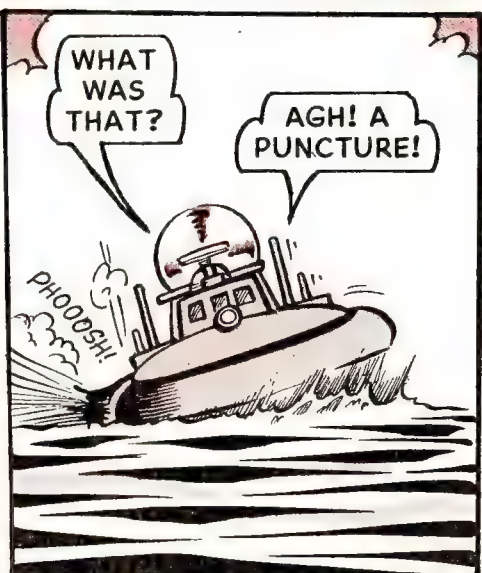
Sir Albert tries again—

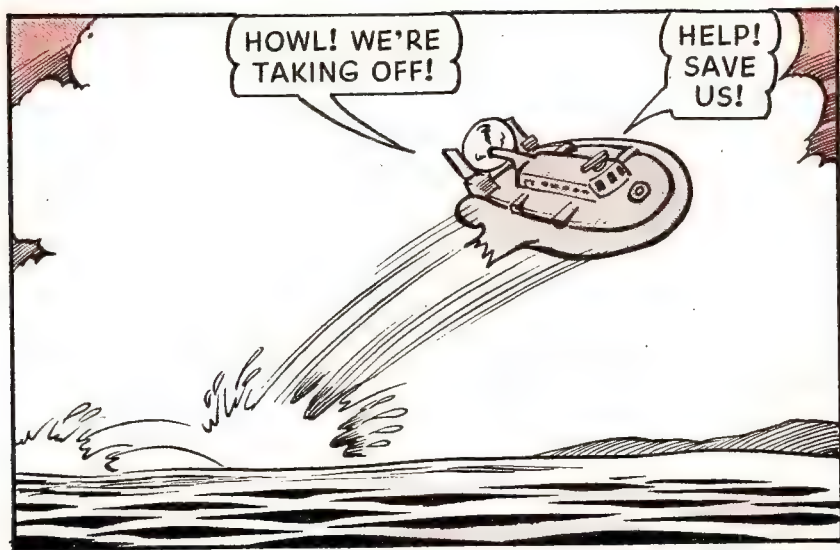


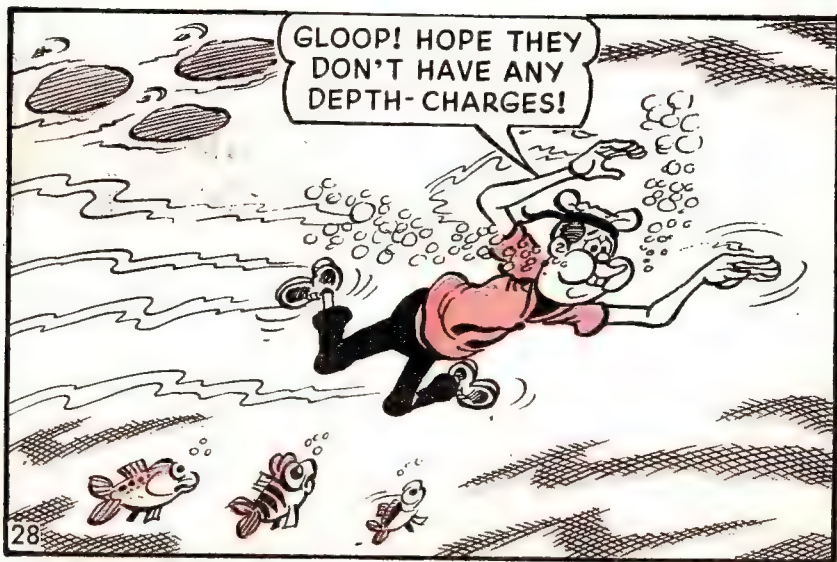


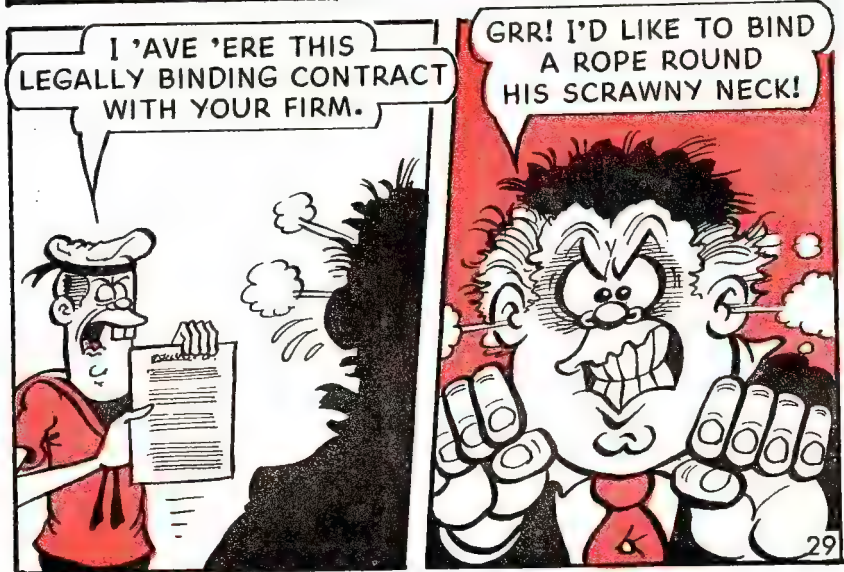


26.
Meanwhile, back
at the cigar—



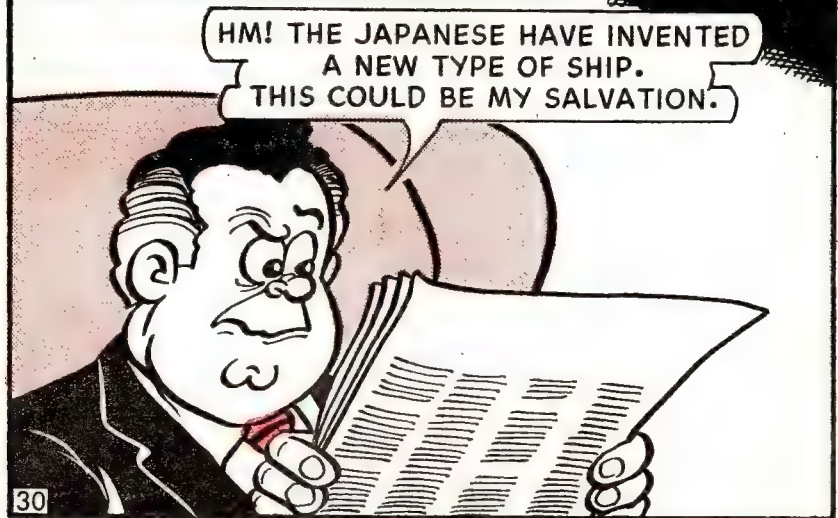






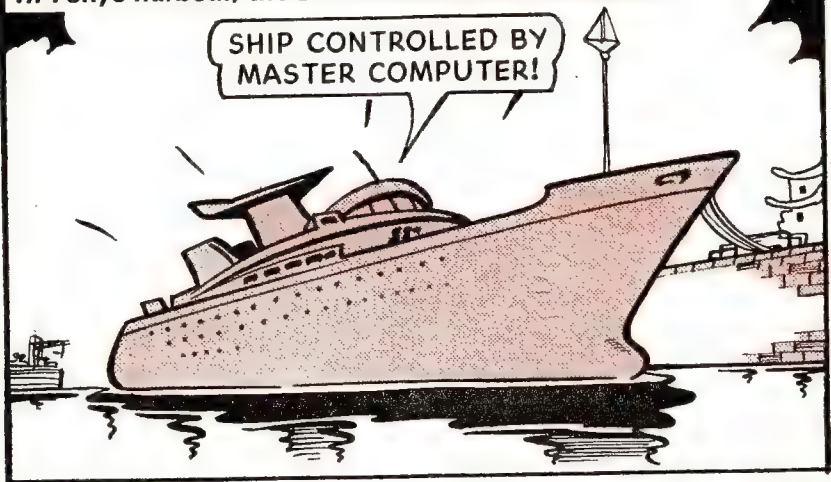


Later, Sir Albert studies the nautical news—



In Tokyo harbour, the S.S. Sakatati rides at anchor—

SHIP CONTROLLED BY
MASTER COMPUTER!



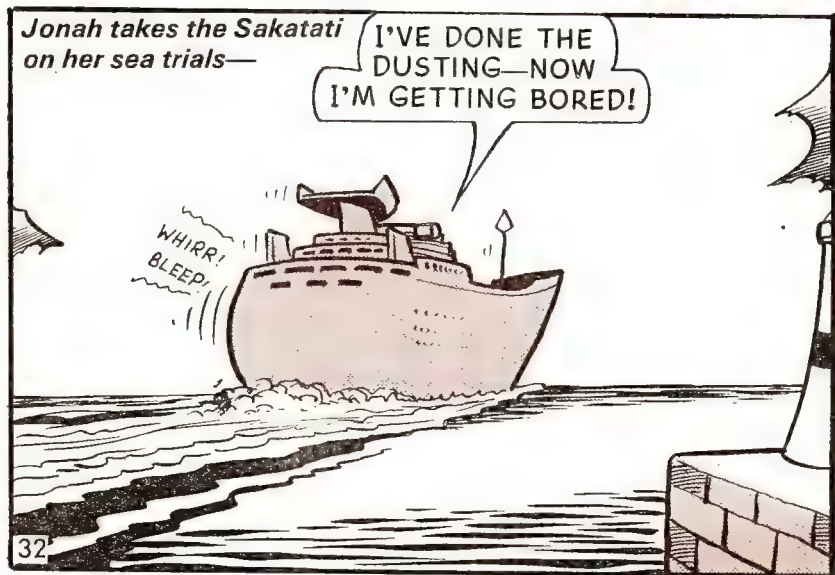
Professor Wong Kee shows them round—

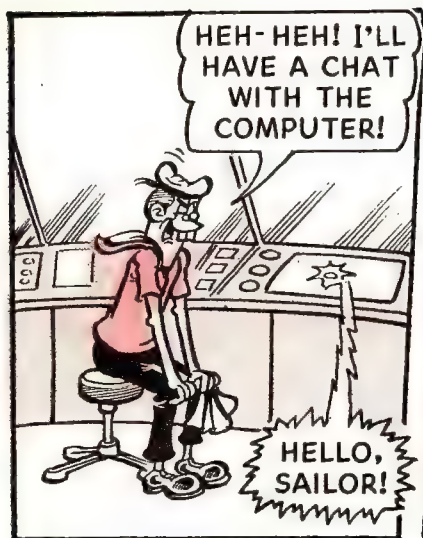
SHIP FULLY AUTOMATIC! NOT NEED
CAPTAIN OR CREW. I SHOW YOU!

GOOD DAY,
GENTLEMEN!

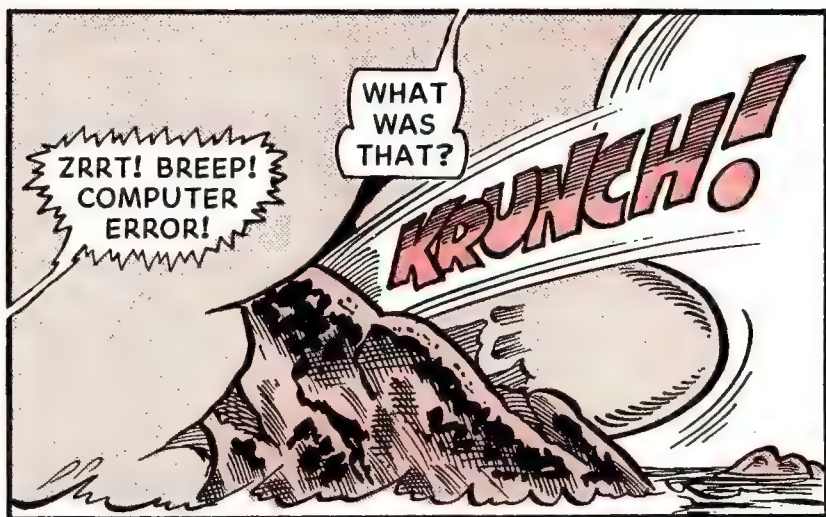
WELL BONK
ME WITH A
BARNACLE!











Jonah rescues the computer—



Meanwhile, the strain is beginning to tell on poor Sir Albert—

I'M DOOMED, GRANDFATHER! NOBODY CAN SAVE ME NOW!

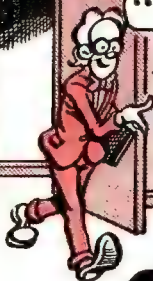


He's getting more like grandad every day—



Just then, hope arrives—

I'M PROFESSOR CLAUDE BLOTCH. I HAVE A SCHEME TO RAISE THE "TITANIC"!



I INTEND TO FILL BALLOONS WITH A GAS THAT IS LIGHTER THAN AIR!



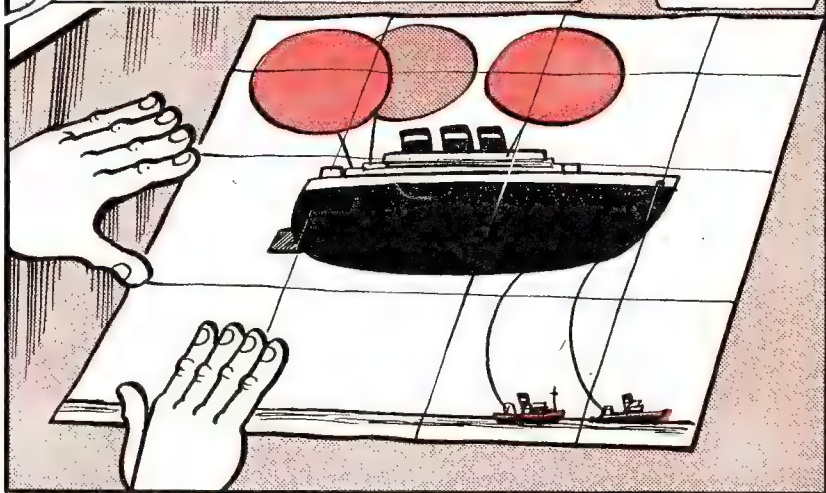
HIS BRAIN IS LIGHTER THAN AIR!



Blotch shows his plan—

I WILL FLOAT "THE TITANIC"
BACK TO THE NAUTICAL MUSEUM!

HOW CAN
I HELP?



I NEED A SHIP'S
COOK FOR MY
SALVAGE TUG!

I HAVE THE VERY
GOON—ER, MAN!

Aboard the salvage vessel "Macaroni"

WELCOME ABOARD,
SIGNORES!

THIS IS
THE NEW
COOK!

OW DO,
SHIP-MATES!

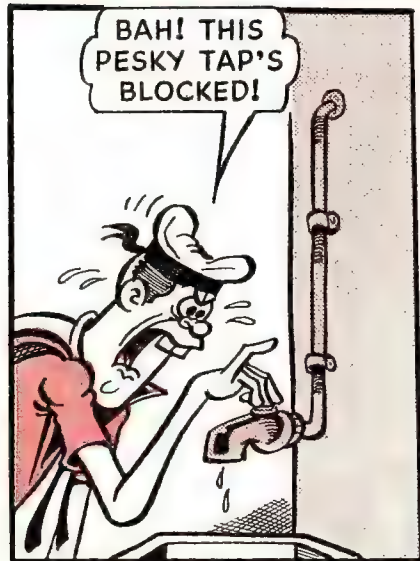
JUST ONE
SPAGHETTI!
GEEVE EET
TO ME!

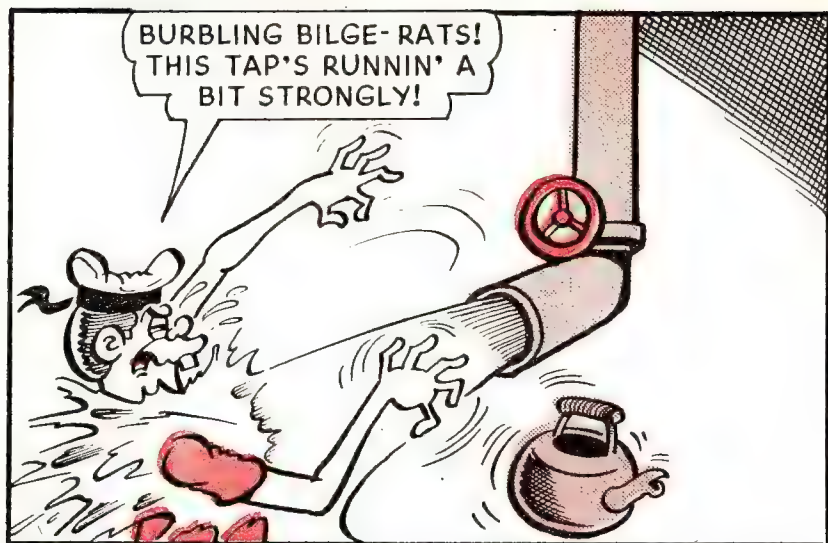
THE CREW ARE ALL
EX ICE-CREAM SALESMEN.

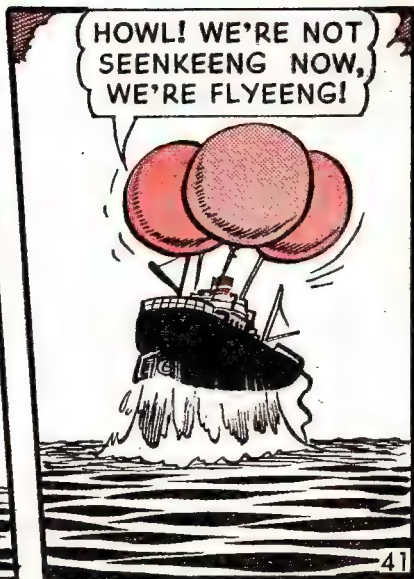
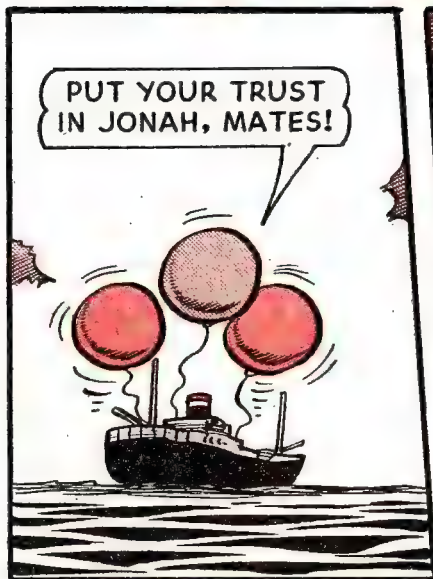
I'LL KEEP 'EM
RIGHT, PROF!

*When they're over
the sunken wreck—*

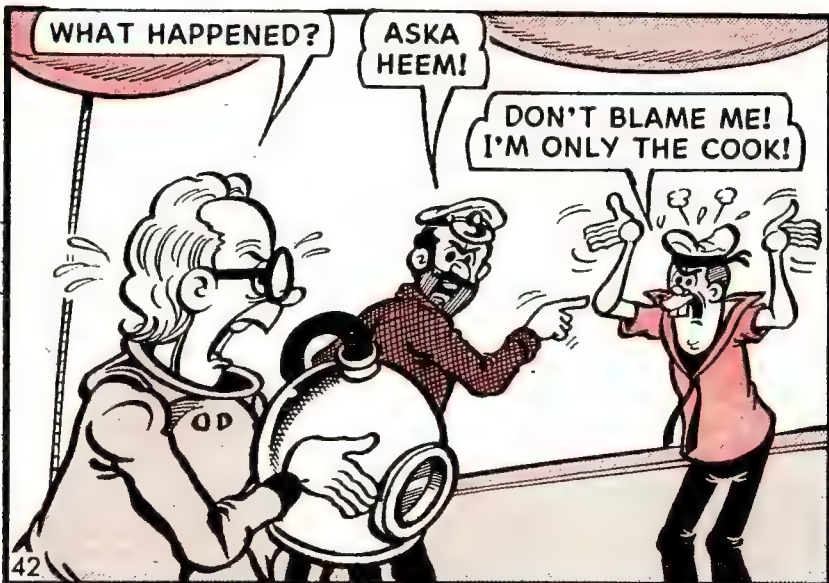
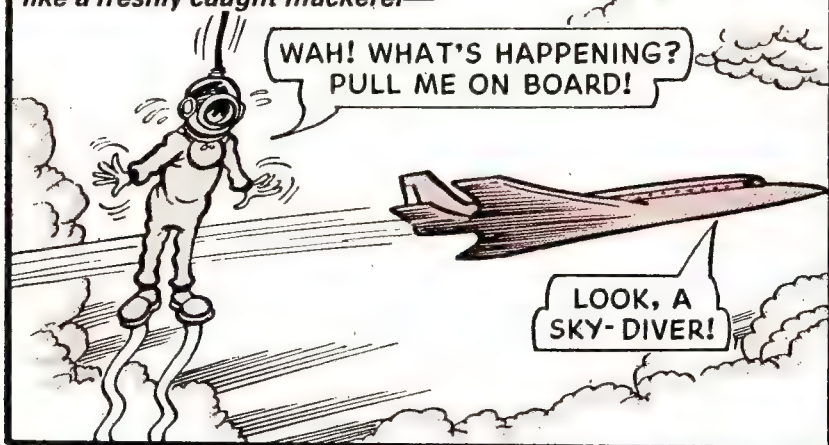
SOON YOU WILL
WITNESS AN
HISTORIC EVENT!



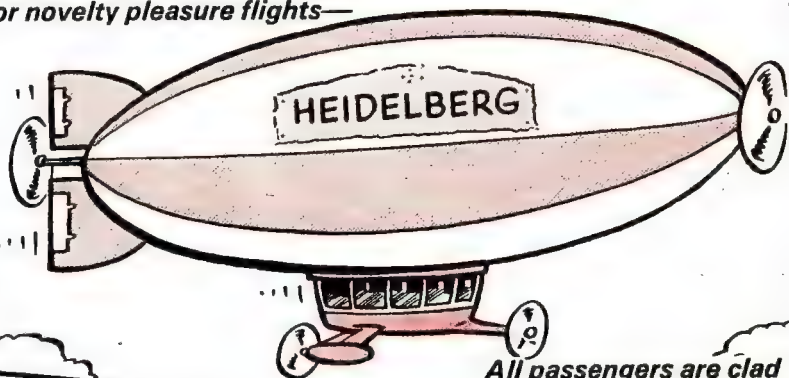




*Poor ol' Blotch is yanked into the air
like a freshly caught mackerel—*



*Not far off is a replica of a
German airship now being used
for novelty pleasure flights—*



*All passengers are clad
in traditional uniform—*

*This is Baron Heinrich von Poulitss,
who thought up the scheme—*



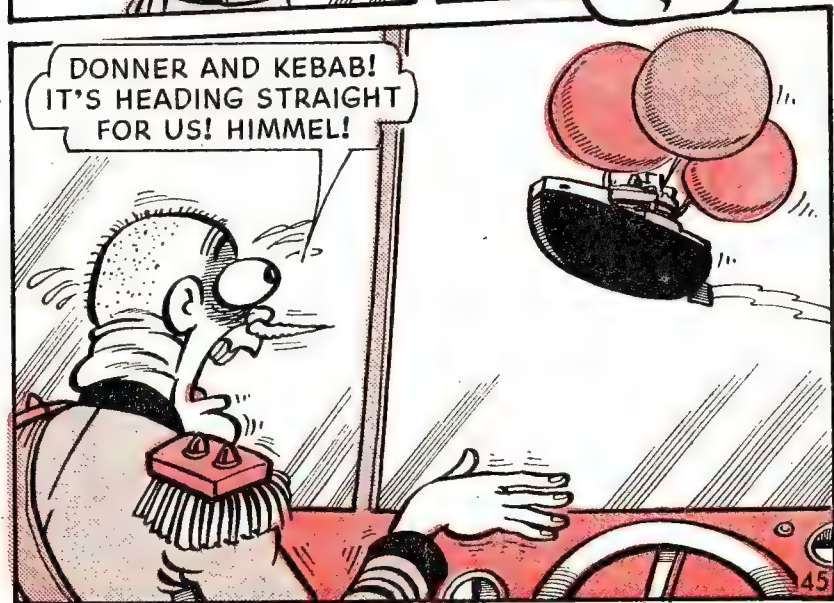


There is traditional German music—

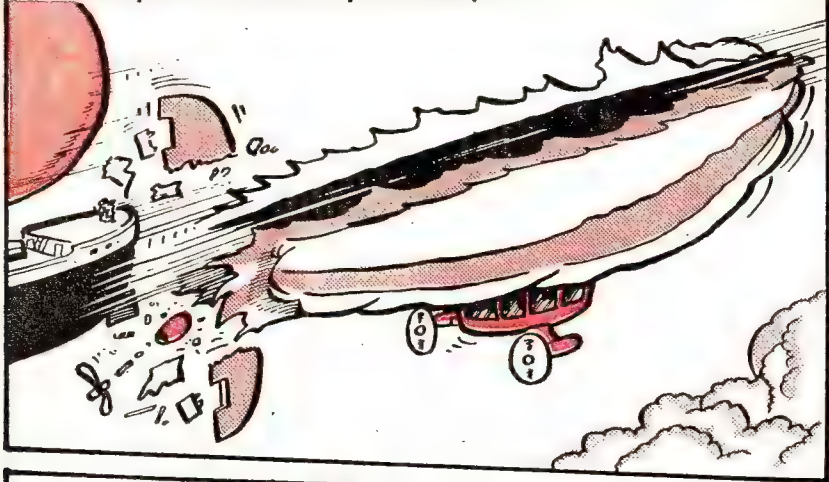


And singing—





The airship rams the airship amidships -

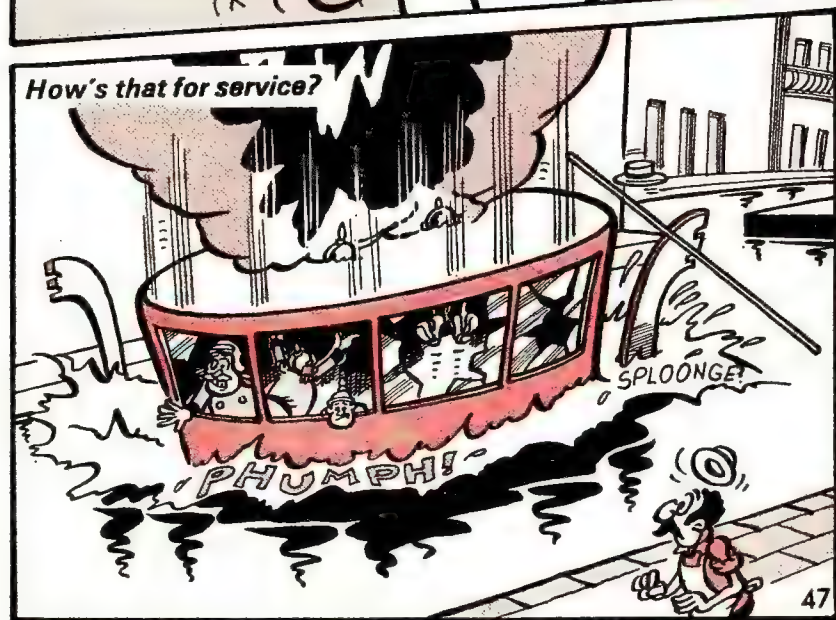


46

*The gondola of
the airship plunges
downwards—*

Below are the canals of Venice—







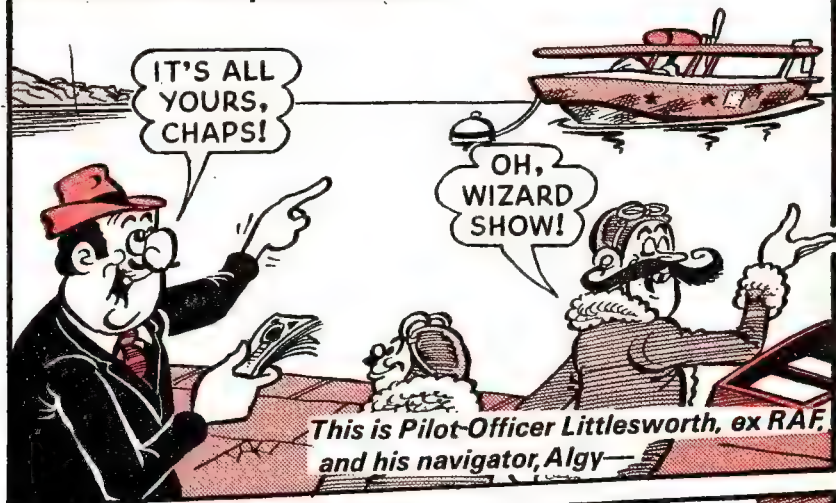
The "Macaroni" flies on—



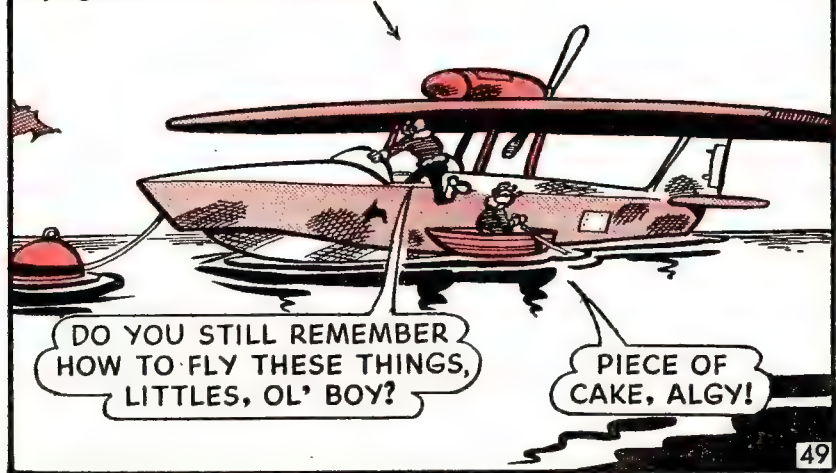
At an aircraft museum—

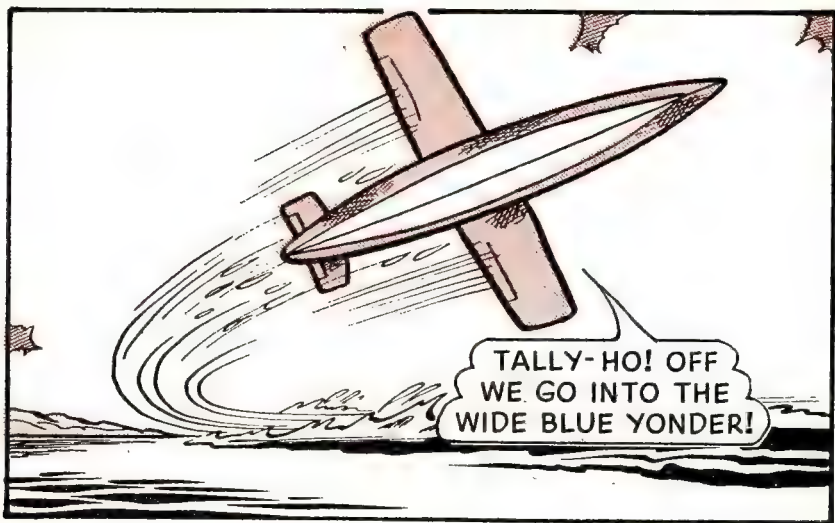


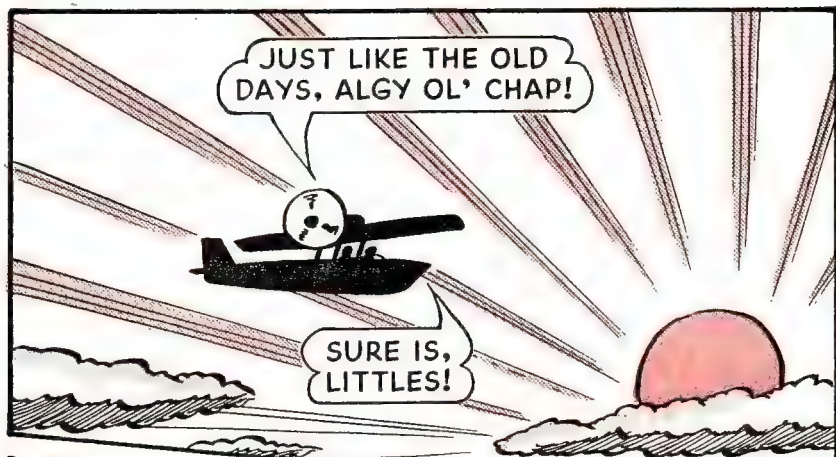
At a second-hand plane dealers—



And this is the only Wunderland flying boat left in the world—

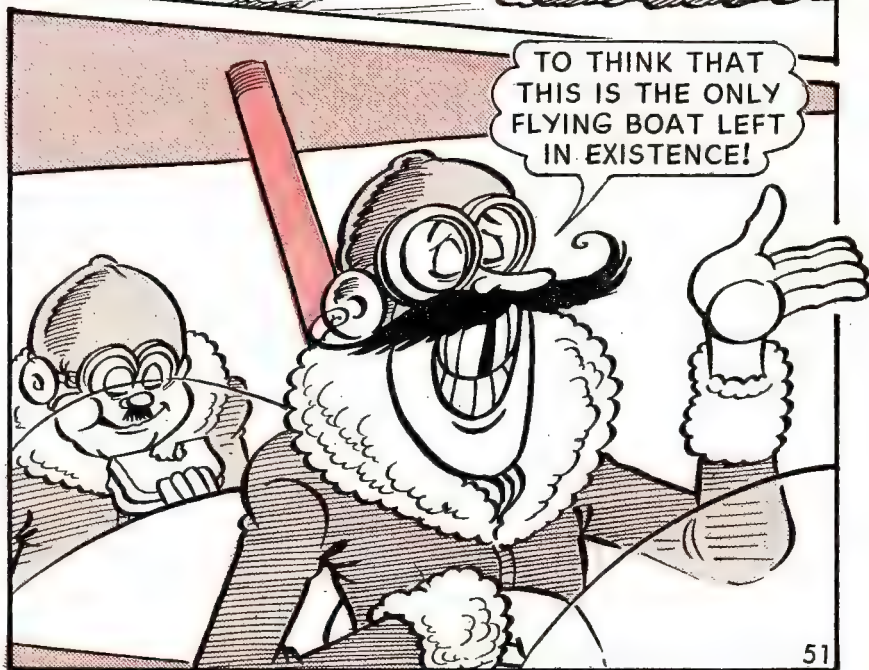




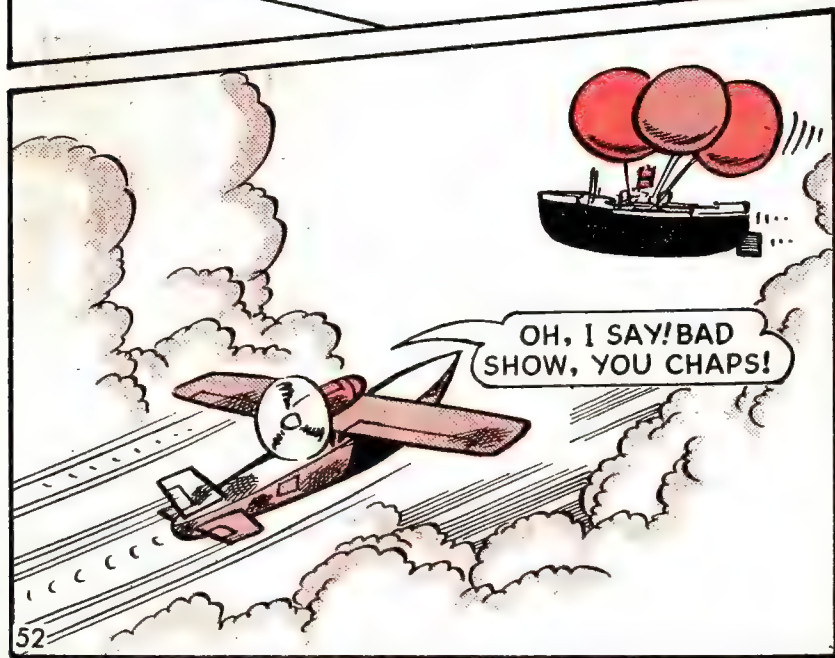
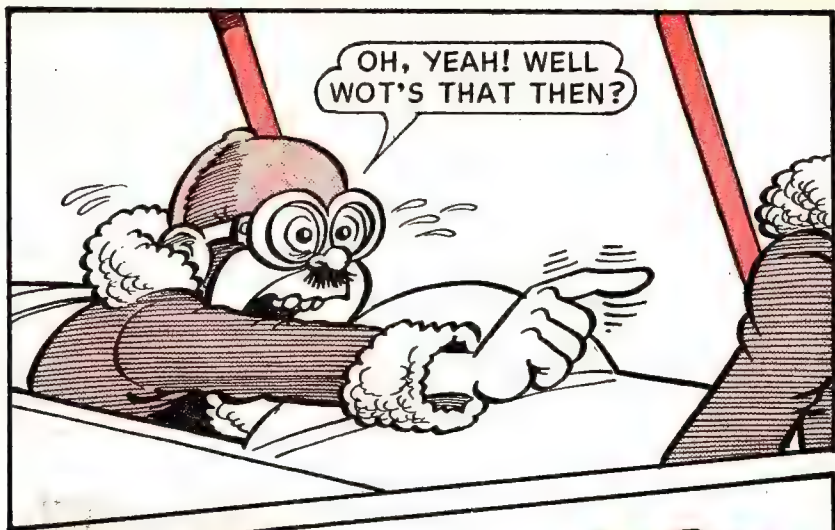


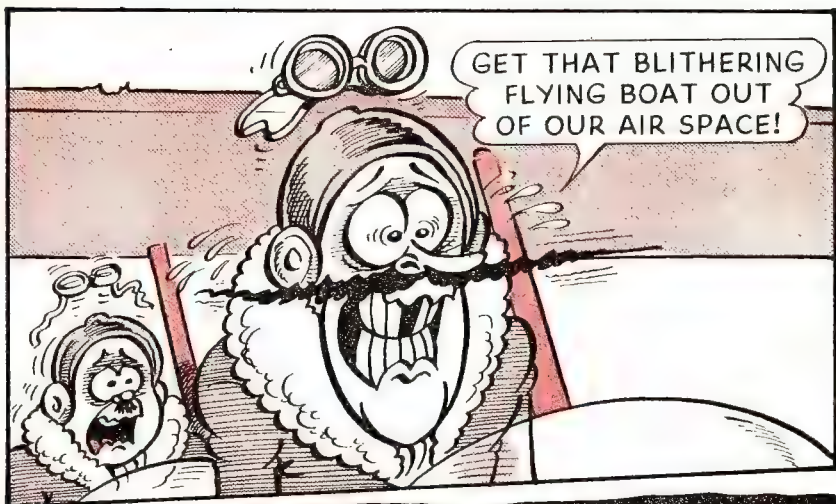
JUST LIKE THE OLD
DAYS, ALGY OL' CHAP!

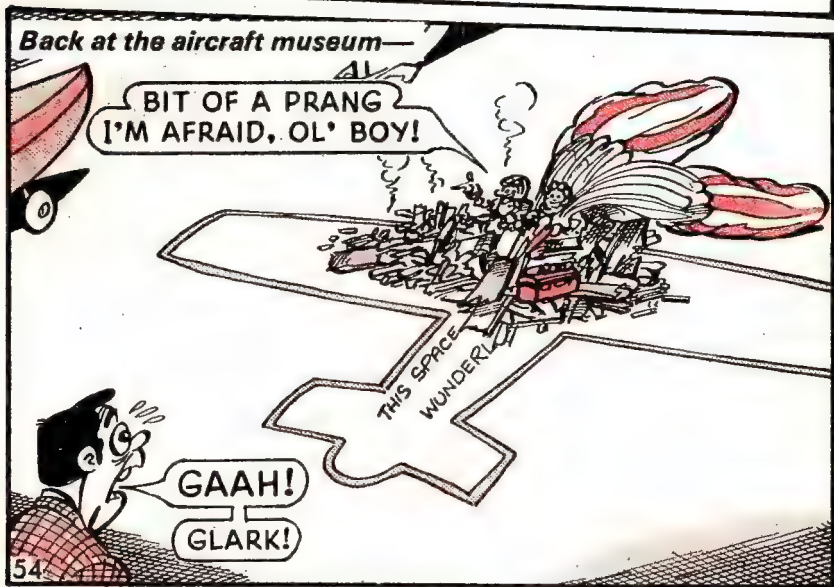
SURE IS,
LITTLES!



TO THINK THAT
THIS IS THE ONLY
FLYING BOAT LEFT
IN EXISTENCE!







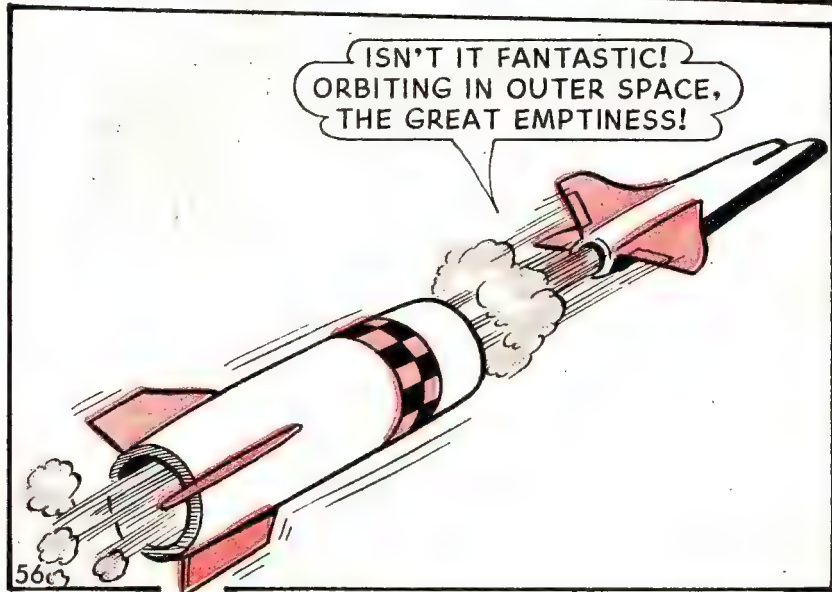
At Cape Carnival space base—

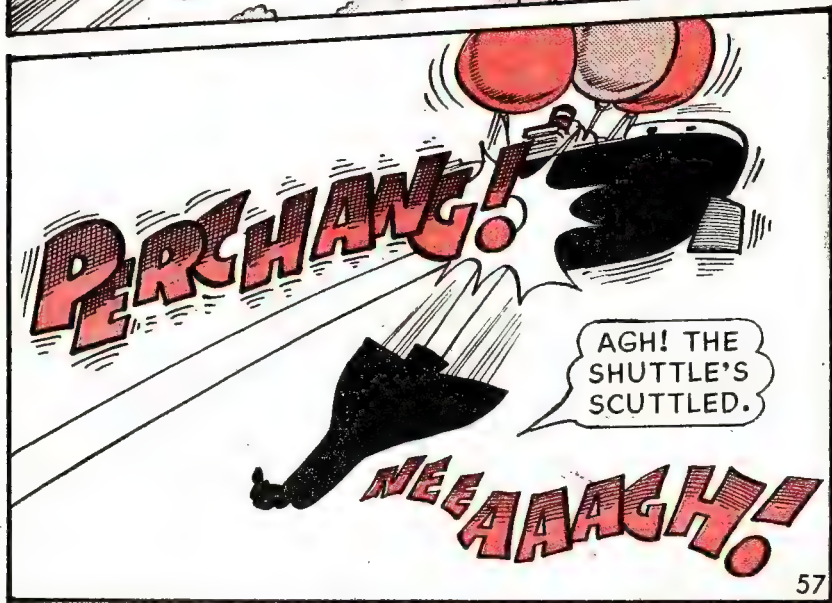
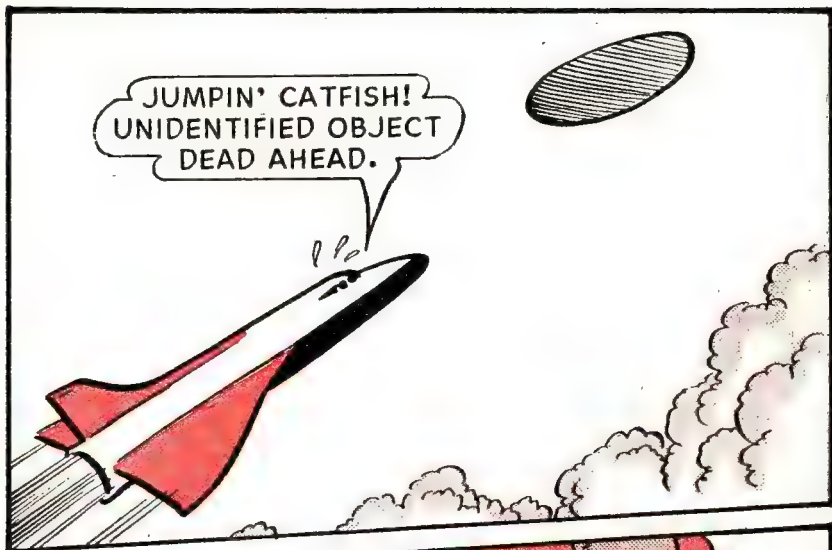
OK, MEN, PREPARE
FOR BLAST-OFF!

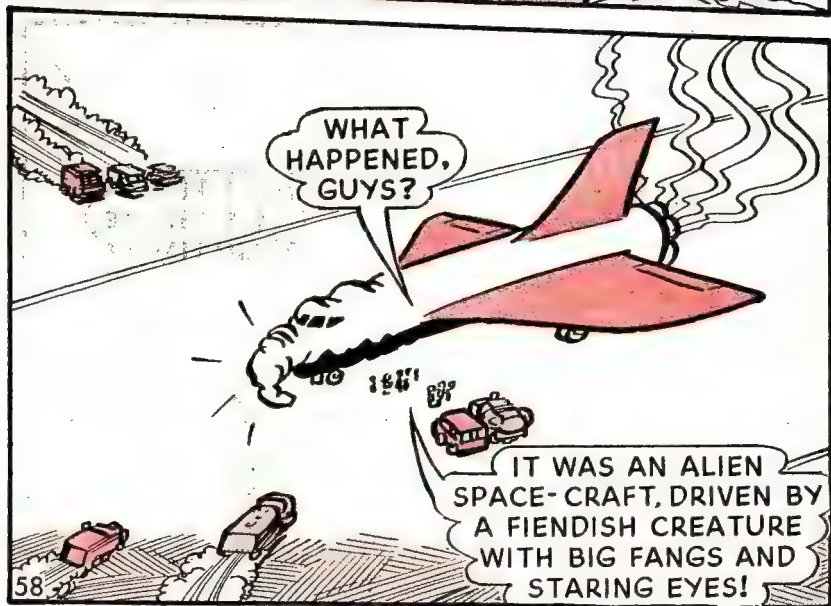


OK, HANK! FASTEN
YOUR SAFETY BELT!

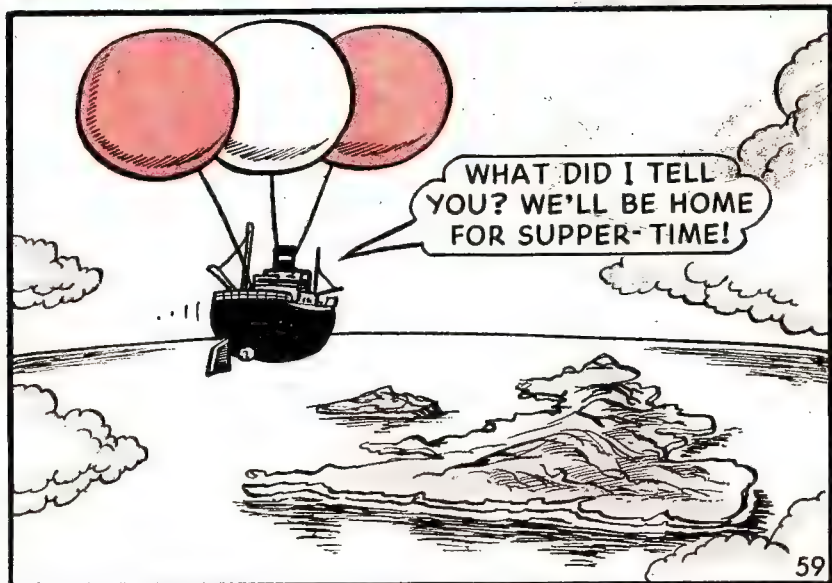


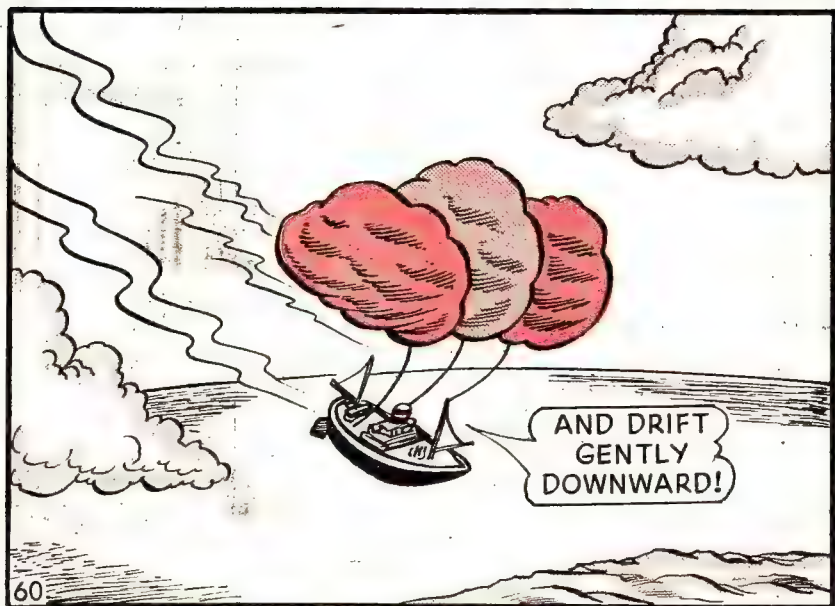




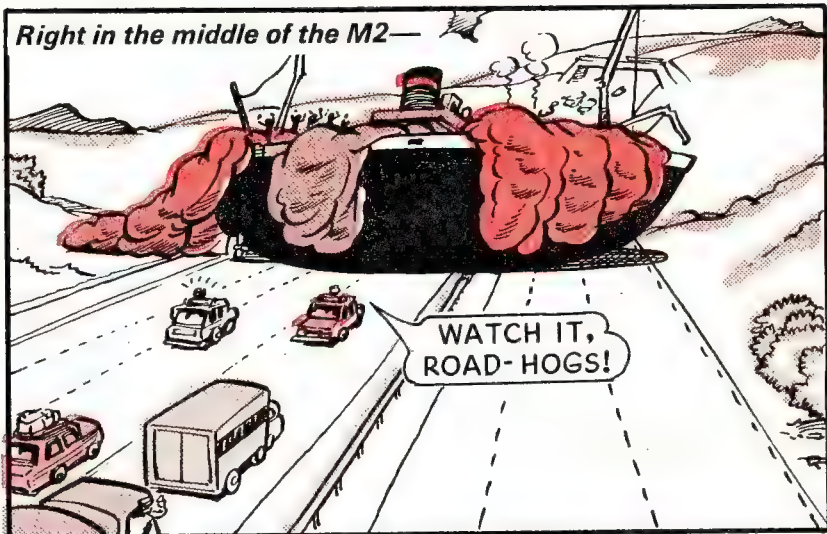


Meanwhile, back on the "Macaroni"—

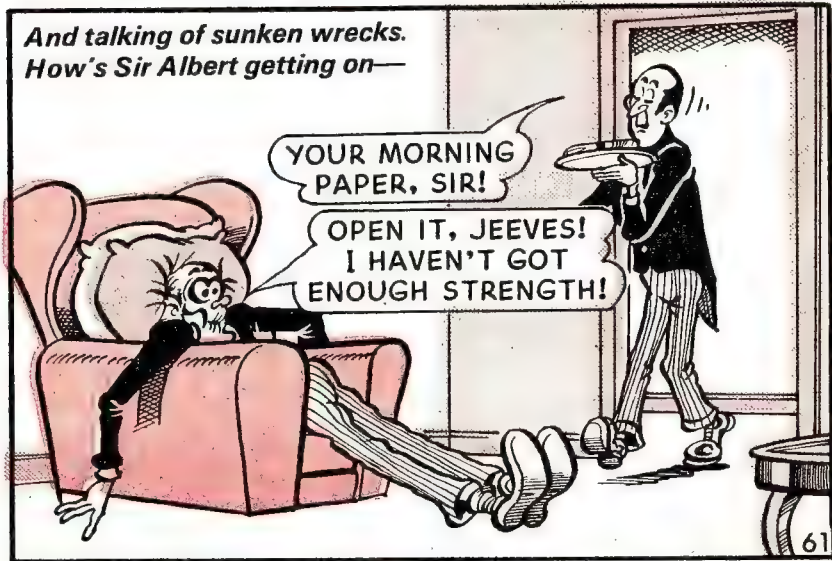


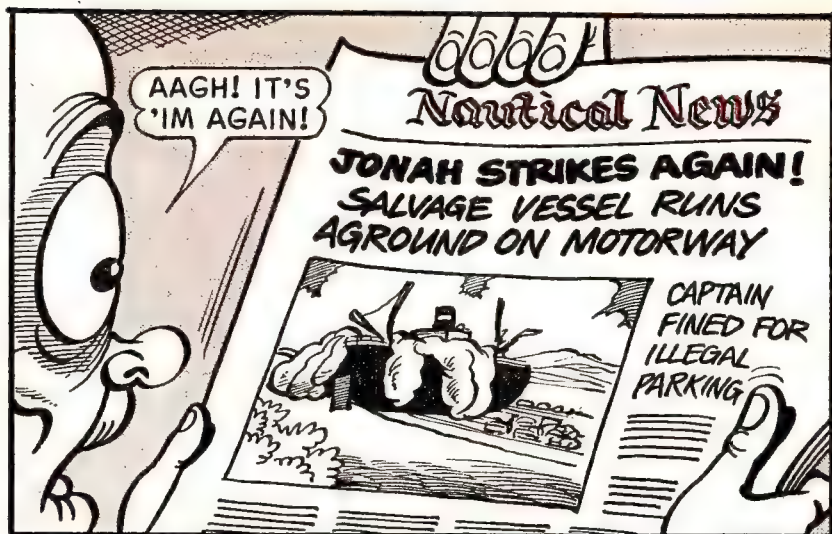


Right in the middle of the M2—



**And talking of sunken wrecks.
How's Sir Albert getting on—**

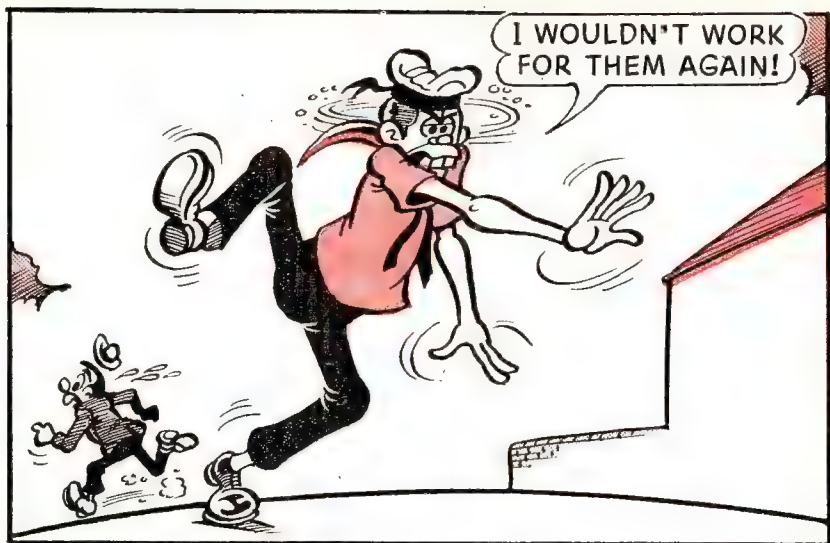






*Jonah, feels he's made a successful
voyage and goes to collect his pay—*







A FORMER SEA-FARER,
YOU TWO WILL HAVE
LOTS TO TALK ABOUT!





Another Jonah story will sink to new depths soon—

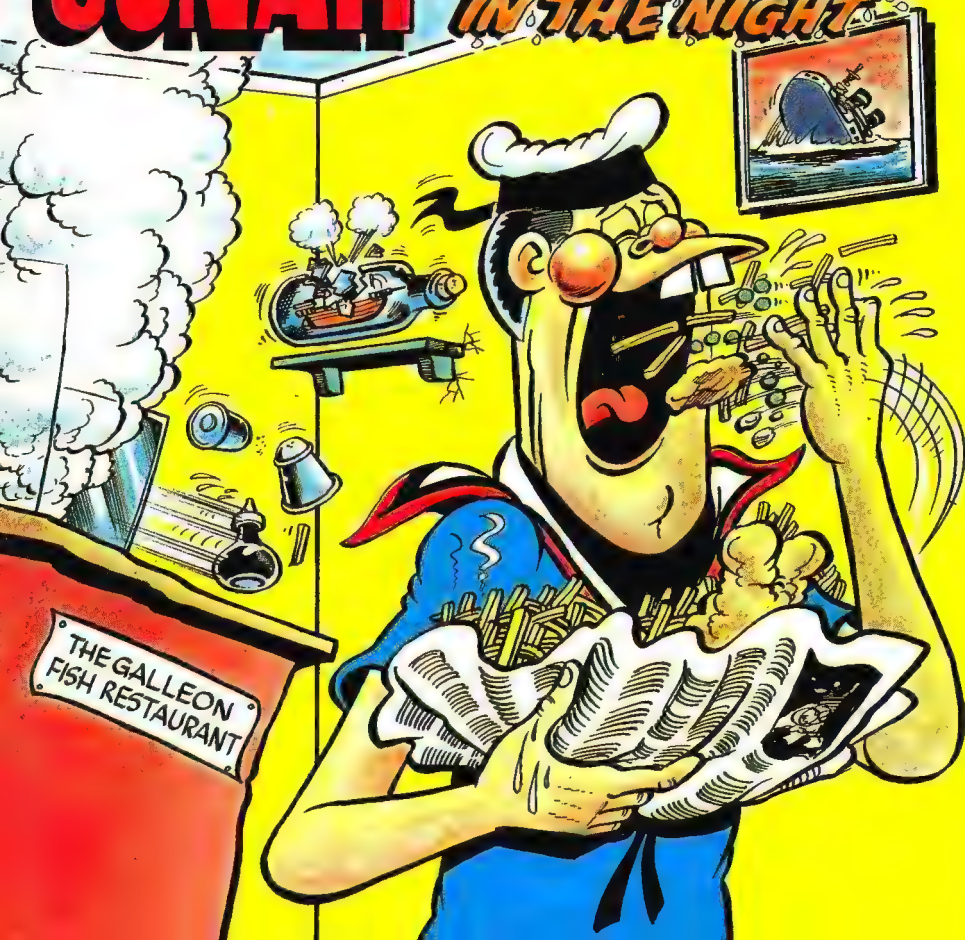
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185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

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BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No. 70
22p

JONAH - CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

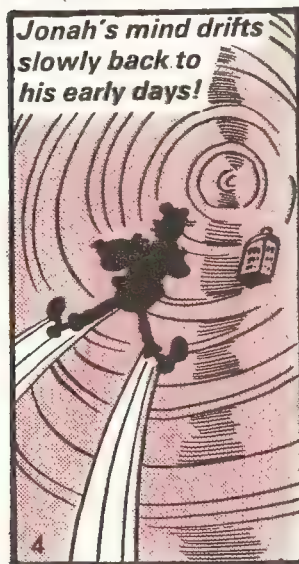


CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Jonah is the world's unluckiest sailor—



He gives everyone that sinking feeling—

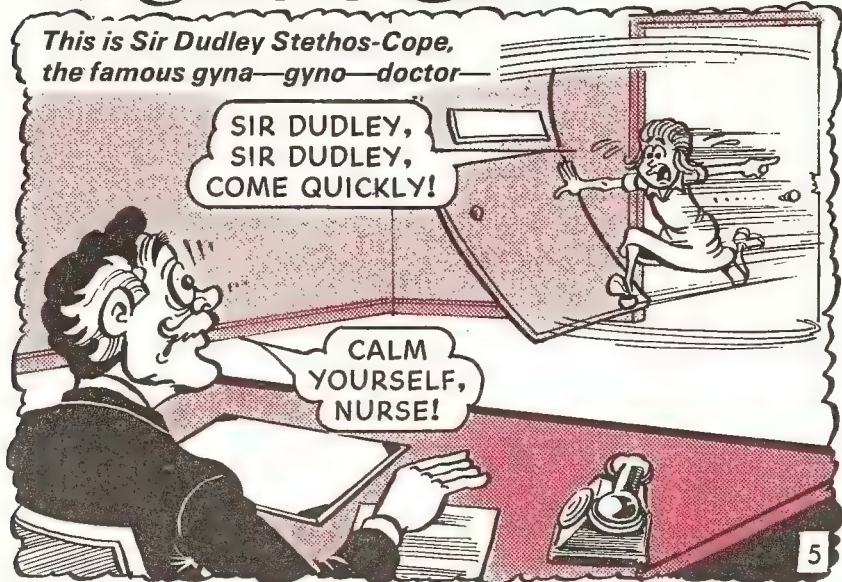


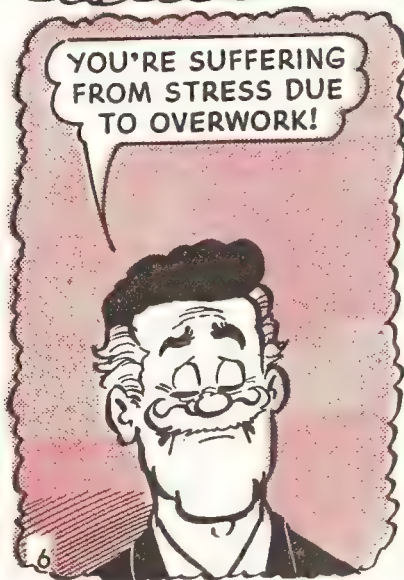


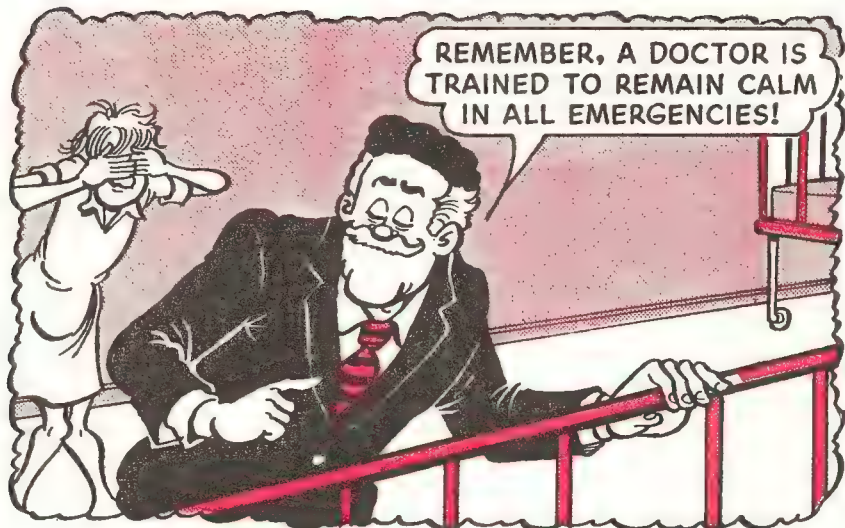
*This is Sir Dudley Stethos-Cope,
the famous gyna—gyno—doctor—*

SIR DUDLEY,
SIR DUDLEY,
COME QUICKLY!

CALM
YOURSELF,
NURSE!

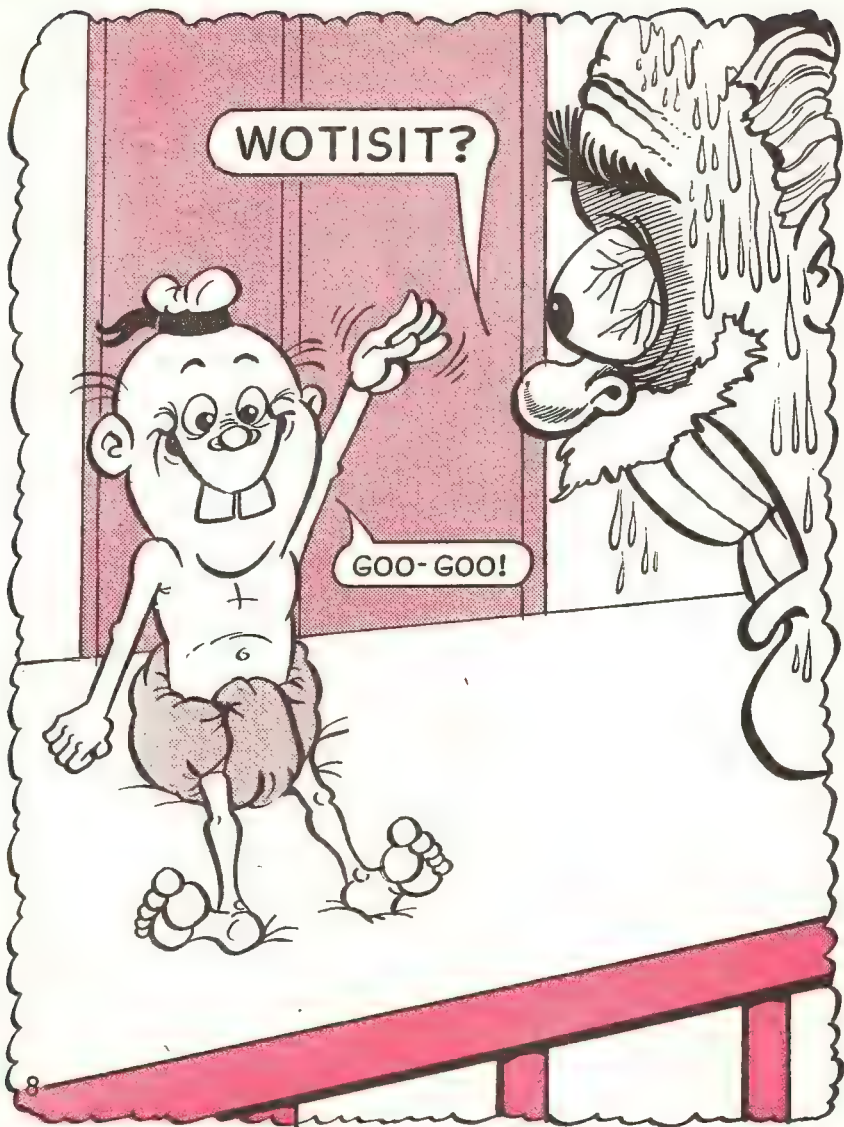






*Sir Dudley gazes upon
the infant Jonah—*





Sir Dudley aged rapidly overnight—



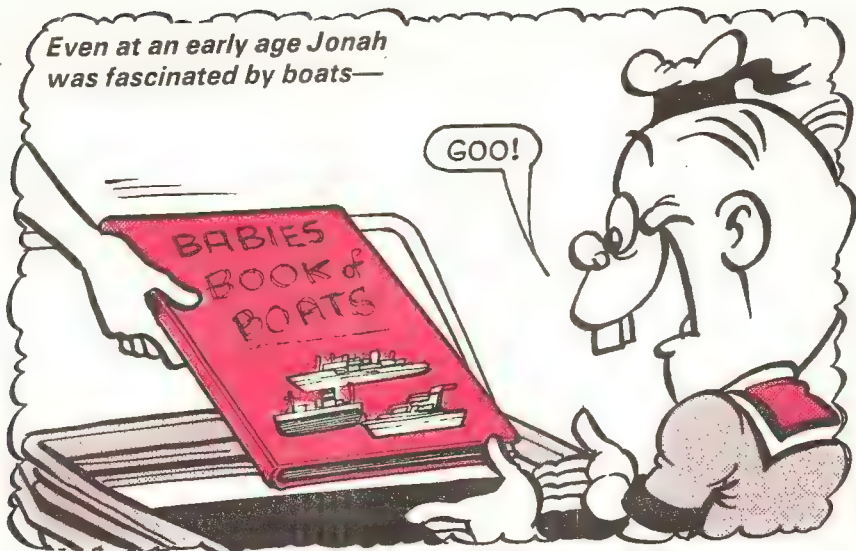
—and wandered off into the wilderness to study wild flowers!



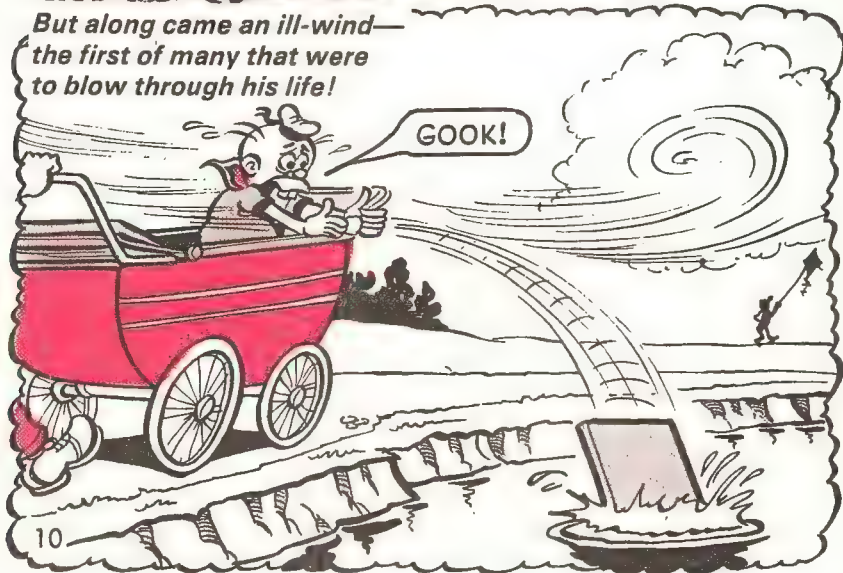
Jonah's mother needed a special child-proof pram—



*Even at an early age Jonah
was fascinated by boats—*



*But along came an ill-wind—
the first of many that were
to blow through his life!*



A well-meaning
fool appeared—

WAAH!

DON'T
WORRY,
LITTLE
CHAP!

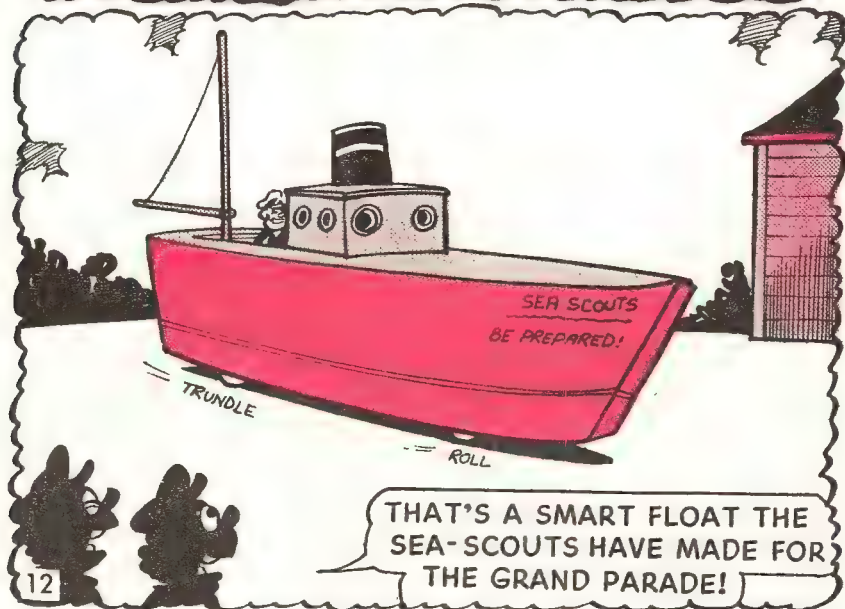
I'LL GET YOUR
BOOK BACK.

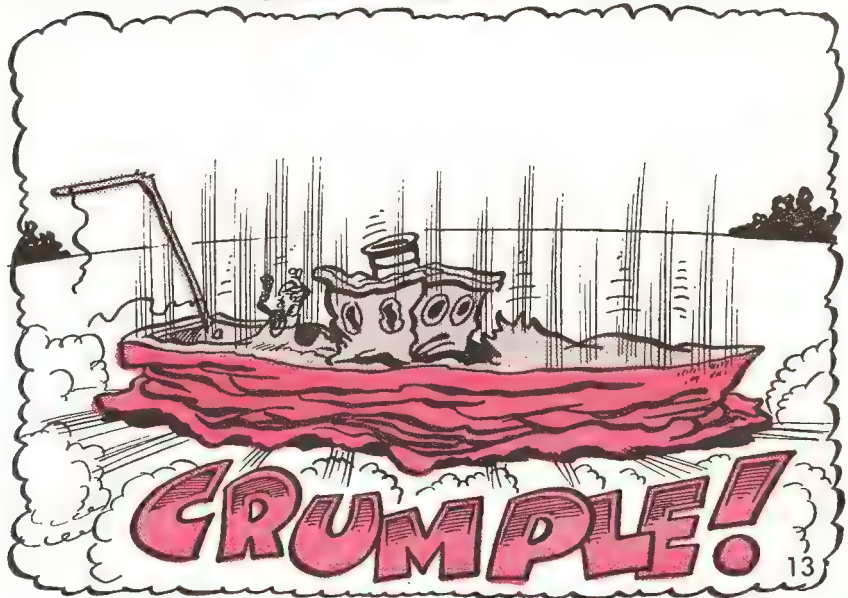
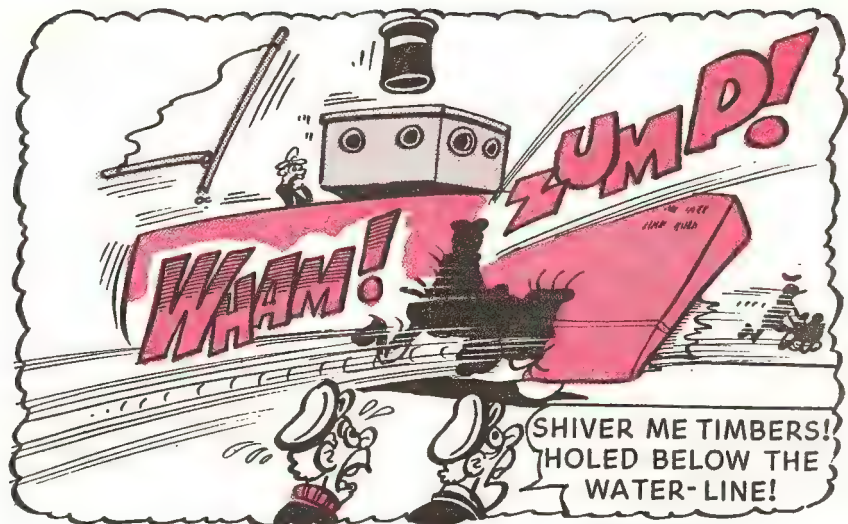
NO
SWIMMING

CRUMBLE

SPASH!

YOU'VE SUNK
ALL OUR BOATS!





**Meanwhile, back at
the chip shop!**

AH, THOSE
CAREFREE
CHILDHOOD
DAYS!



**Another horrendous
flash-back—**

SCRUB BETWEEN
YOUR EARS, NOW!

OK,
MUM!



OOPS!
SLIPPED!

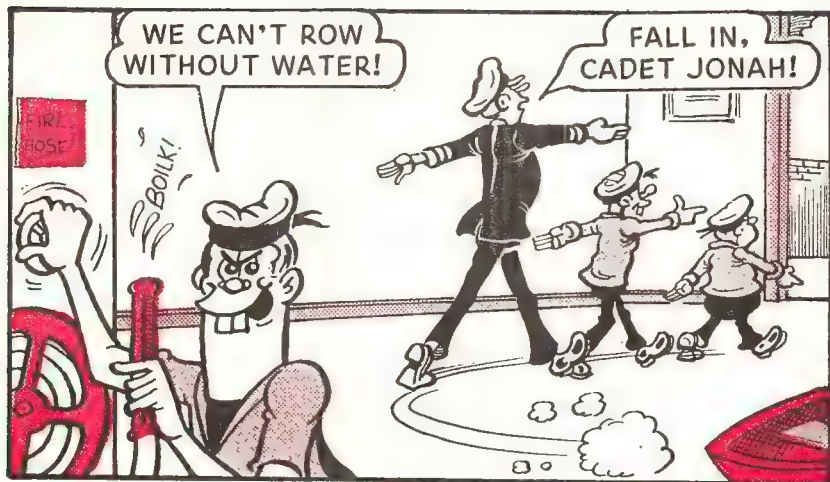




Determined to have a career as a sailor—Jonah joined the sea cadets—

**FIRST WE'LL HAVE MARCHING,
FOLLOWED BY ROWING PRACTICE!**

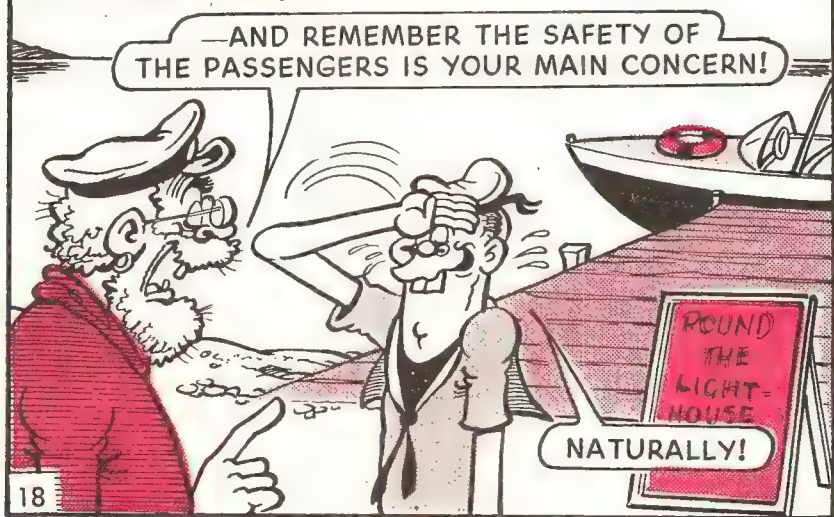








*Pleasure boat owner, Bernard Barnacle
makes his first costly mistake—*



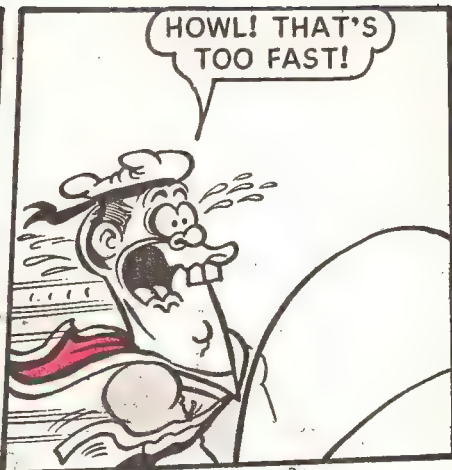
MY OWN COMMAND AT LAST.
CAST OFF THE MIZZEN LINKS!



*This is schoolboy, Alec Smart, known
to his chums as Smart Alec—*

THAT GOON'S FORGOTTEN
TO UNTIE THE STERN ROPE!





SHIFT THAT PERISHIN' LIGHTHOUSE
BEFORE WE RAM IT AMIDSHIPS!

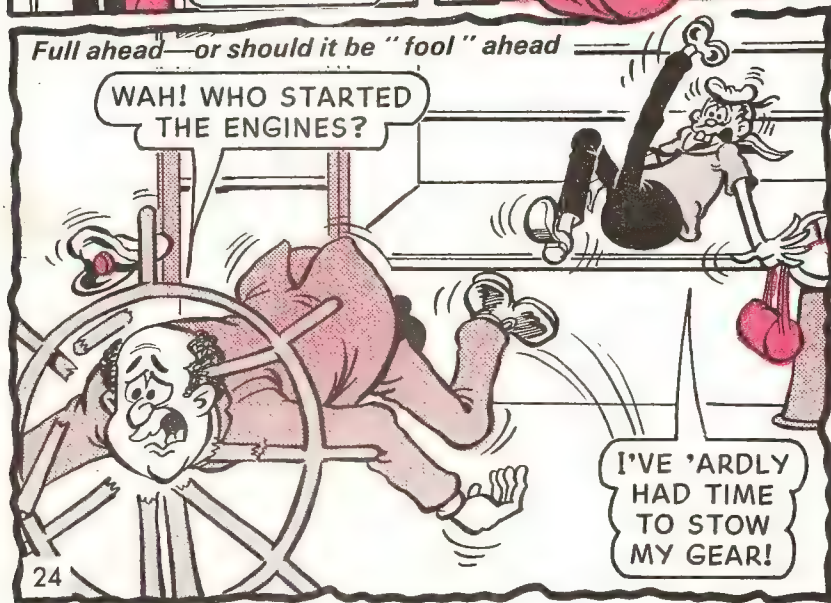




The light-house goes down with all lamps blazing—

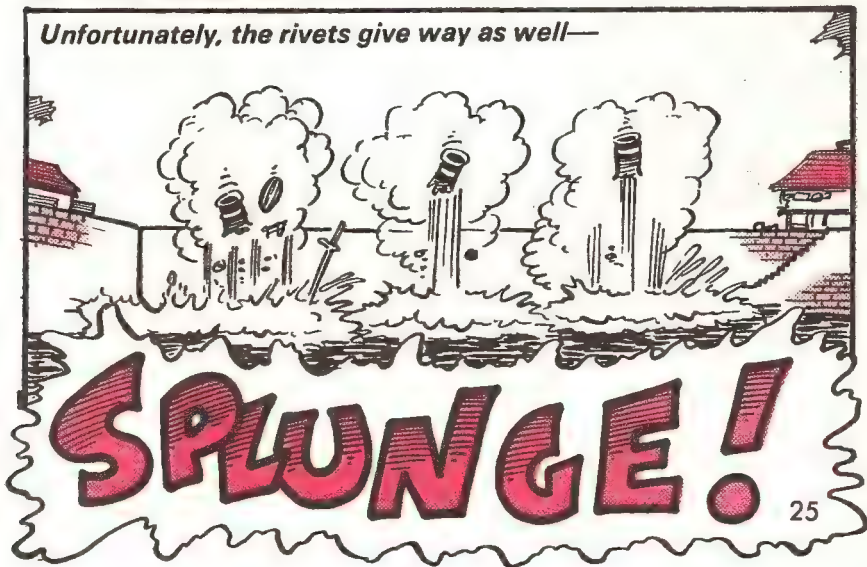


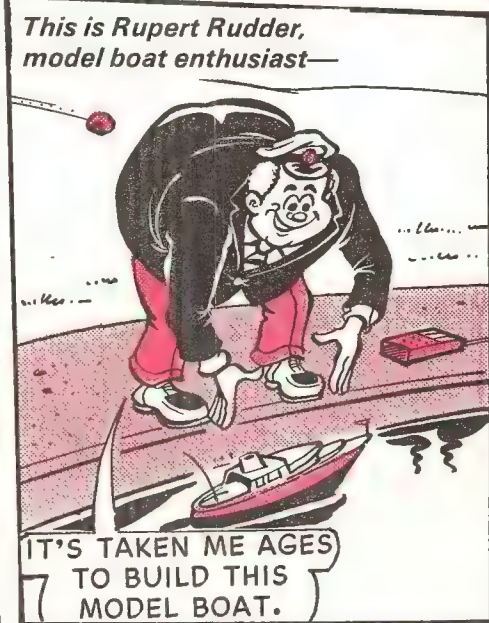






Unfortunately, the rivets give way as well—





Rupert is pranged amidships—

OOPYAH!

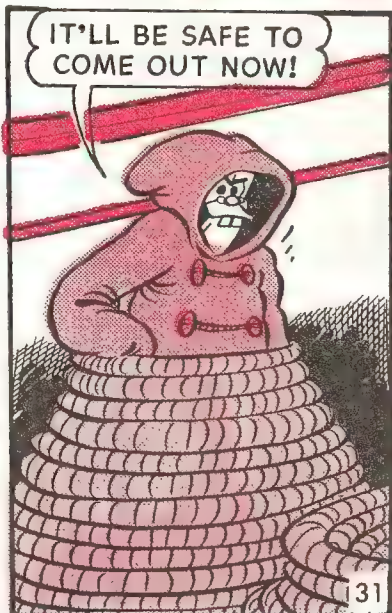
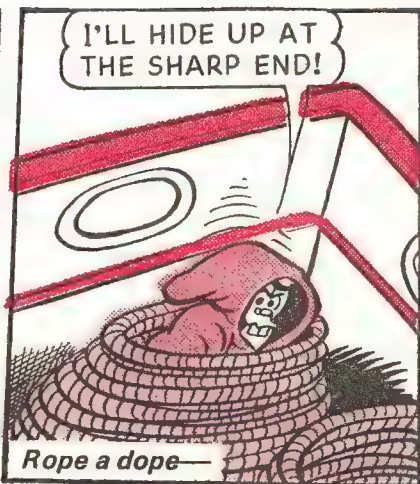
THWACK!

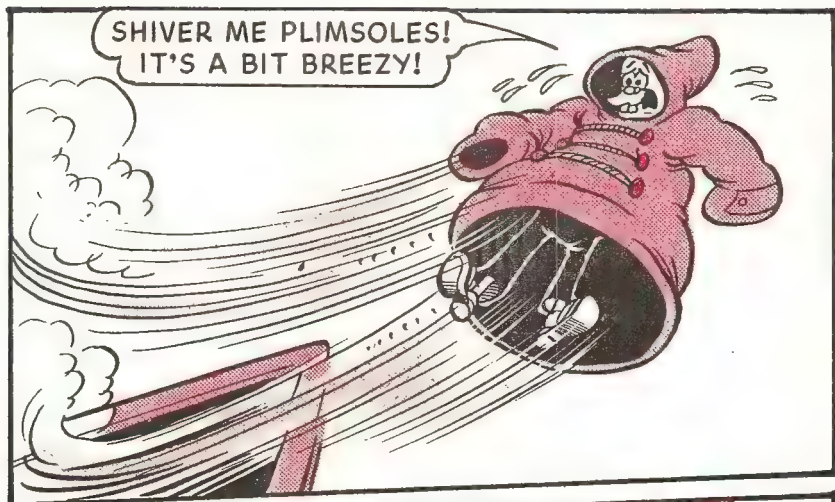






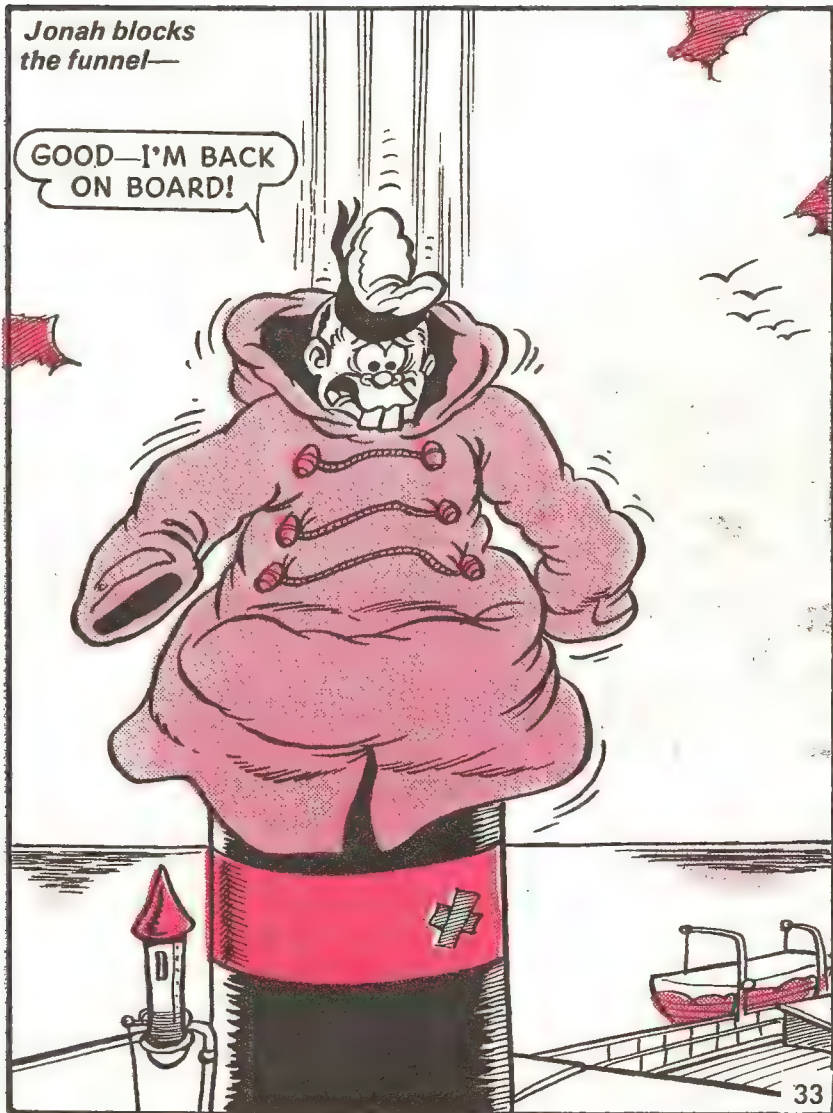






**Jonah blocks
the funnel—**

GOOD—I'M BACK
ON BOARD!



The smoke funnels into the wheel-house -



WHERE'S ALL
THE SMOKE
COMING FROM?



THAT GOON'S BLOCKING
THE FUNNEL, CAPTAIN!

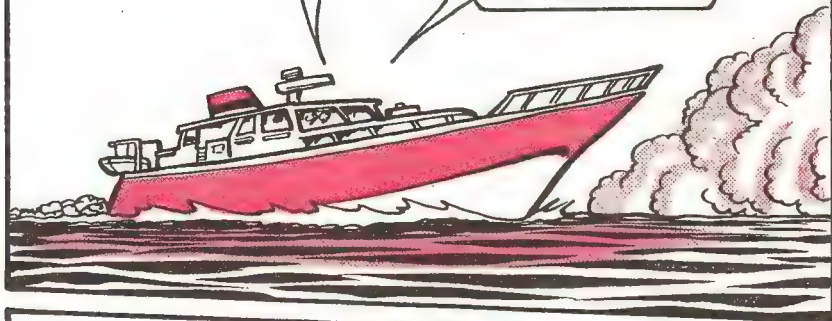
HAK-KOFF!
I CAN'T SEE
A THING!



Meanwhile, a sleek cabin cruiser approaches—

FOG-BANK, DEAD
AHEAD, SKIPPER!

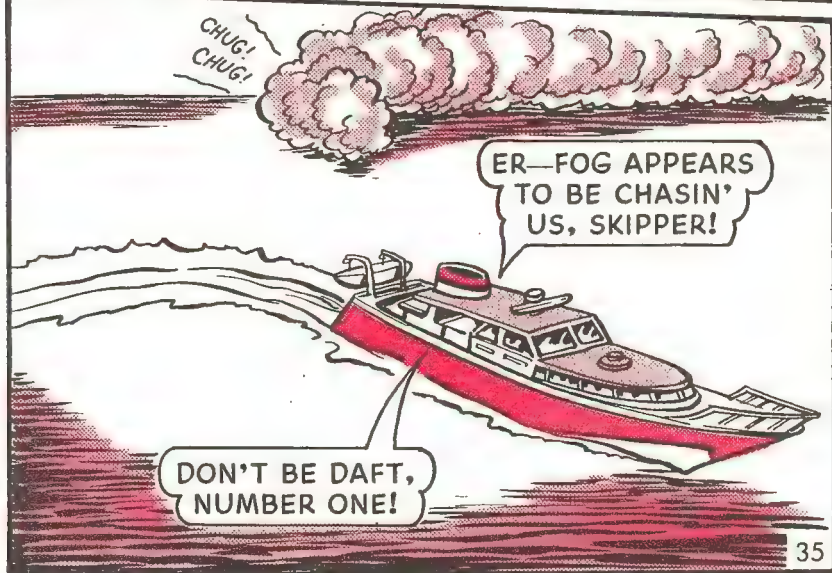
ALTER COURSE,
NUMBER ONE!

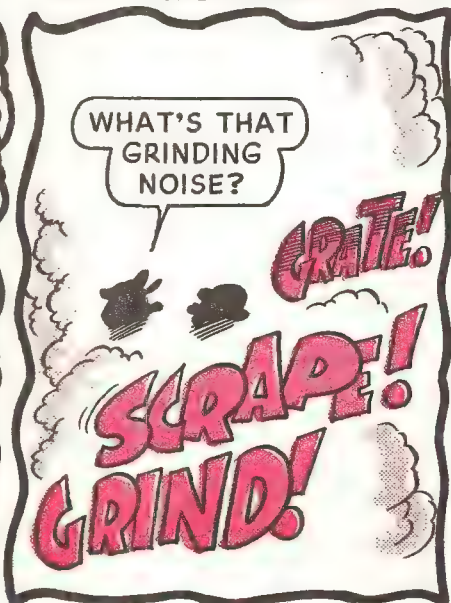
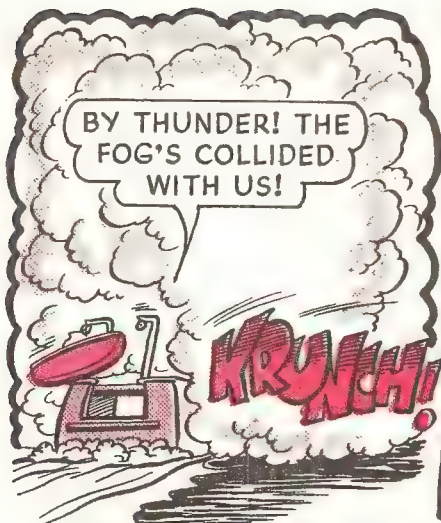


CHUG!
CHUG!

ER—FOG APPEARS
TO BE CHASIN'
US, SKIPPER!

DON'T BE DAFT,
NUMBER ONE!





YOU CAN'T PARK
THIS 'ERE SHIP
IN THE MIDDLE
OF DOCK STREET!



TIME I TOOK SOME
WELL-EARNED SHORE LEAVE!

Jonah spots a naval destroyer—

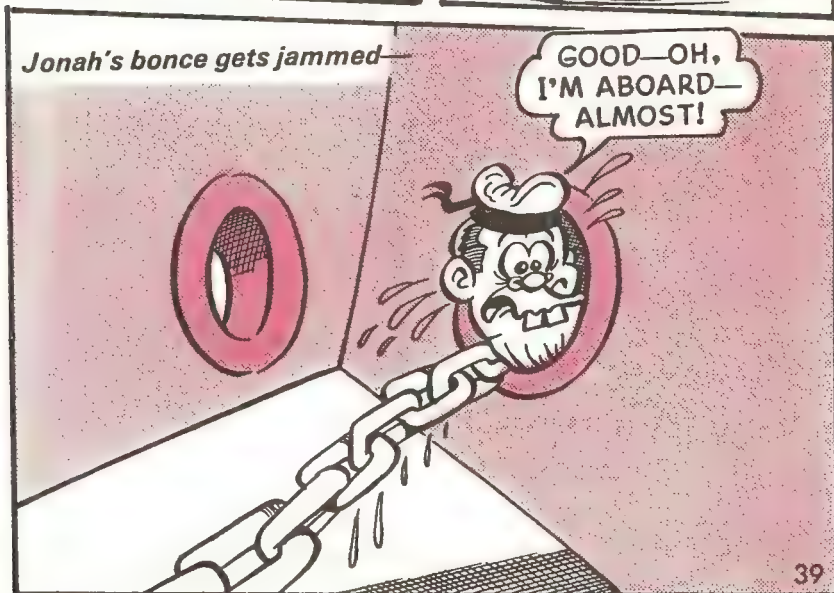
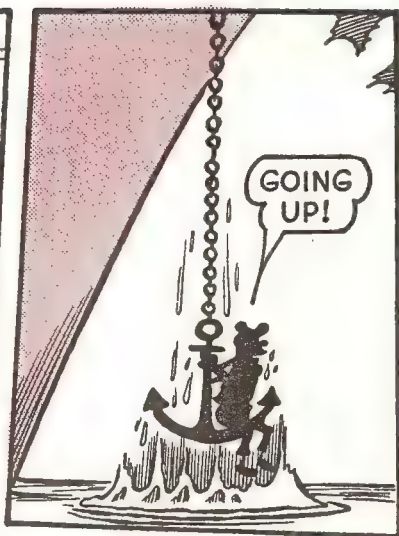
PREPARE TO
WEIGH ANCHOR!

I'VE GOT THE
SCALES READY,
SKIPPER!

THIS IS MY CHANCE
TO GET ABOARD
THAT DESTROYER!

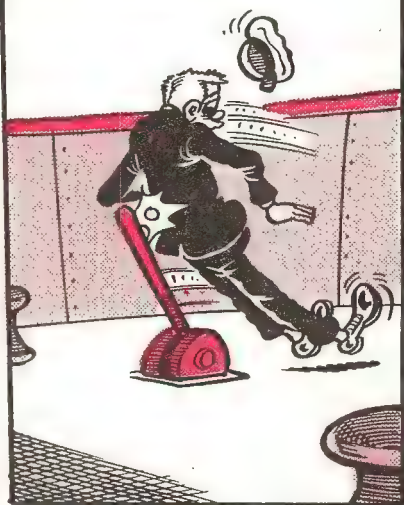
Jonah's a very good swimmer—he has to be!

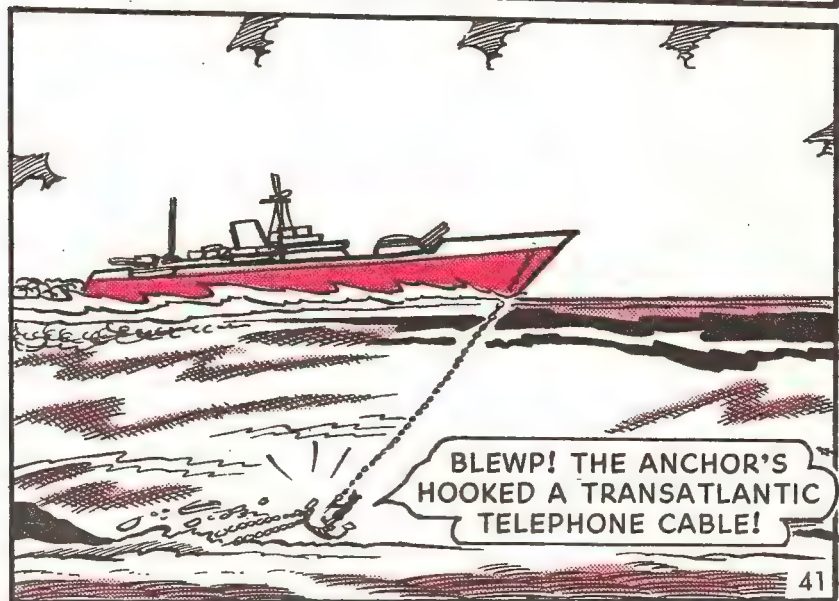


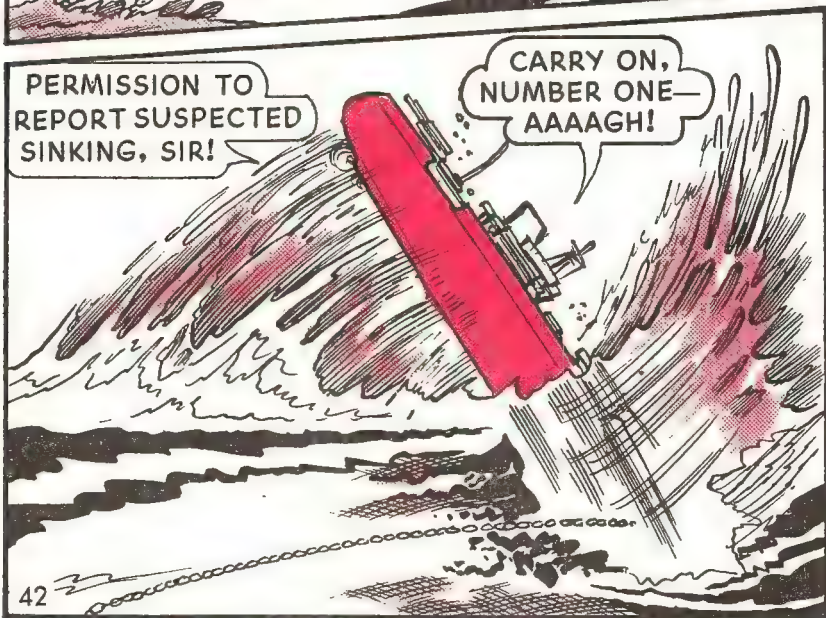
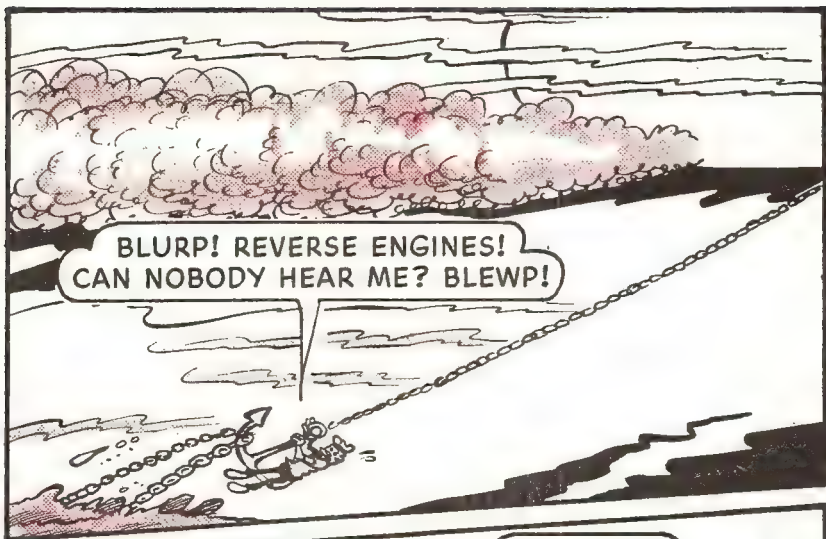


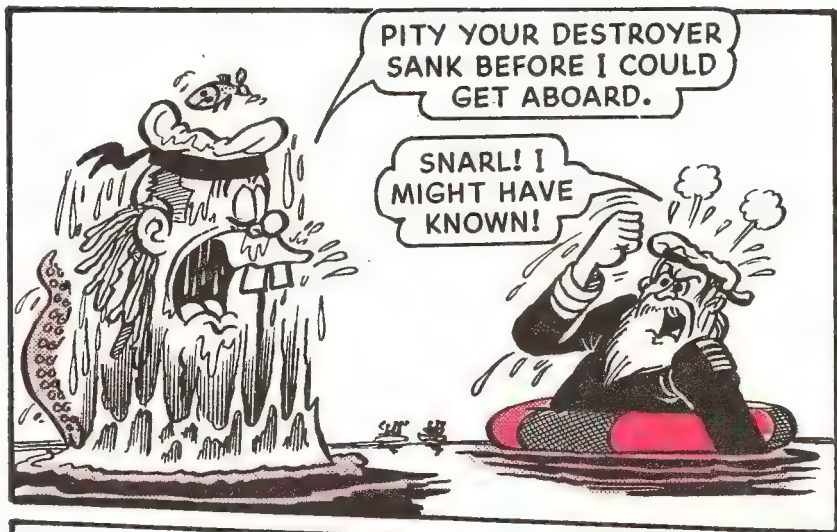


*He falls against the
anchor-release lever.*



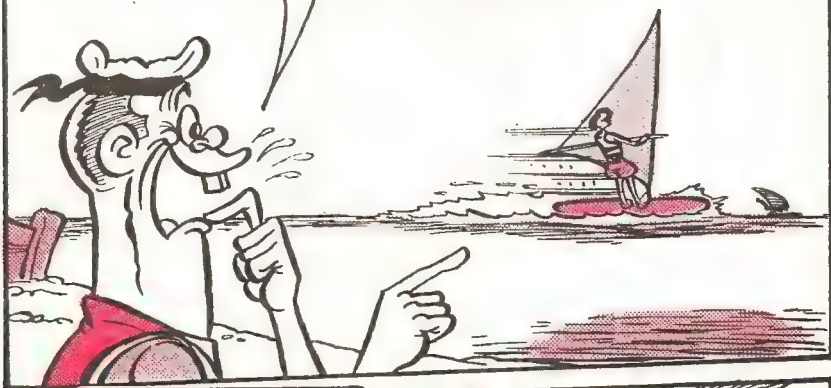




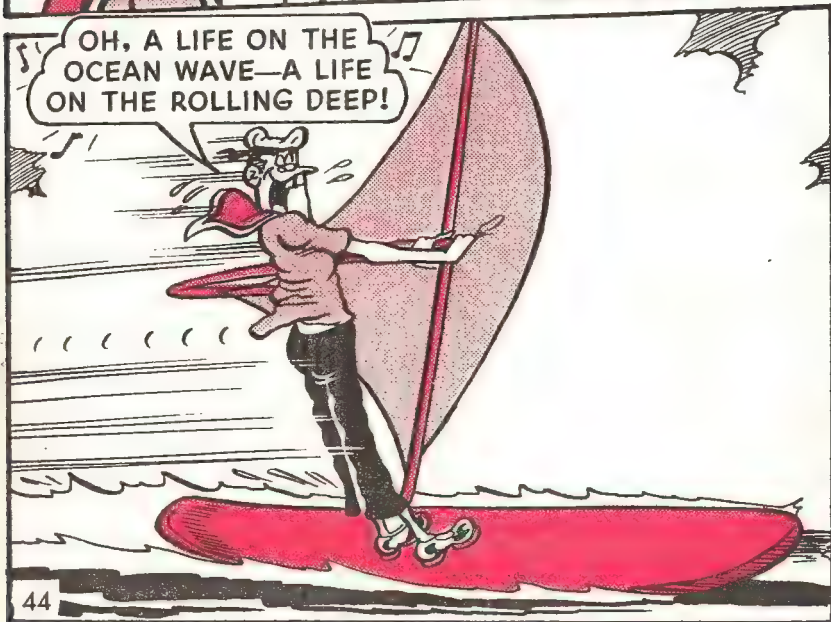


GRR! YOU'RE THE GREATEST
NAVAL DESTROYER ON
THE HIGH SEAS!

COO! THAT WIND-SURFING
IS JUST LIKE HAVING YOUR
OWN LITTLE BOAT!



OH, A LIFE ON THE
OCEAN WAVE—A LIFE
ON THE ROLLING DEEP!



Meanwhile, at the Sheeps regatta—

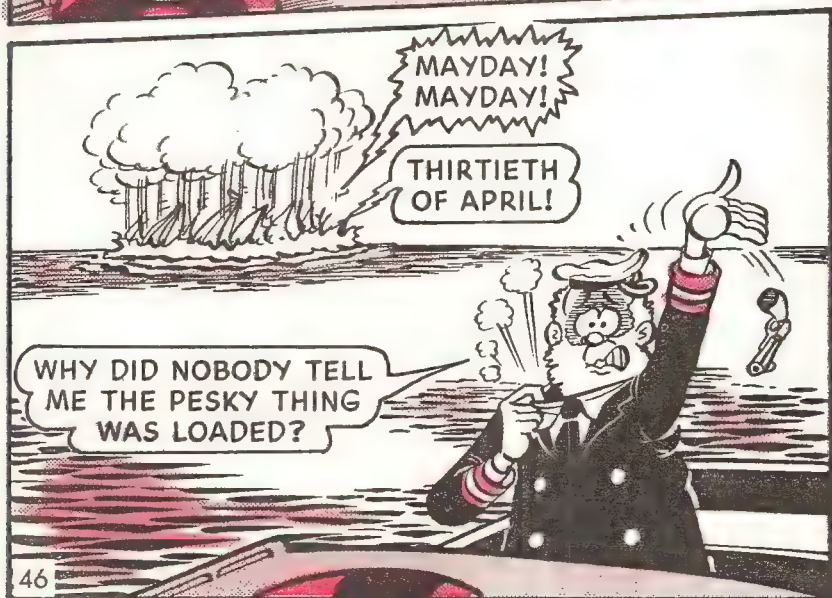
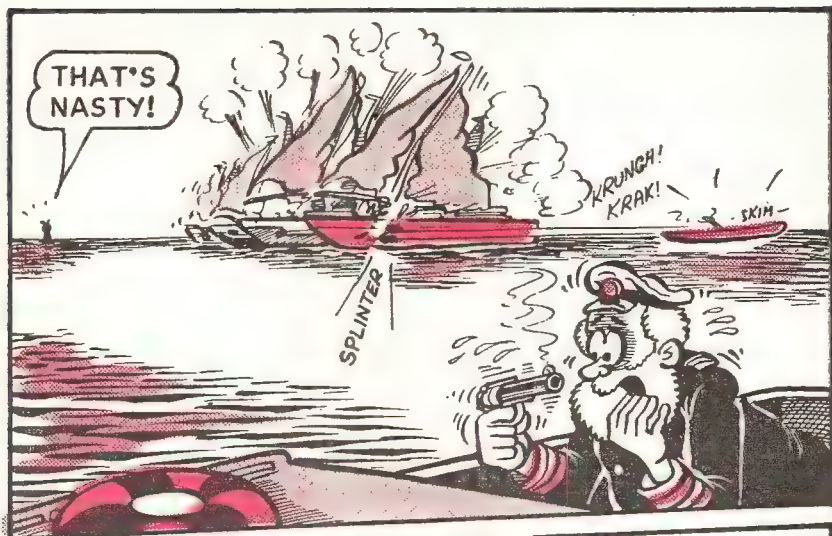
I'LL HAVE
A BASH AT
ANYTHING!

↑
*A little
place just
south of
Cowes!*

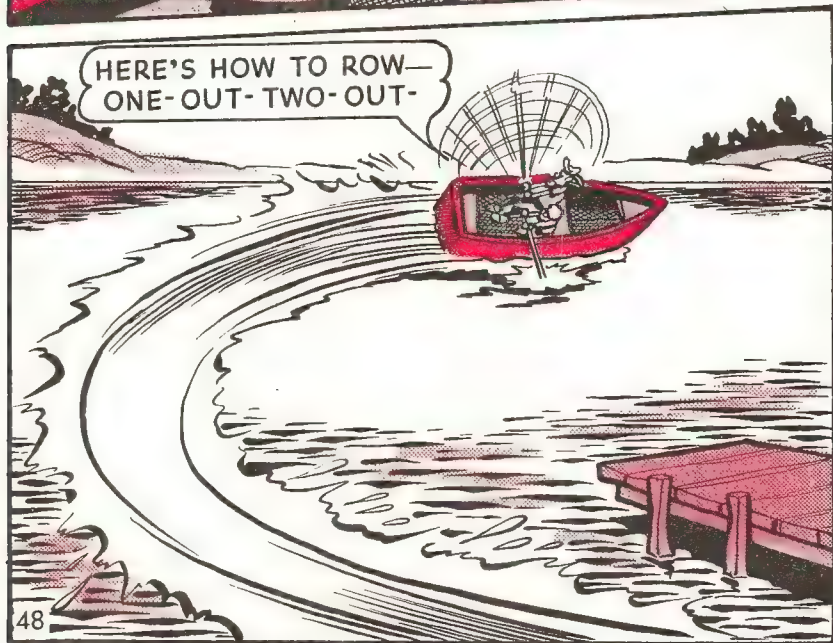
TIME TO GET
THE YACHT-RACE
UNDER-WAY!

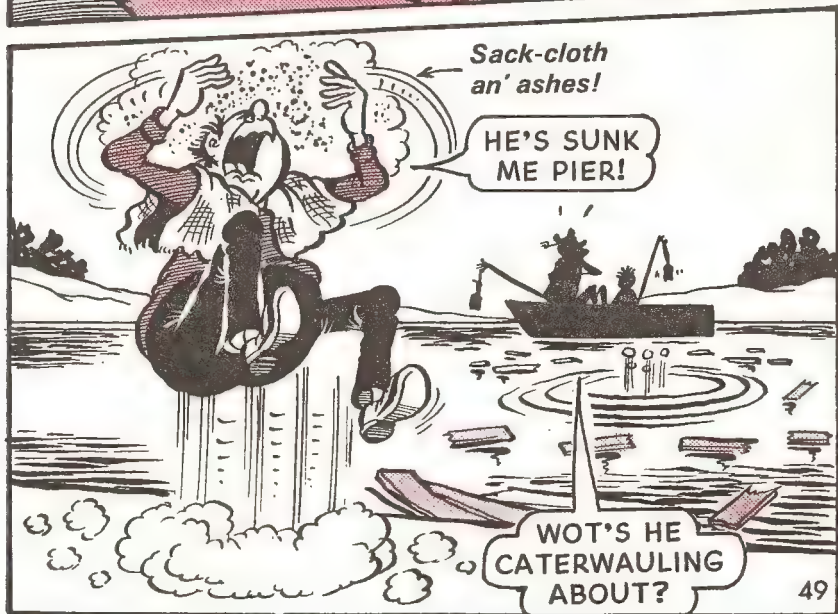
He can say
that again—

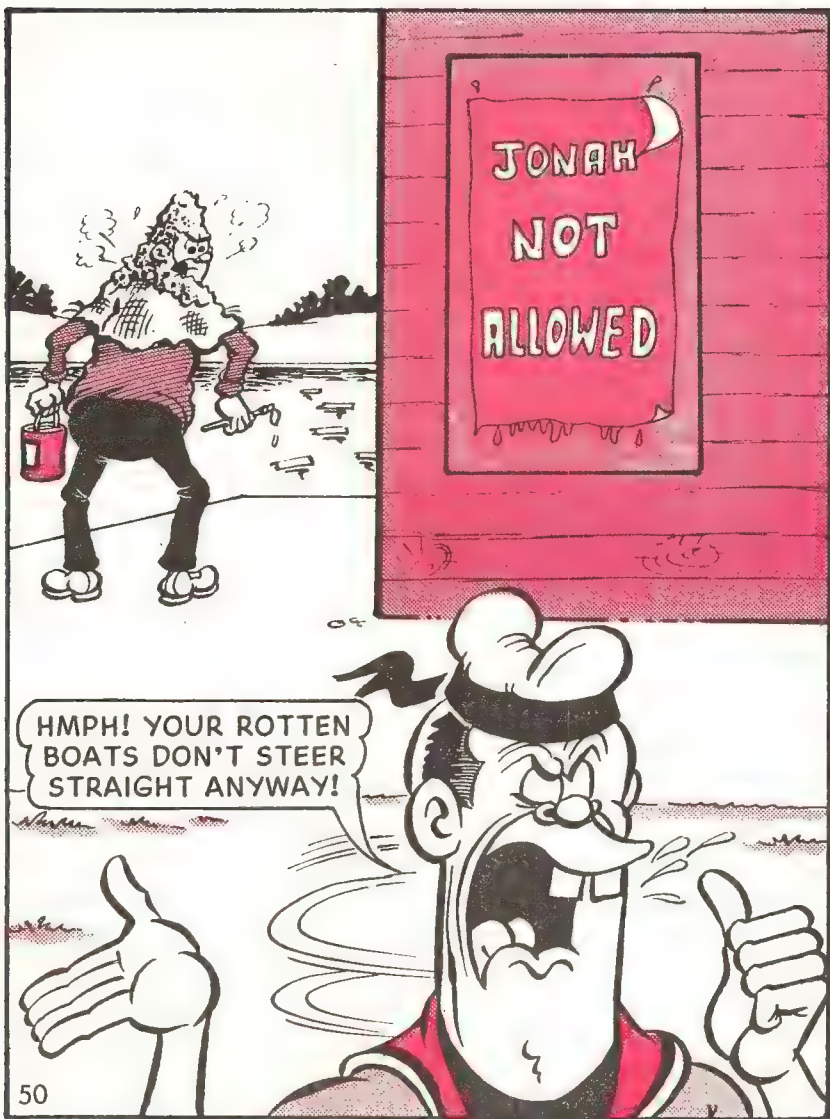






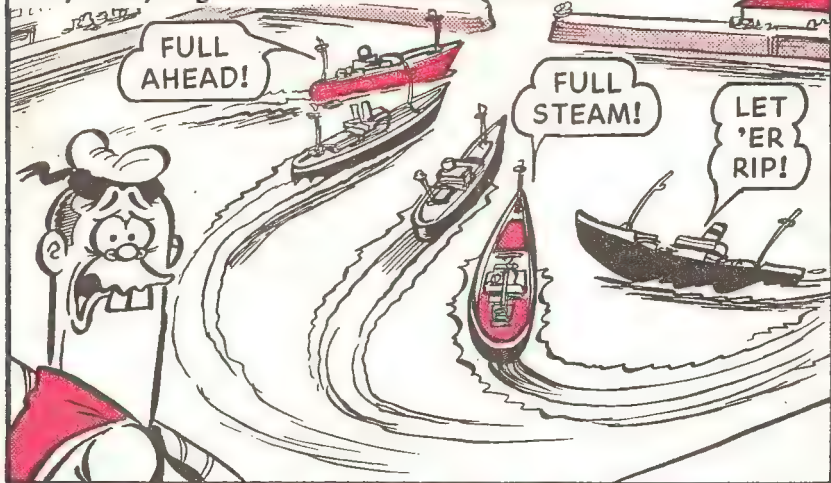






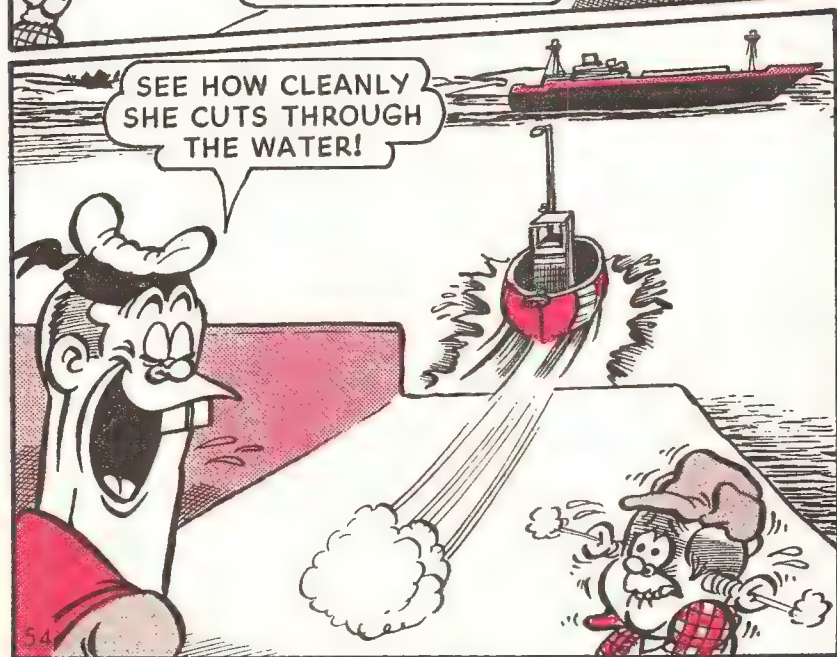


They all try to get out of the harbour at once.

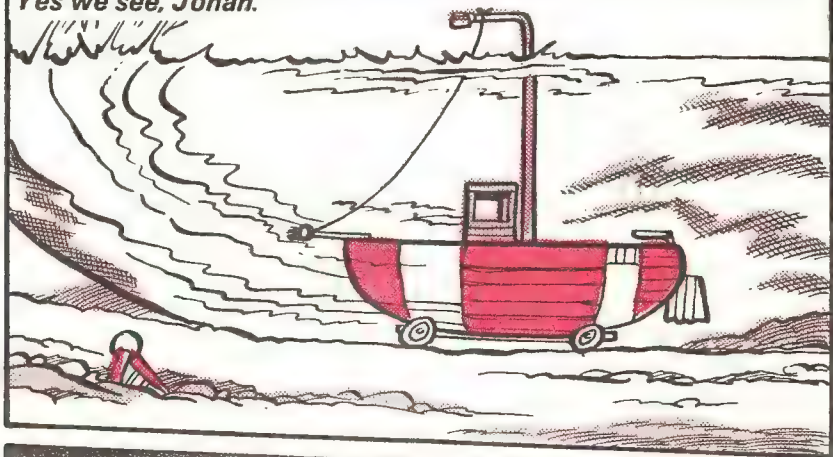


CRUMP!





Yes we see, Jonah.



She also cuts through the keel of a passing merchantman—

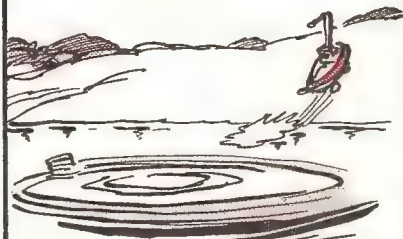


THE STERN'S
DROPPED OFF,
SKIPPER!



CHECK FOR
WOOD-WORM!

*The Argh Royal
runs up the
other bank of
the estuary.*



TEE-HEE! THE
'ARGH ROYAL' IS
UNSINKABLE!

56

*Meanwhile, the skipper
staggers ashore—*

WELL, JONAH CAN'T
BE BLAMED THIS TIME!



Jonah's boat rolls
back down the bank—

BAR!

FLOP!

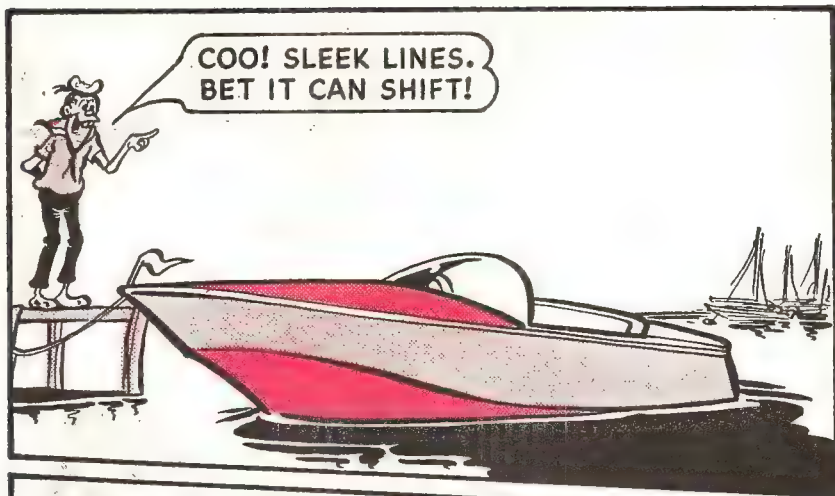
SCUTTLED,
BY THUNDER!

WHAT
HAPPENED,
CAPTAIN?

I WAS RUN-
OVER BY
A BOAT!

POOR MAN!
TOO MANY
WEEKS
AT SEA!

THE SEA
CAN DO
THAT TO
A MAN!



Enter, Mike Hazelnutte, waterski expert—





*Jonah should have watched
where he was going—*

OOPS! WOT A DAFT PLACE
TO PUT A RAMP!



I SAY—IT'S ONLY ME
WHO'S SUPPOSED TO JUMP!

OOPS! REVERSE
ENGINES SHARPISH!



Aboard the hover-craft
is a lad an' his dad—

HERE COMES A
SPEED-BOAT, DAD!

SO
WHAT,
LAD?



IT'S IN MID-AIR
AN' JONAH'S DRIVIN'!

WE'RE
DOOMED,
LAD!



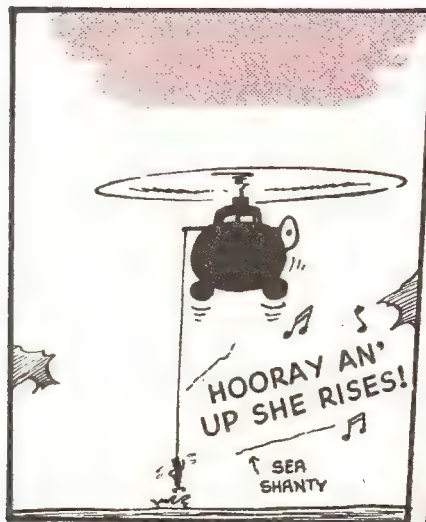
He was
right—

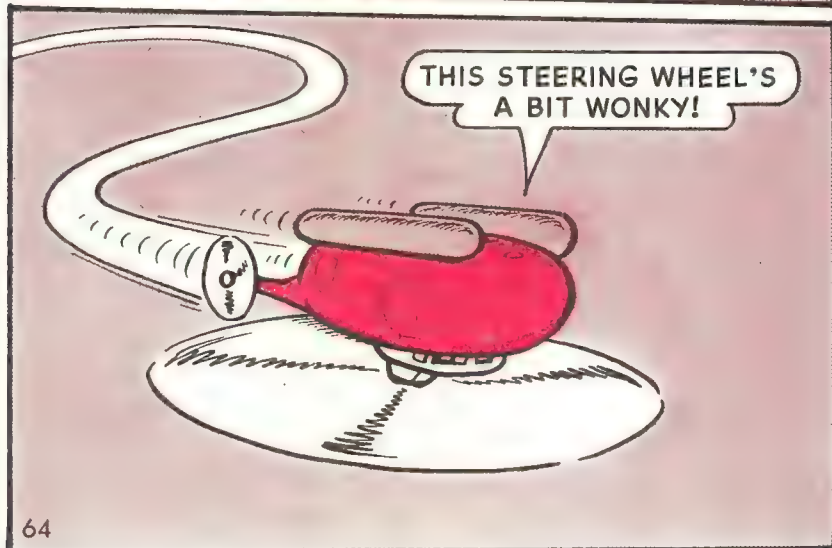
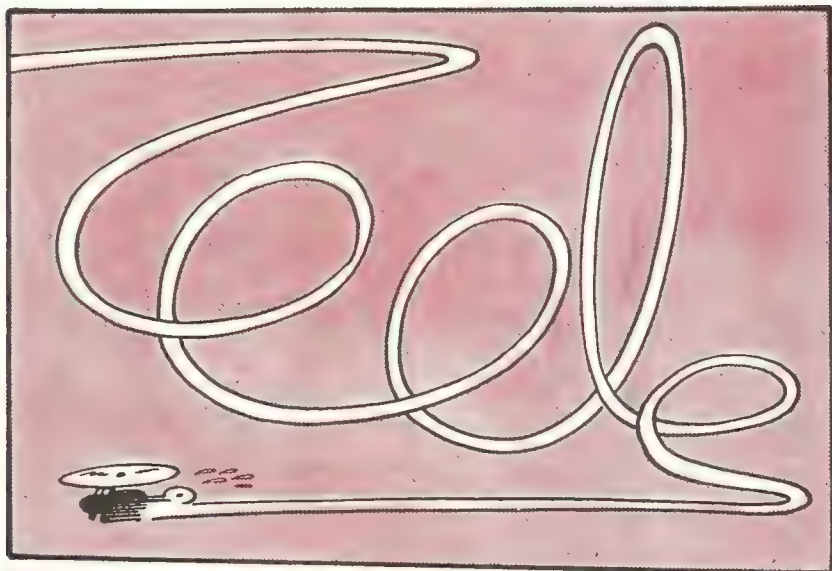
**K
ER
UNGH!
SP
LINTER!
TH
LUNGE!**



THEM 'OVERCRAFT
AIN'T VERY SEA-WORTHY!







*All the ships have
formed an anti-
Jonah convoy.*

KEEP A LOOK-OUT
FOR THE GOON
ON ALL SIDES!

HOWL! THE
HELICOPTER'S
ACTIN' LIKE A
TIN-OPENER!

CHOP
CHOP
CHOP

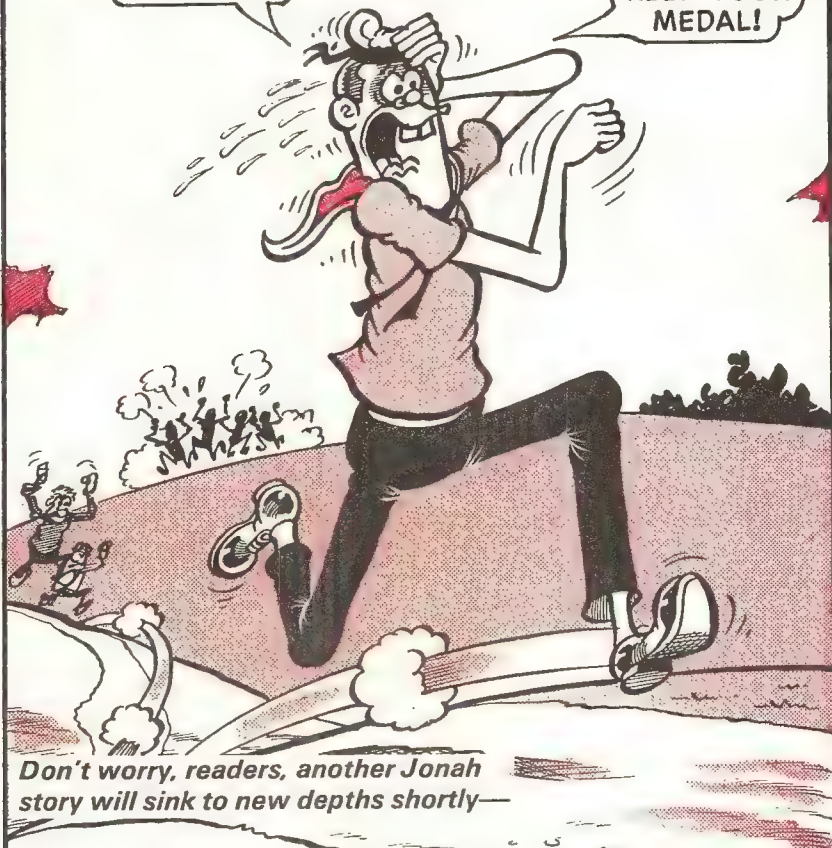
I'VE MANAGED TO LAND
IT, I'M A HERO!

GRR! YOU SANK
A WHOLE CONVOY!

WHO,
ME?

THEY DON'T KNOW
HOW TO TREAT
A HERO!

OK—OK!
YOU CAN
KEEP YOUR
MEDAL!



*Don't worry, readers, another Jonah
story will sink to new depths shortly—*

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No. 85
24p

Jonah

**THE CHARGE
OF COLONEL
GRENADE!**



THE CHARGE OF COLONEL GRENADE

*On the left, Colonel
Grenville Grenade,
retired army man.*

I WON'T REST UNTIL
I'VE RID THE SEVEN
SEAS OF YOU, YOU
BLITHERING BLIGHTER!

*On the right,
Jonah, who sinks
every ship he
sails on!*

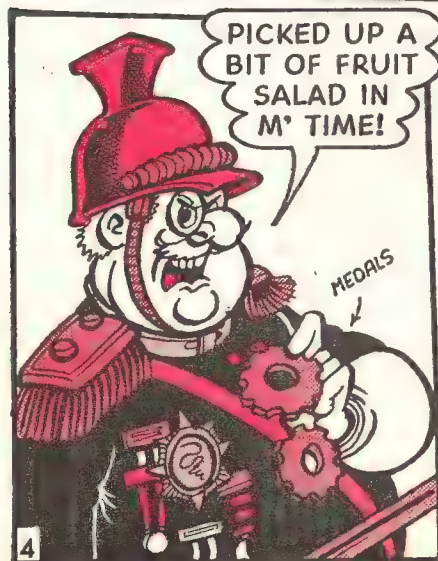
I DON'T THINK
COLONEL GRENADE
LIKES ME!

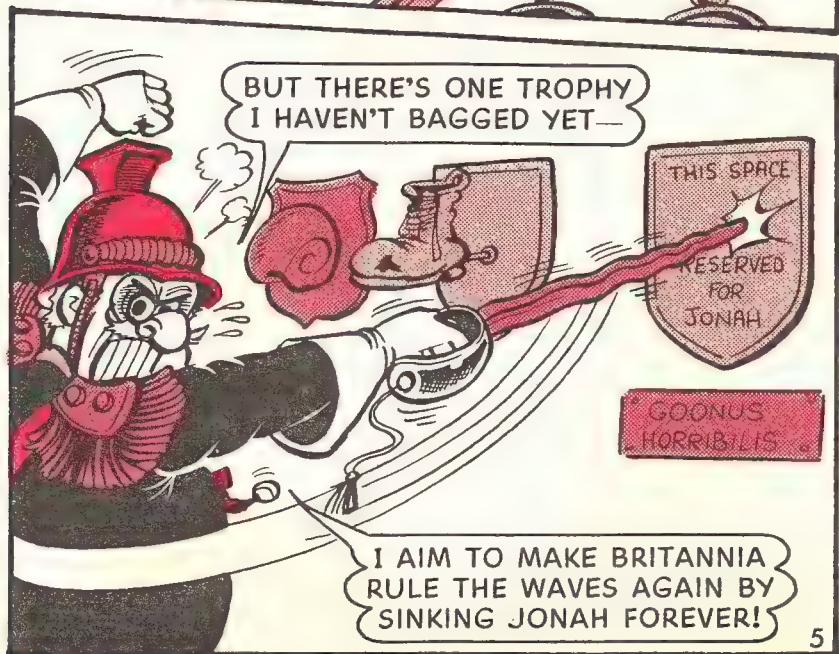


Born
in the
Silly
Isles.

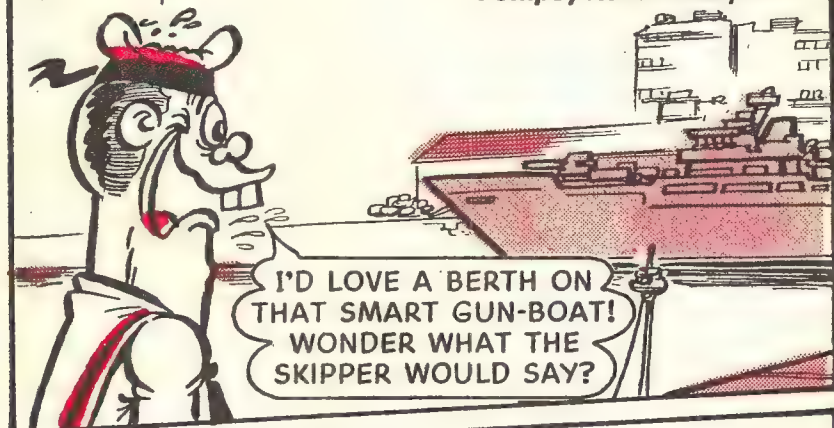
**Now a bit
more about
the colonel—**

**GRENADE'S THE NAME,
LATE OF THE
LIGHT BRIGADE!**

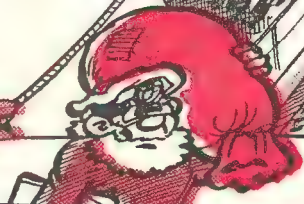




*The story of this Vendetta
starts some time ago at
Pompey Naval dockyard—*



MAYBE IT WOULD BE
EASIER GETTING ABOARD
THIS OLD TRAMP STEAMER!

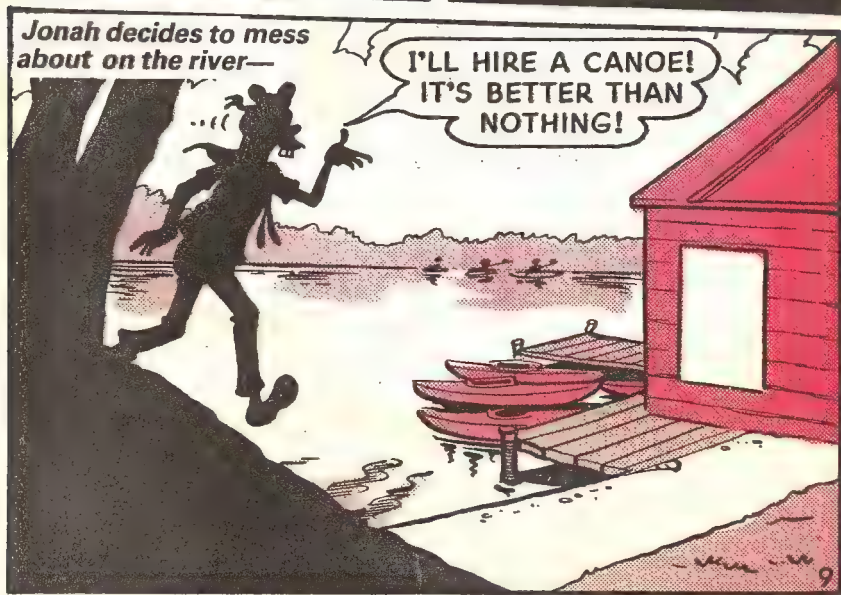
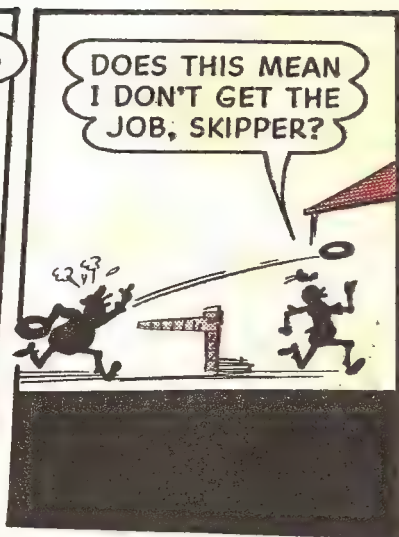
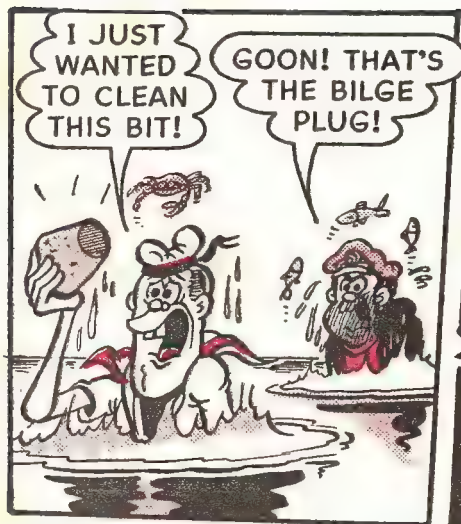


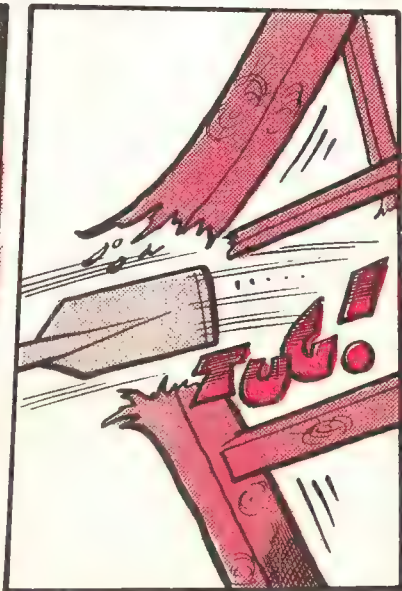
I'LL NIP ABOARD
AND CLEAN HER
UP! THE SKIPPER
WILL MAYBE GIVE
ME A JOB!

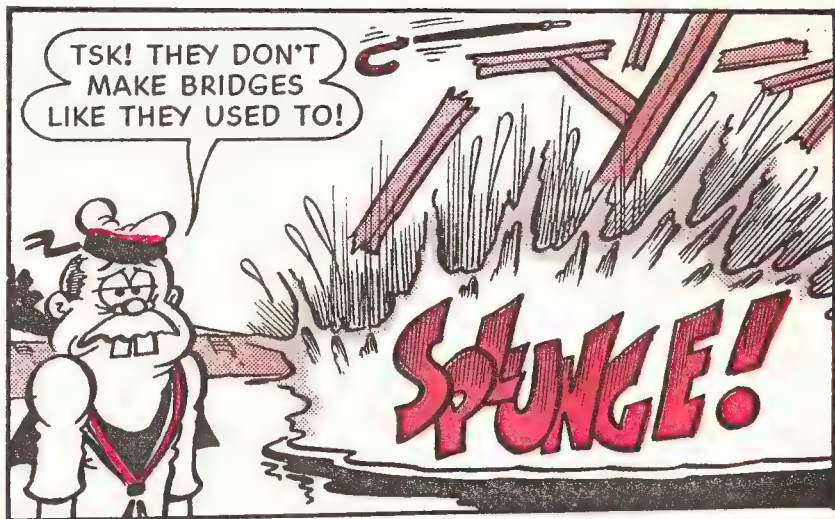
I'LL GIVE THE
DECKS A
HEARTY SWAB!











**Jonah suggests they
start a ferry service—**

WE'LL CHARGE
TO FERRY
PEOPLE ACROSS.

CAPITAL IDEA, YOUNG
FELLA ME LAD. IT'LL
HELP OUT MY PENSION!



HOPE YOU TIED
THE ROPE GOOD
AN' TIGHT, LADDIE!

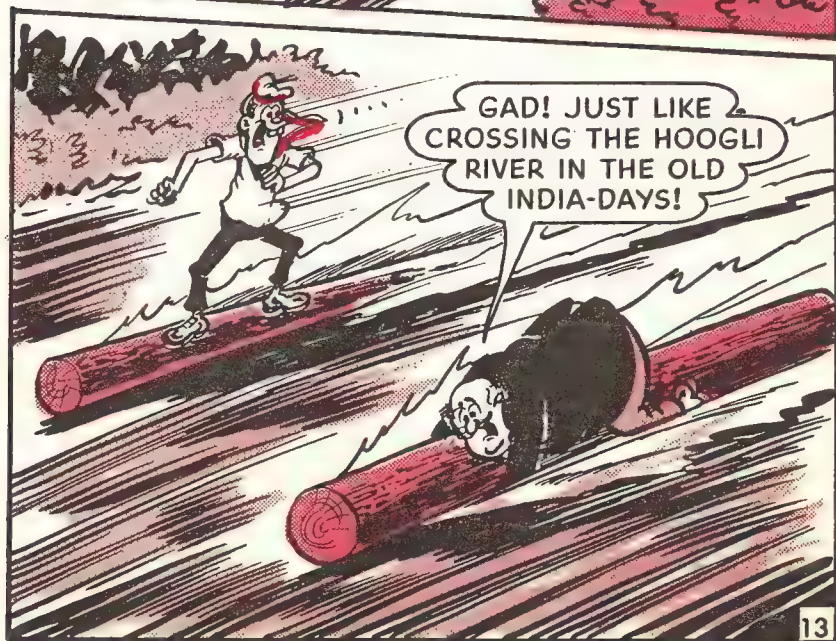
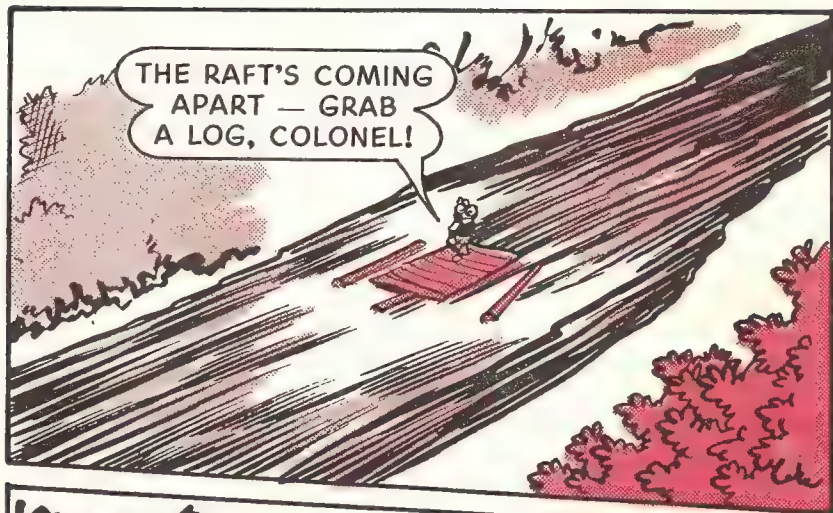
YES, A GOOD
TIGHT SLIP-
KNOT!



SLIP-
KNOT?

GULP!





Meanwhile, aboard the
smart gun-boat—

MOVE OUT INTO
THE ESTUARY!

TORPEDOS
OFF THE
STARBOARD
BOW!

RUBBISH LADDIE,
IT'S PEACE-TIME!

CHUNG!

CHUNG!

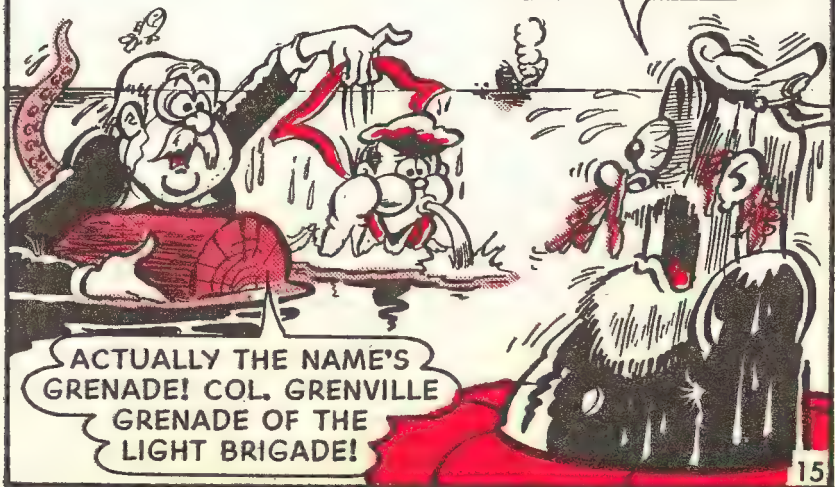
OOF! I'VE HEARD
OF A SHIP'S-LOG,
BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I TOLD YOU
I SAW
TORPEDOS!

OK! OK! DON'T
RUB IT IN!



BY THUNDER!
IT'S JONAH!



ACTUALLY THE NAME'S
GRENADE! COL. GRENVILLE
GRENADE OF THE
LIGHT BRIGADE!



*Later, somewhere in
the outer Hebrides—*

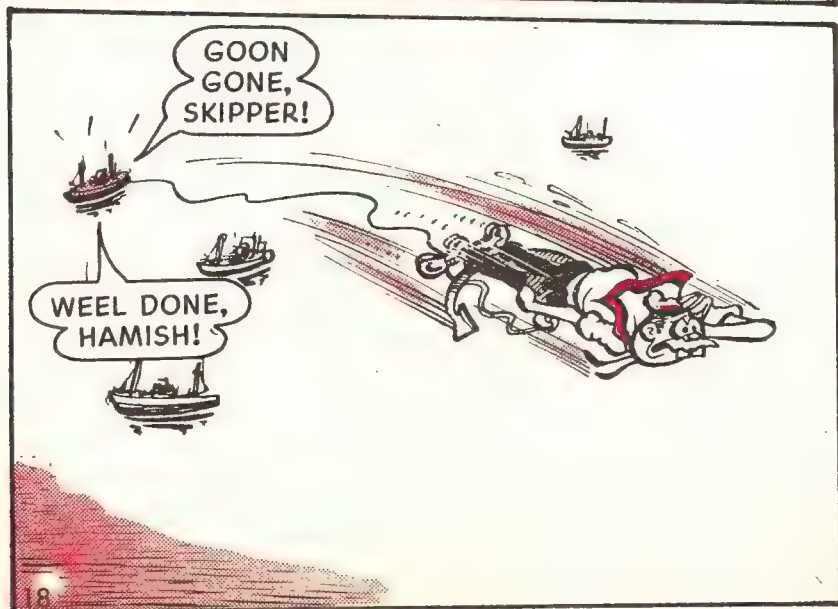
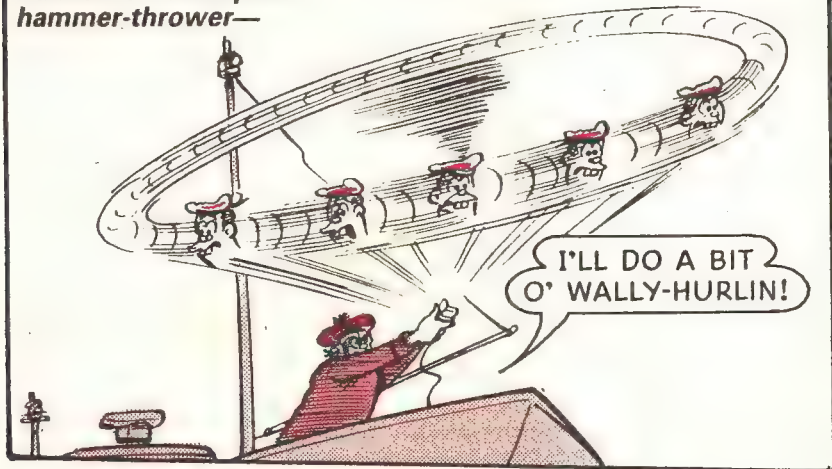
RAISE THE
ANCHOR,
HAMISH!

OCH AYE,
SKIPPER!

JINGS! IT'S THE
LOCH NESS MONSTER!

A THOUSAND TIMES
WORSE — IT'S JONAH!

**Hamish is a champion
hammer-thrower—**



At Shell-rock
light-house—

LOOK AT THAT
POOR SAP!



LET'S GET OOT
O' HERE, HAMISH!

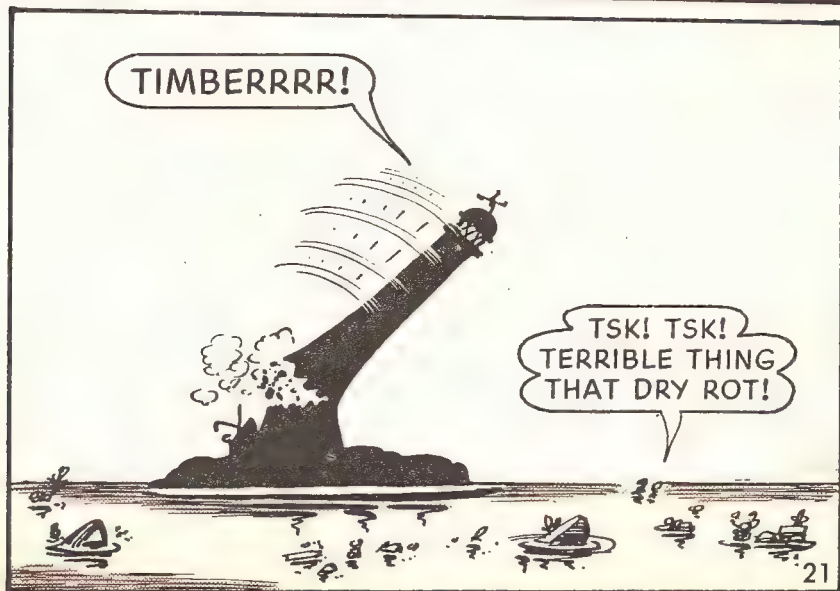
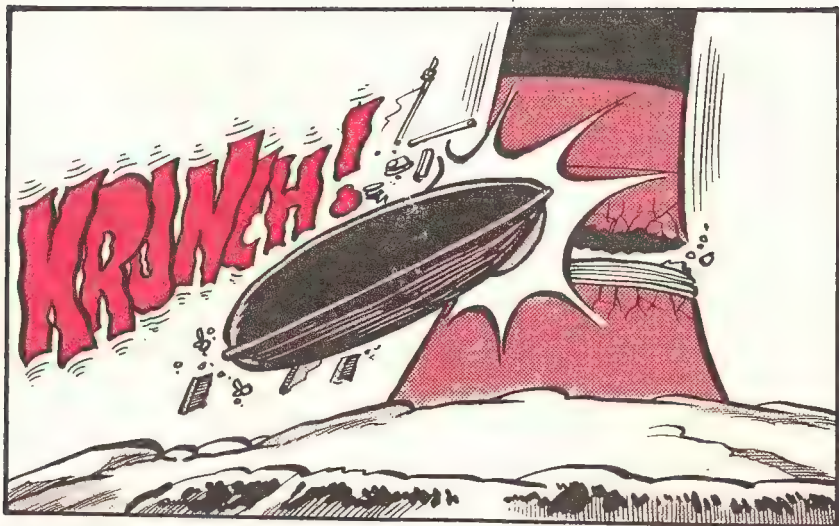
AYE, FULL-
SPEED
AHEAD!

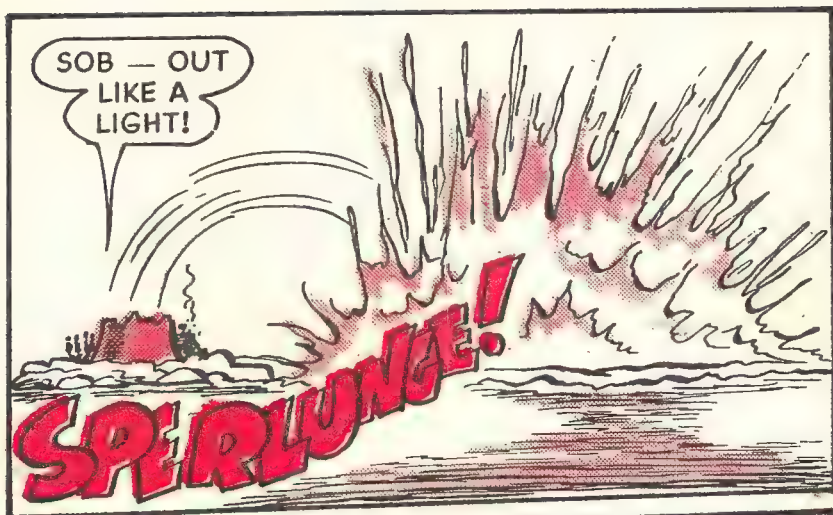


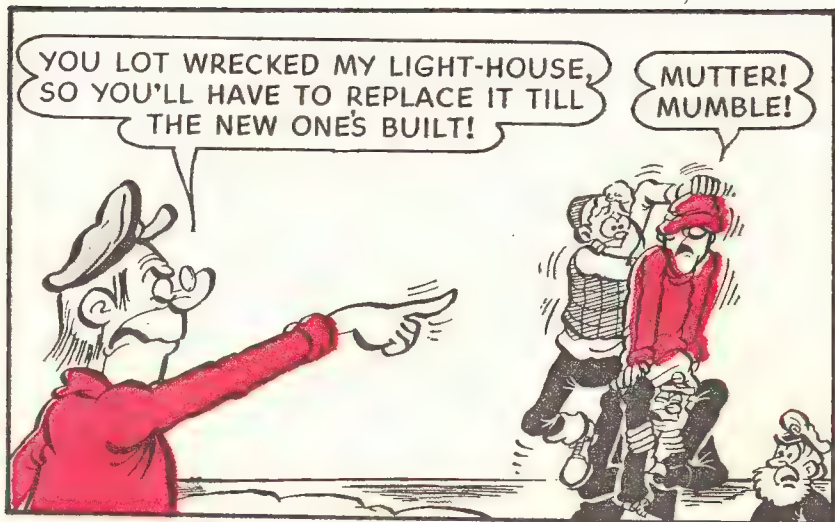
I'M SAFE! EVEN
JONAH CAN'T
SINK A
LIGHT-
HOUSE!

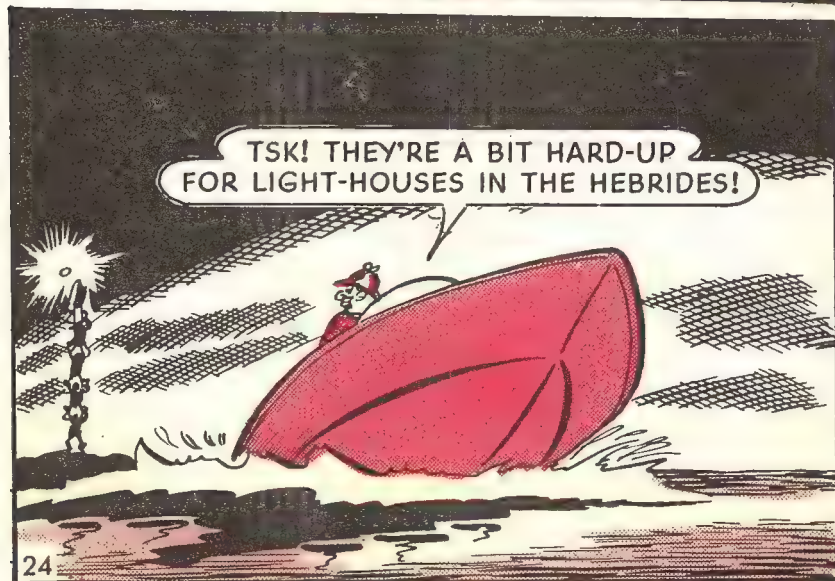
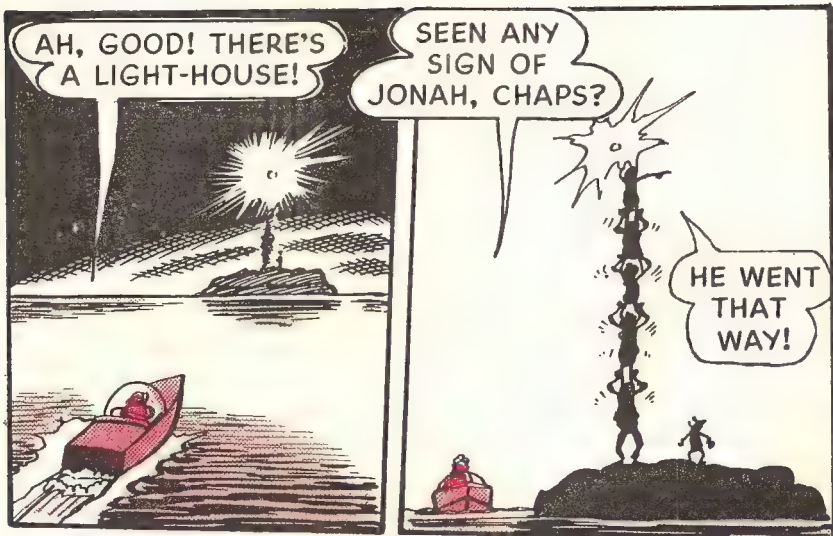








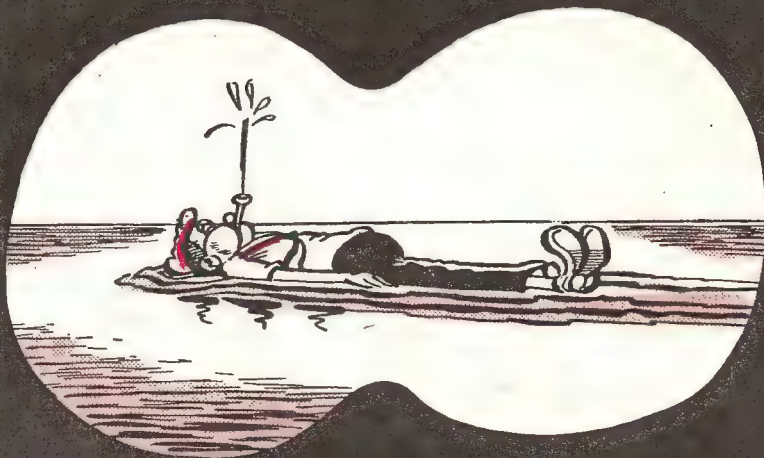
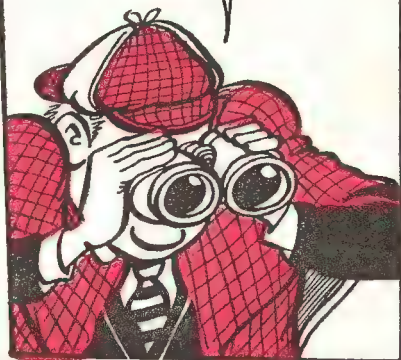


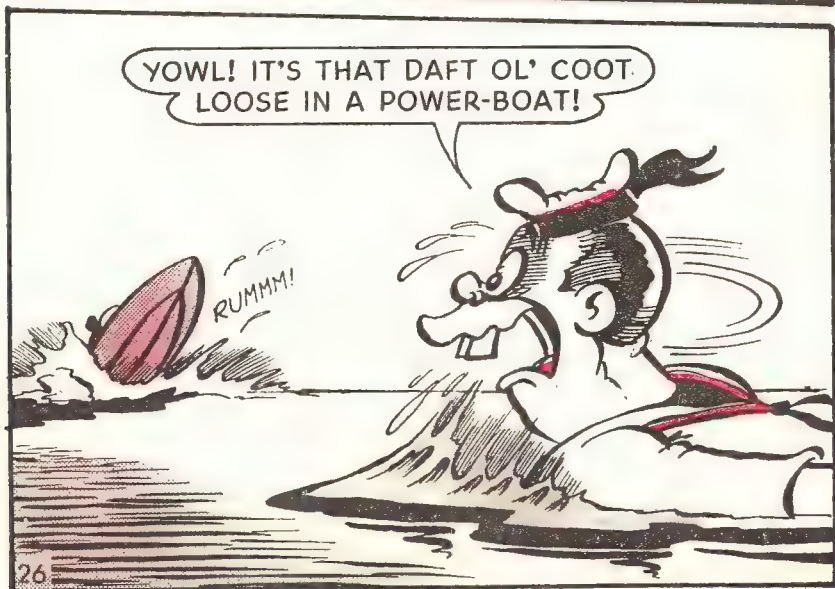


I SHOULD BE
SAFE NOW!

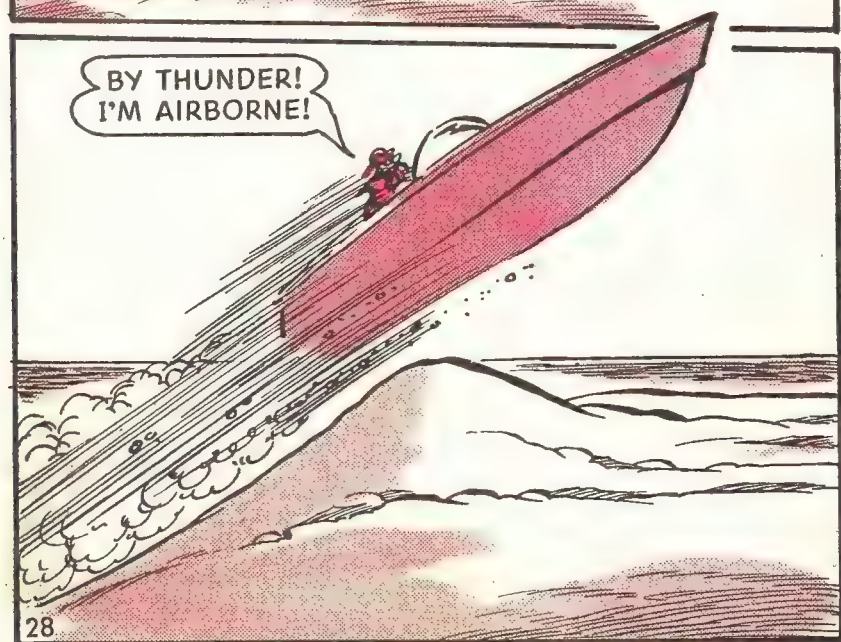
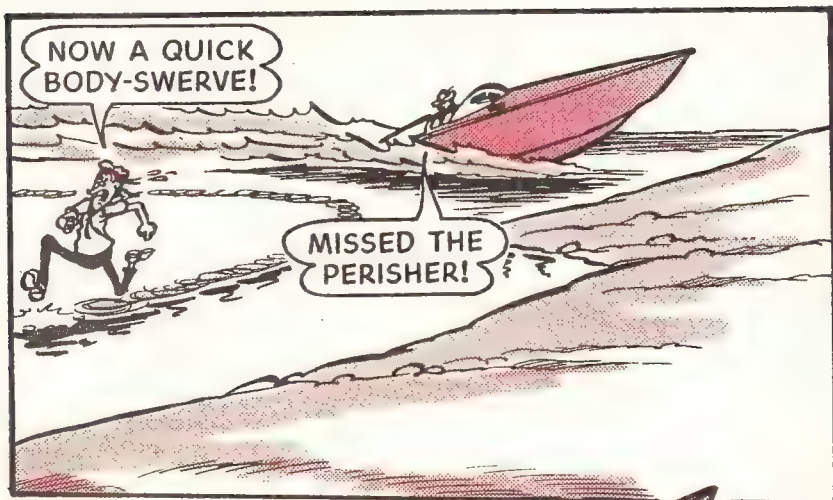


AHA! THAR
HE BLOWS!







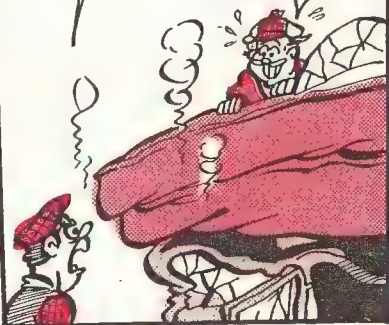


*The boat lands
on a taxi*



WHERE TO,
GUVNER?

TO THE
NEAREST
BOAT
REPAIRERS!



I'LL NIP ASHORE
AND TAKE COVER.



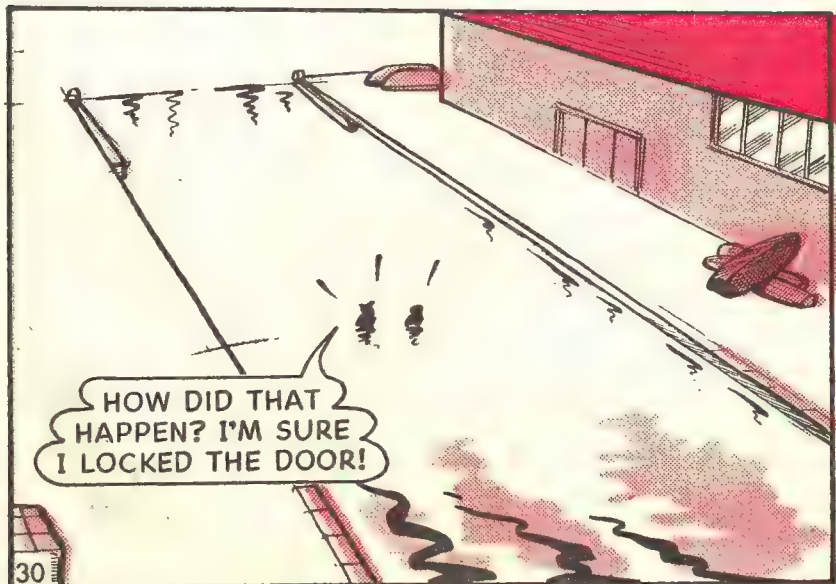
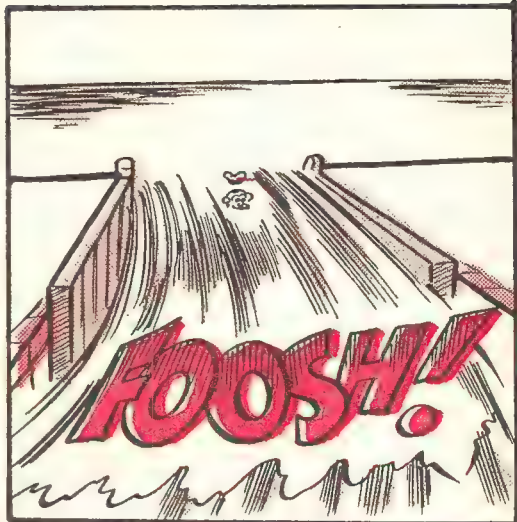
*In Dave's
dry-dock*

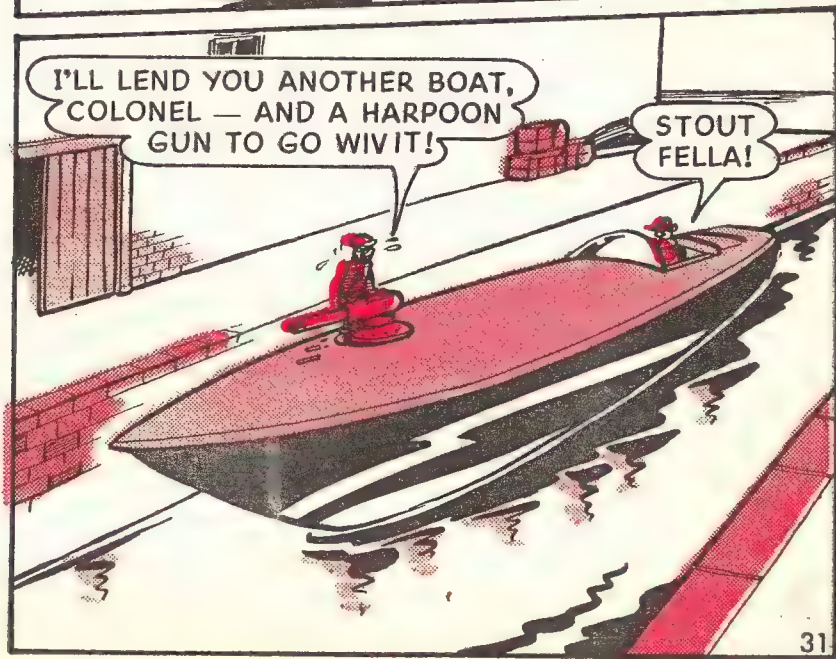
SOON HAVE YOU
BACK IN THE
WATER, COLONEL!

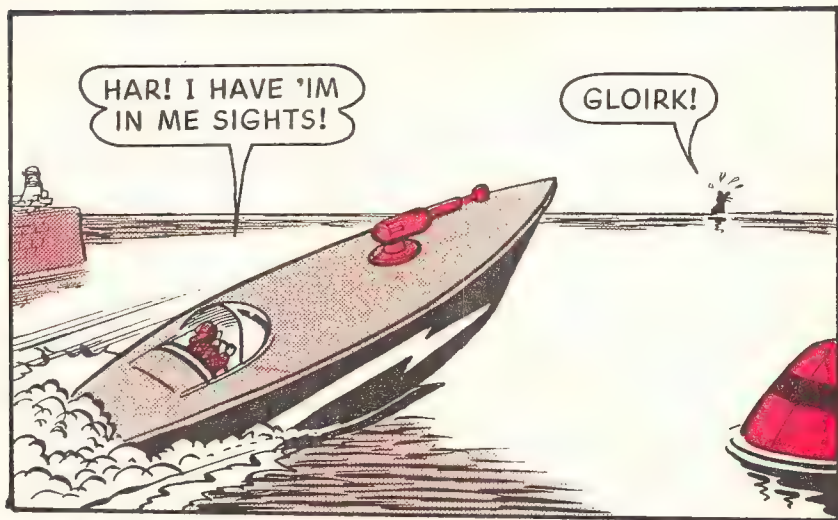
GOOD
SHOW!

*He never said
a truer word*

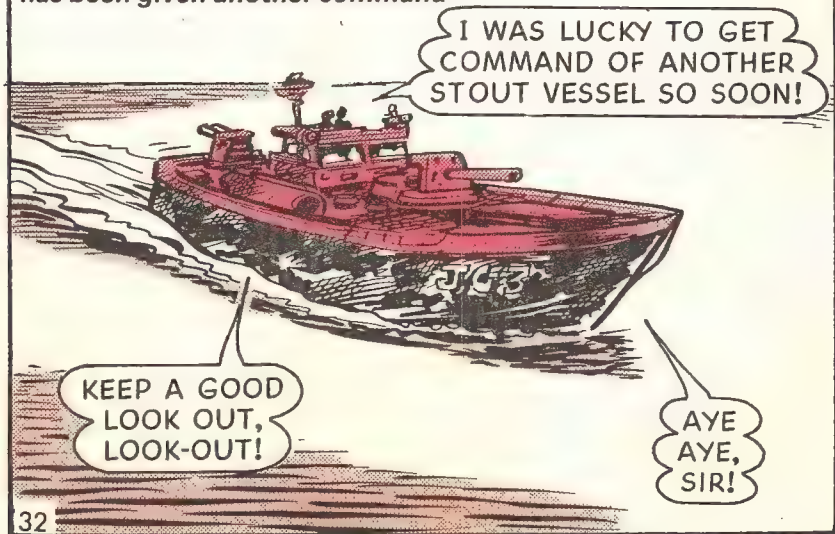


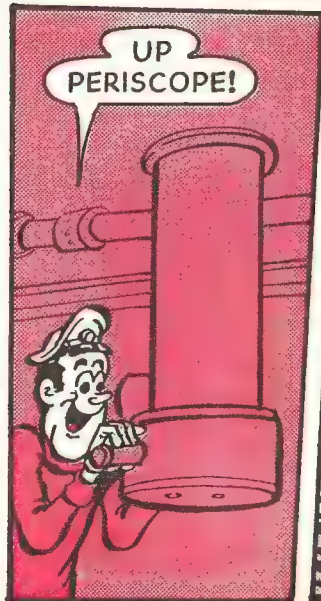
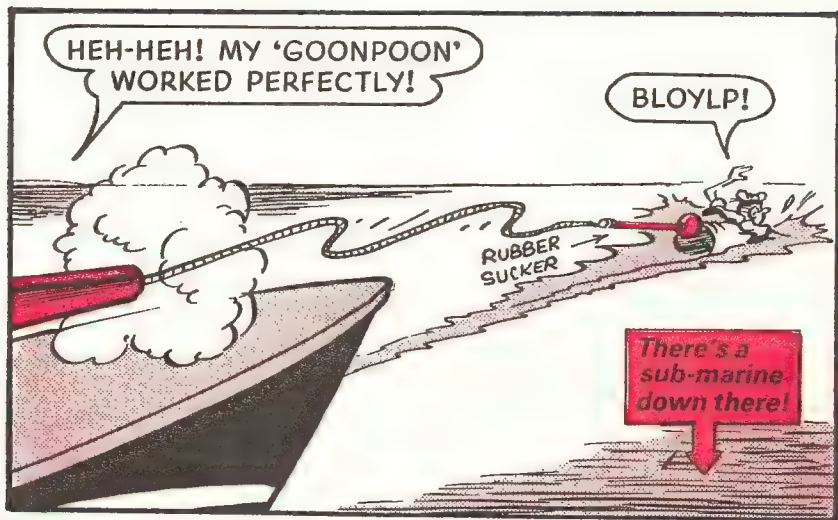


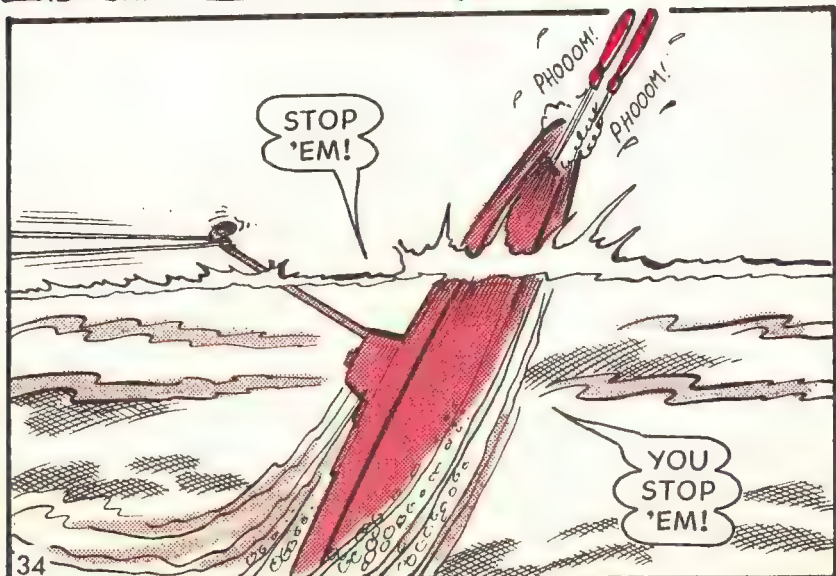




*Meanwhile, the gun-boat captain
has been given another command—*

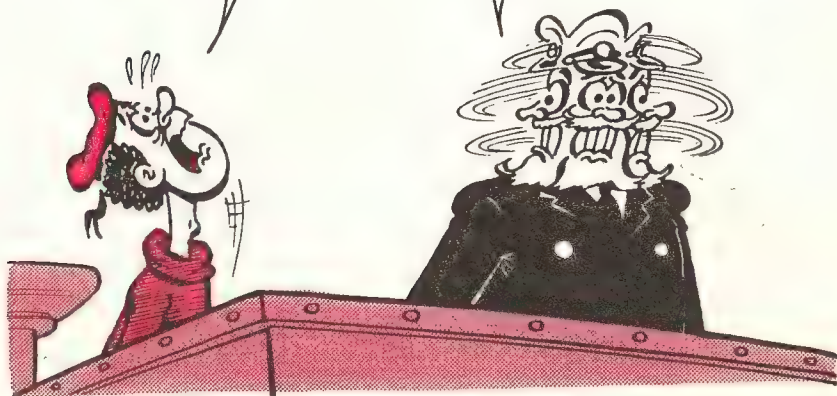






ER — TORPEDOS
APPROACHIN'
SKIPPER!

NONSENSE! THERE'S NOT
A MOVEMENT IN THE SEA!



Behind their backs —

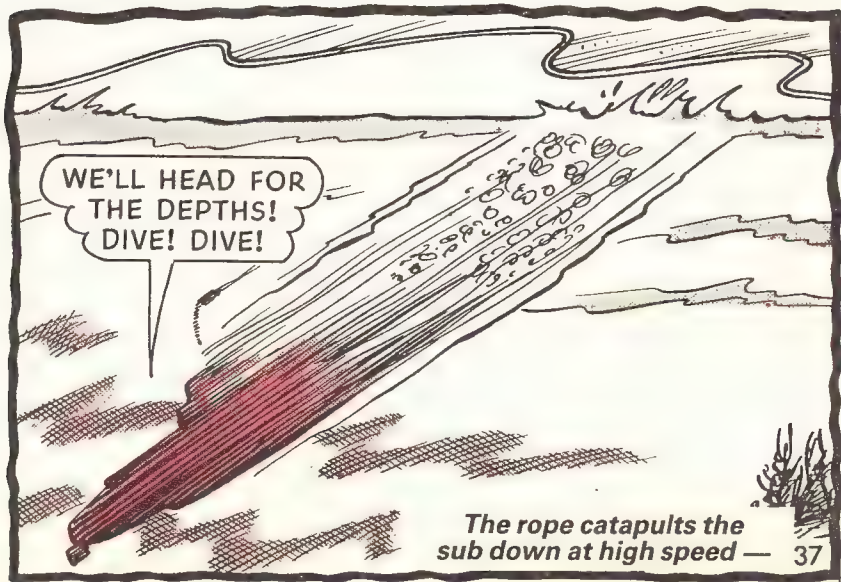
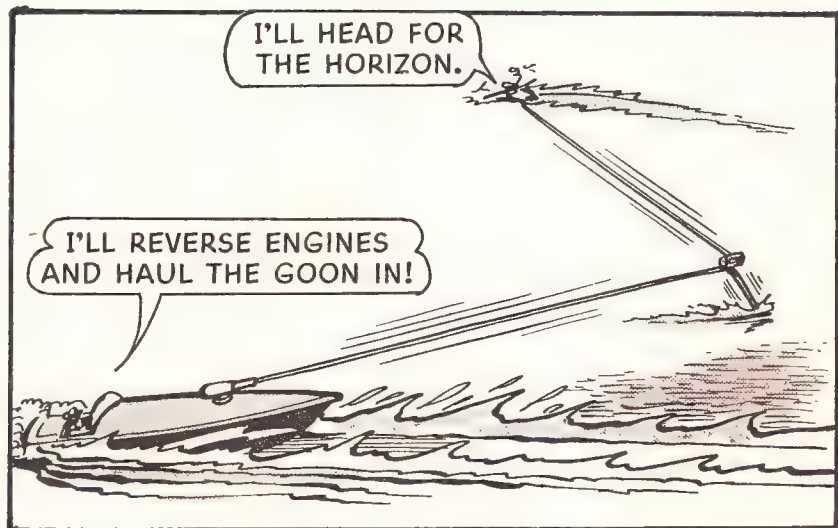
THAT'S COS
THEY'RE
FLYING
TORPEDOS!

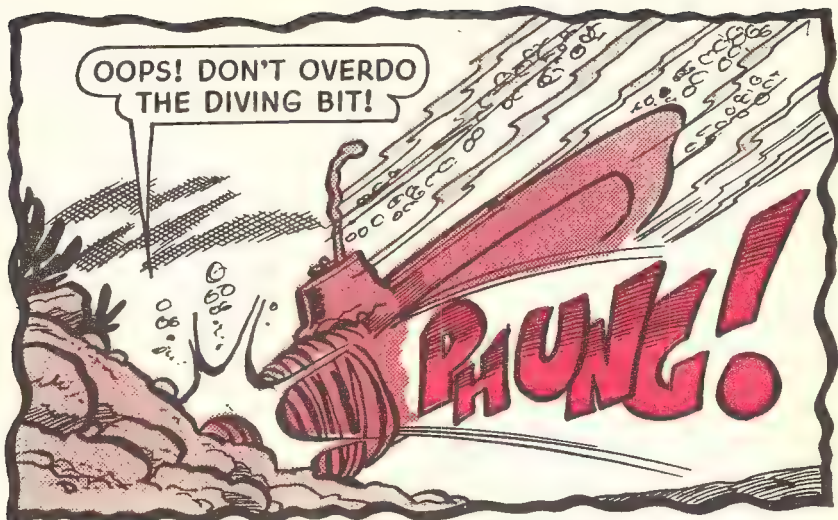
DON'T BE DAFT,
LOOK-OUT!





How right he is





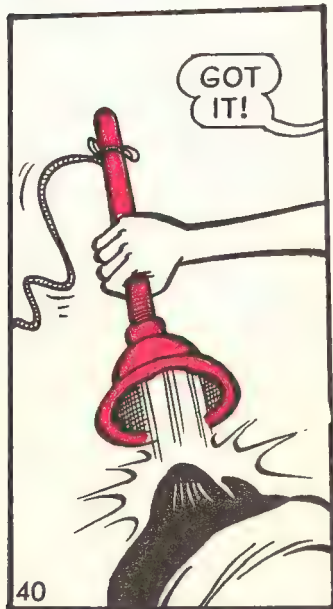
Meanwhile, the chase goes on —

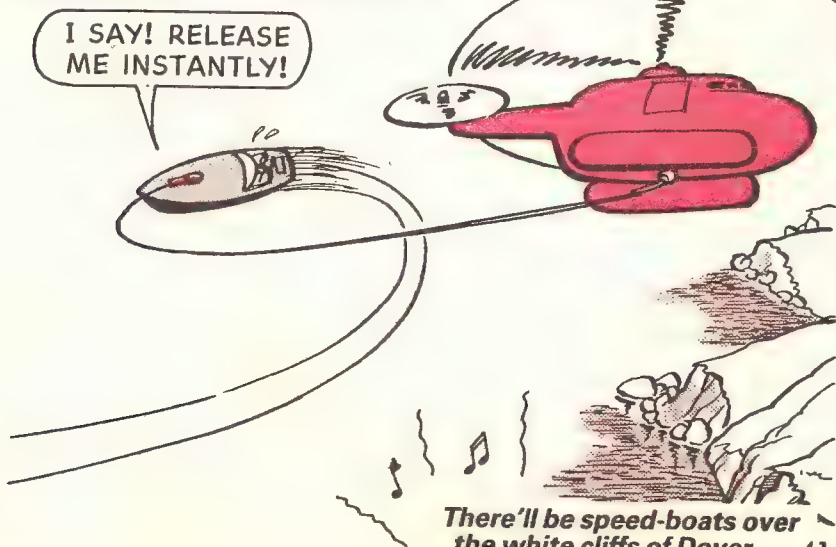
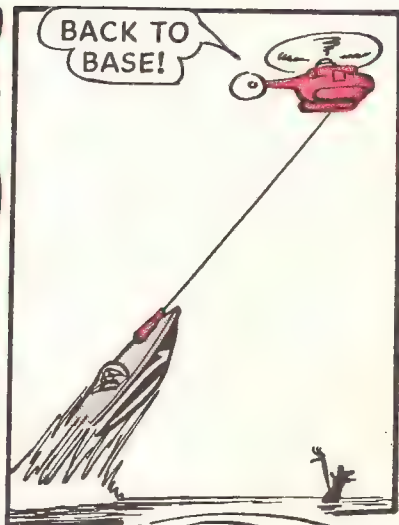
PUFF!
PANT!
BOYLK!

HE'S TIRING! I'LL SOON
HAVE HIM LANDED.

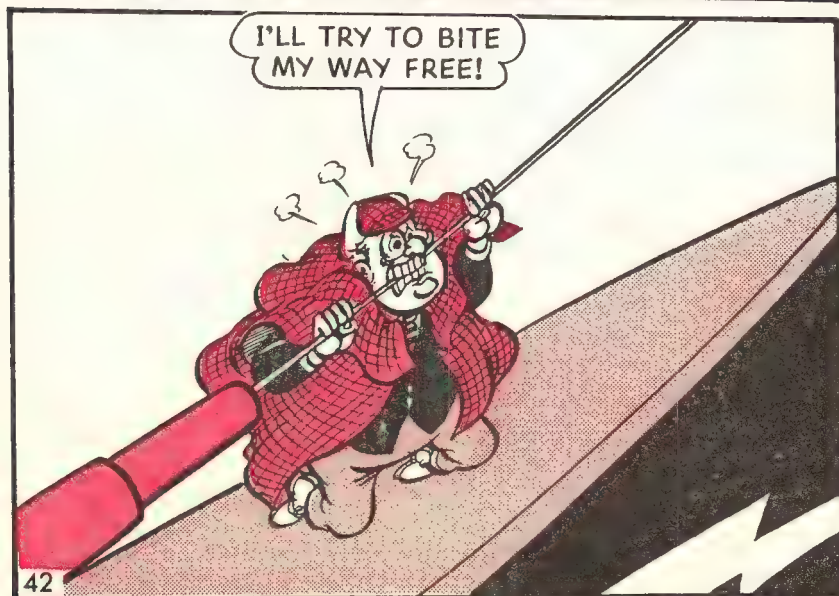
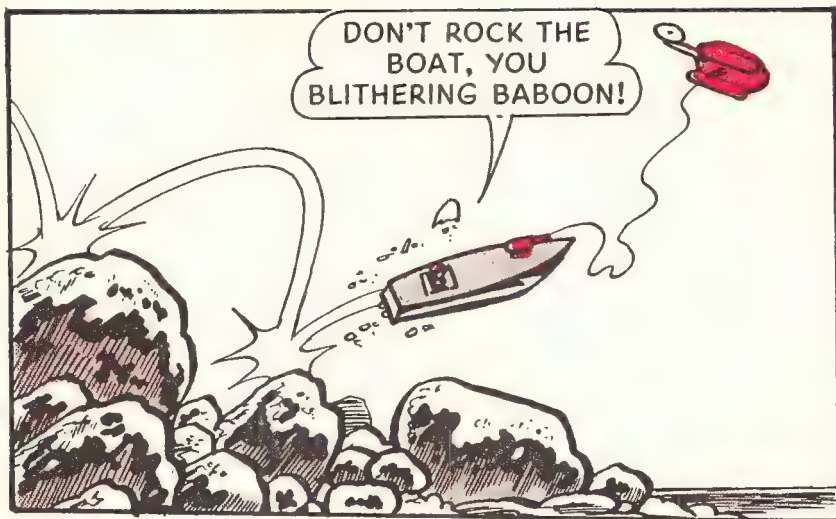
LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY'S
IN TROUBLE.

An air-sea rescue patrol
helicopter spots them —





There'll be speed-boats over
the white cliffs of Dover — 41



DONE IT! YOU CAN'T
KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.

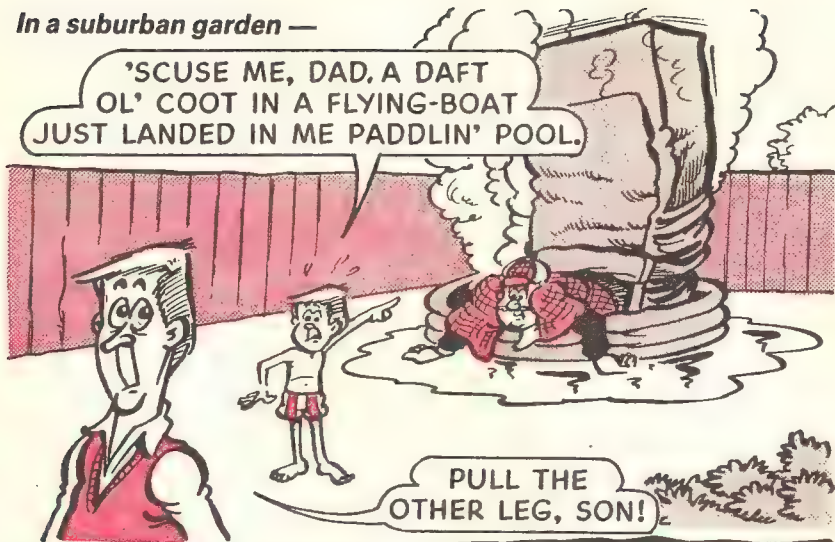


You said it,
Colonel —



In a suburban garden —

'SCUSE ME, DAD, A DAFT
OL' COOT IN A FLYING-BOAT
JUST LANDED IN ME PADDLIN' POOL.



Back in the briny —

IT'S NICE AN' PEACEFUL
WITHOUT THE OL' COLONEL
TRYING TO BAG ME.



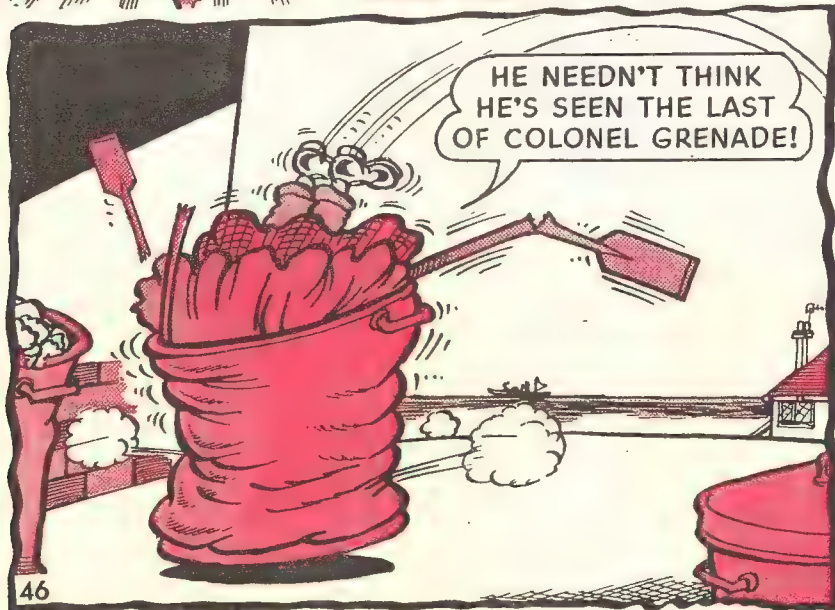
DON'T SPEAK TOO
SOON, CHAPPIE!

BLOMP!

BOYLK!
HE'S BACK!

I'LL CHOMP HIS
RUBBER DINGHY!

BANG!



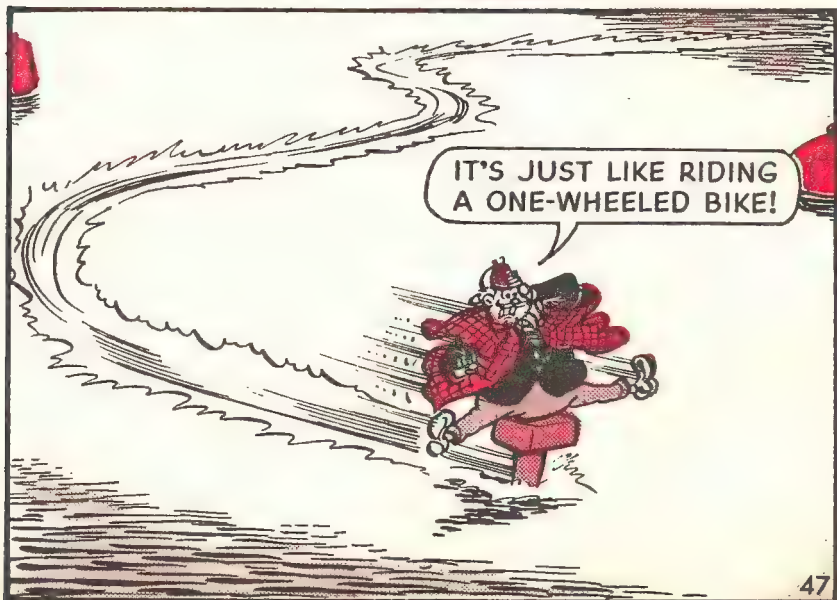
I'VE STILL GOT THIS
OUTBOARD MOTOR!



HERE I GO!
HERE I GO!
HERE I GO!

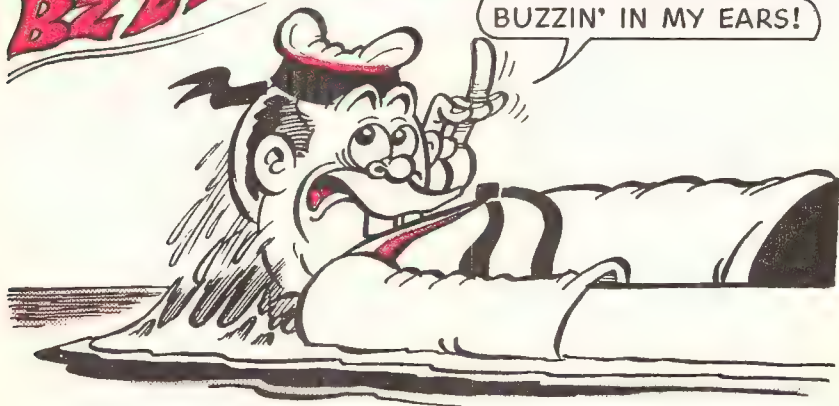


IT'S JUST LIKE RIDING
A ONE-WHEELED BIKE!



BZZZZZZZ

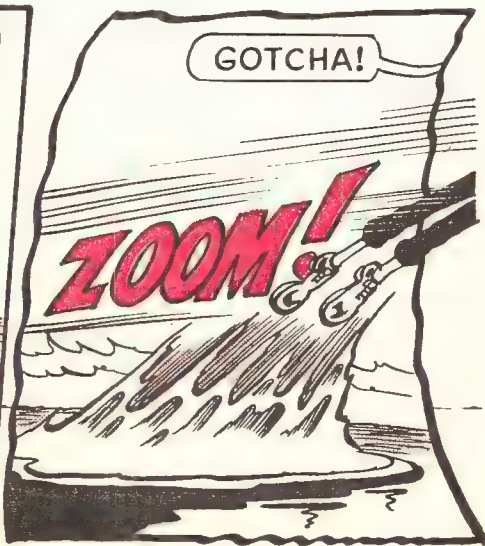
I'VE GOT THIS
BUZZIN' IN MY EARS!

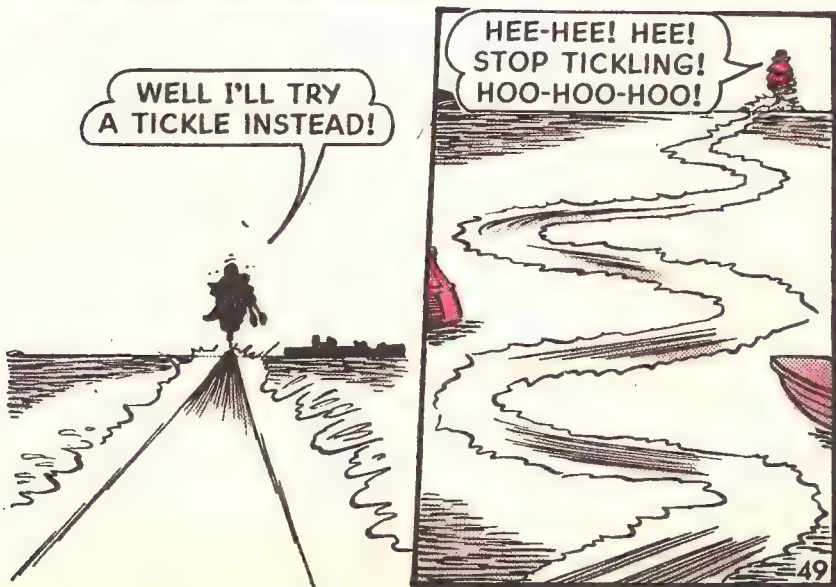
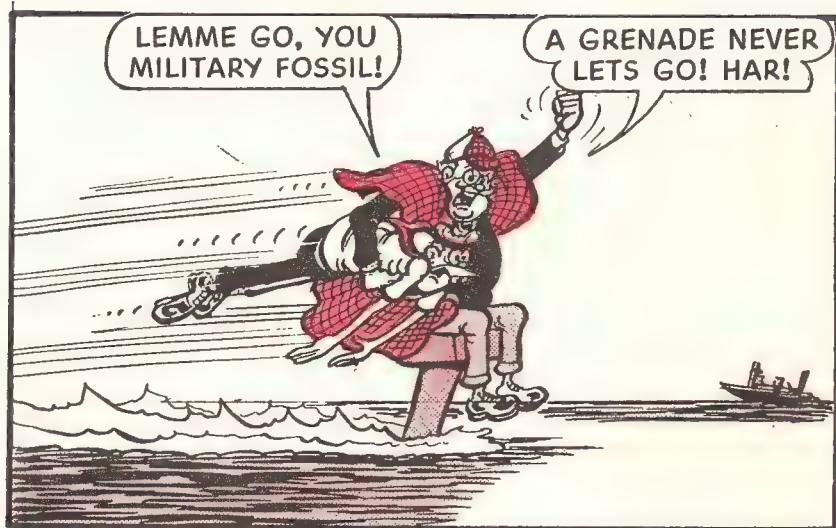


GOOD SHOW! GOON
ON THE HORIZON!



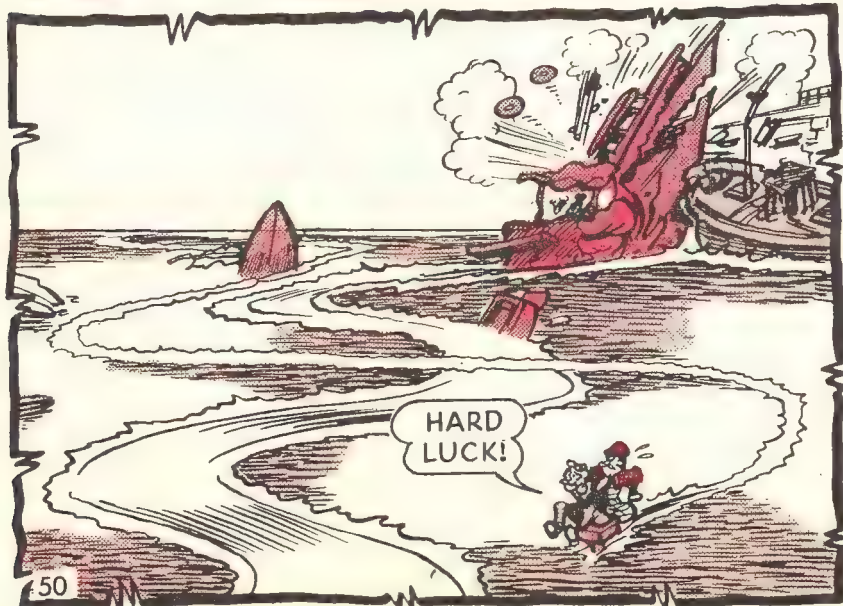
GOTCHA!

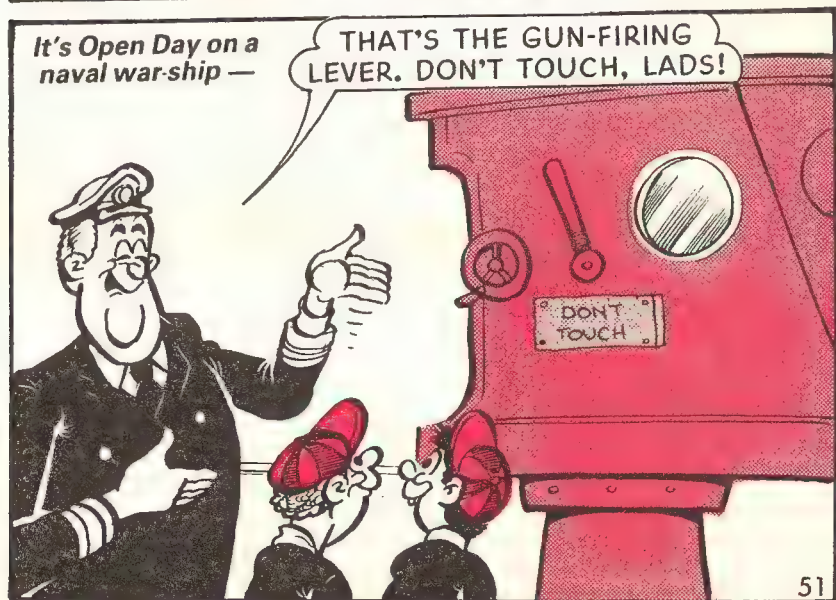
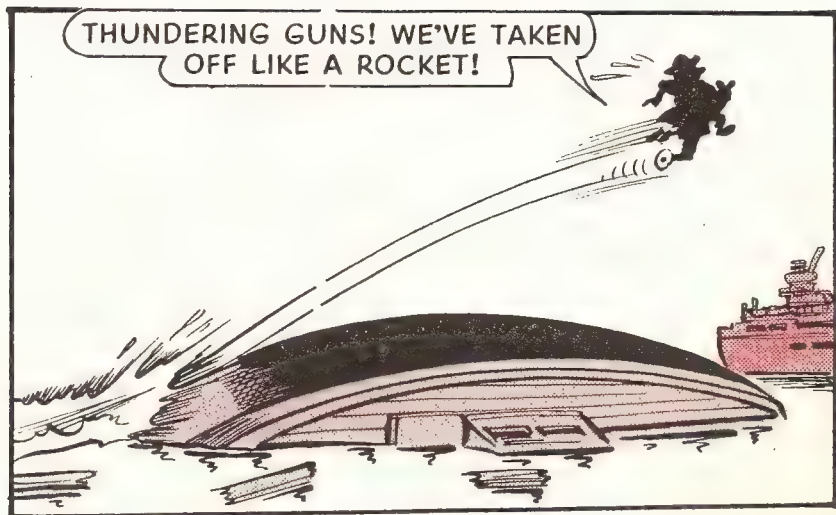


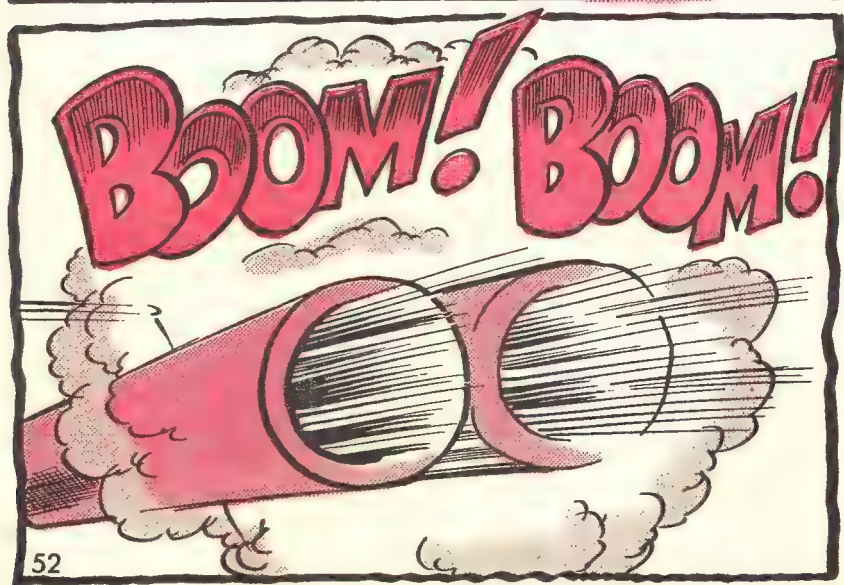
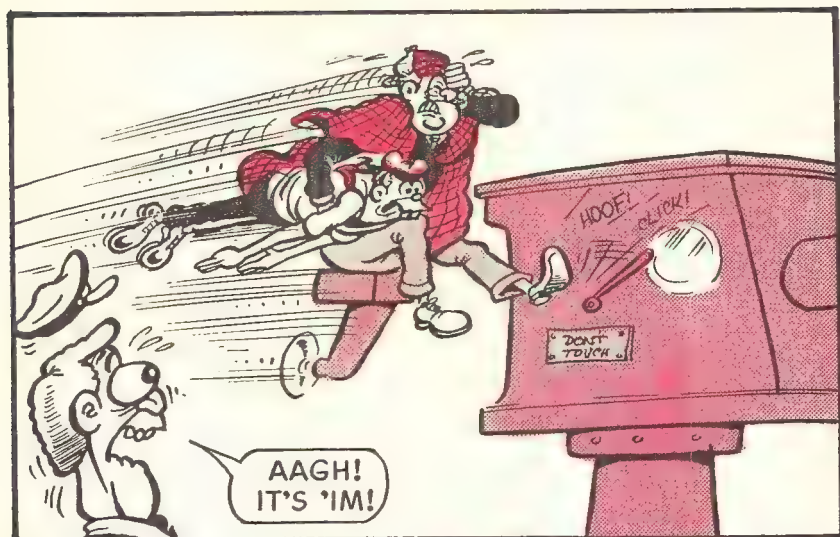


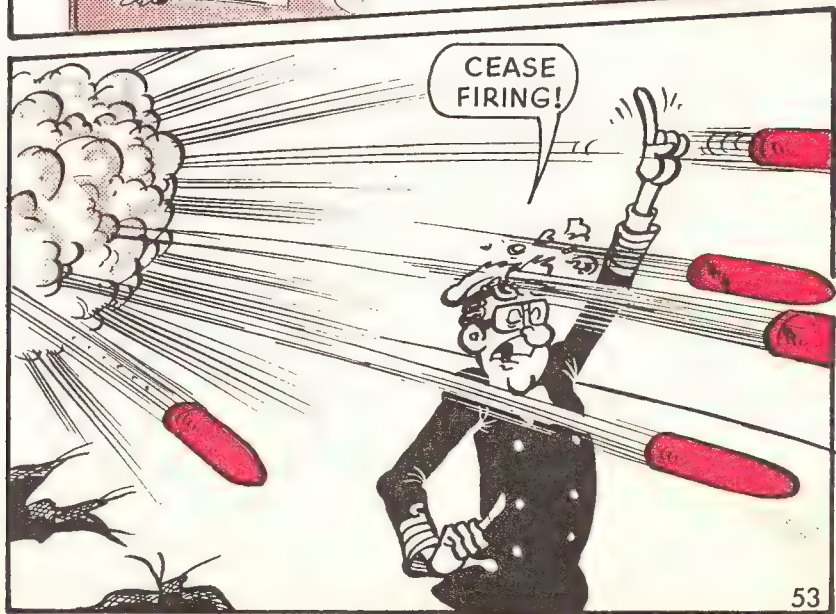
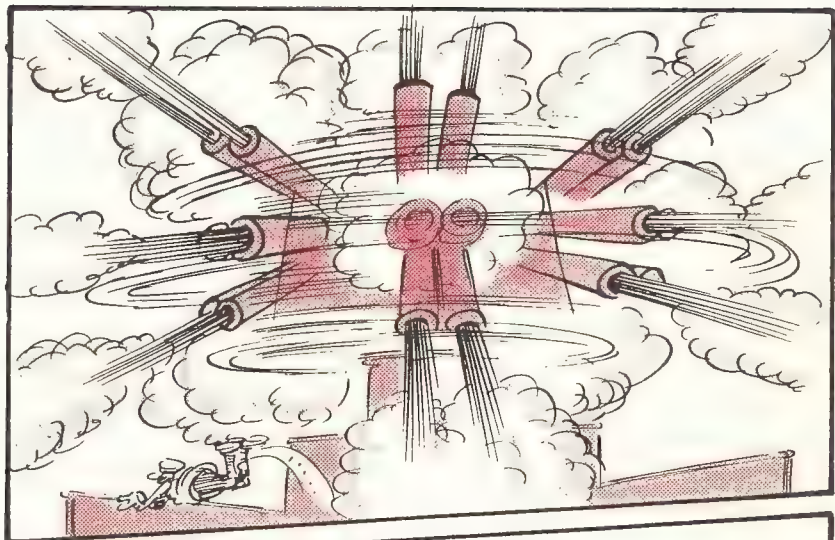
WHERE'S THIS COOT GOING?
HARD A-PORT, HARD A-
STARBOARD —

HOO-HOO!
STOP TICKLING!









A fishing trawler approaches with Captain Al Ibbut, at the helm.

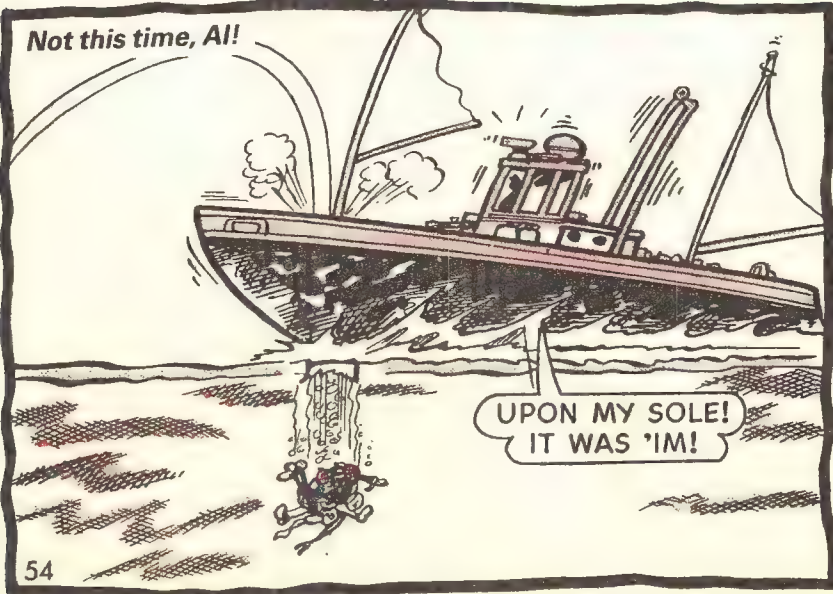
HEAD FOR THE FISH-DOCK WITH ALL SPEED!



FIRST BACK GETS THE BEST PRICES FOR HIS FISH!



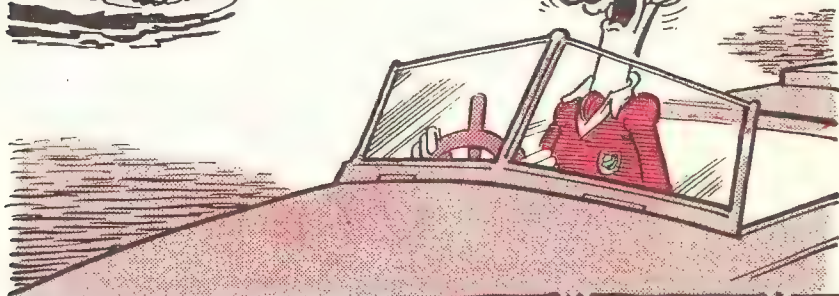
Not this time, Al!



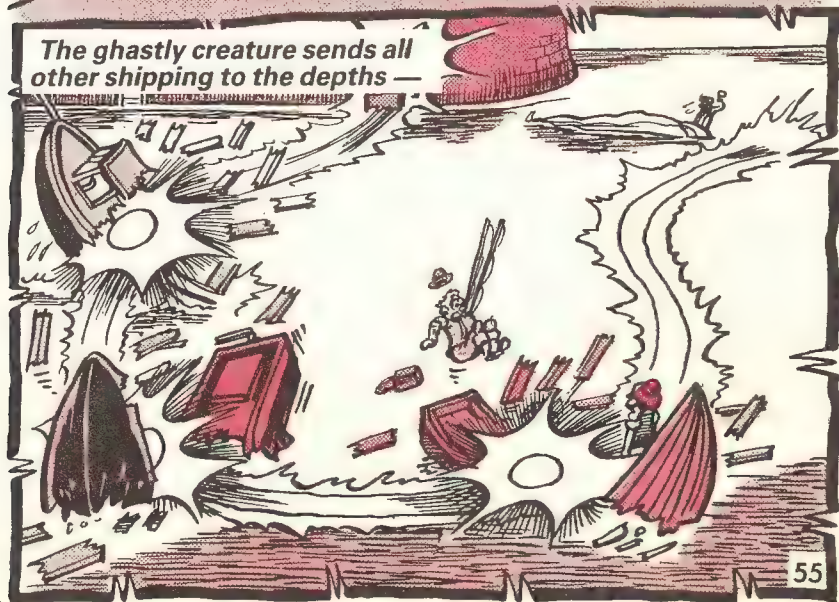
UPON MY SOLE! IT WAS 'IM!

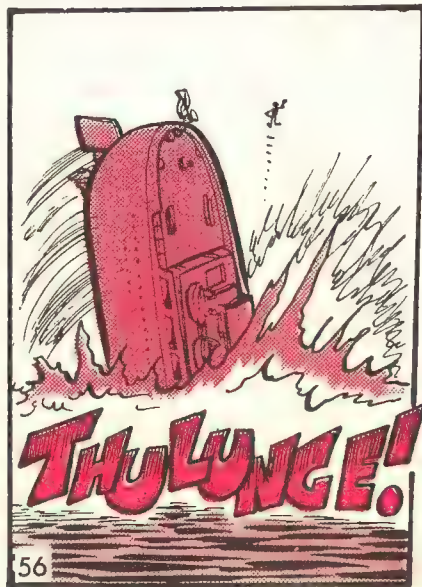
*The dozy duo get covered
in sea-weed —*

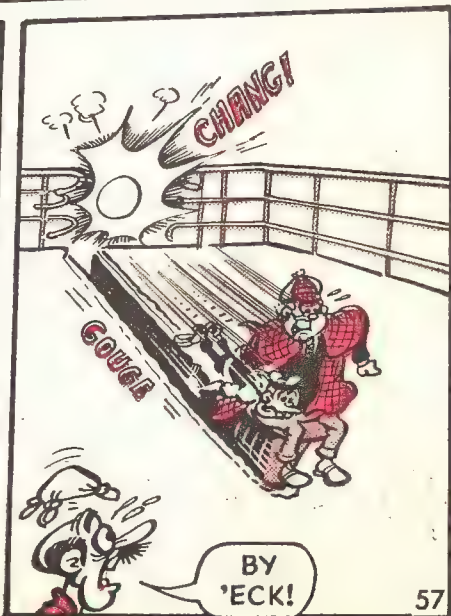
OH DEAR! IT'S A GHASTLY
CREATURE FROM THE DEPTHS!

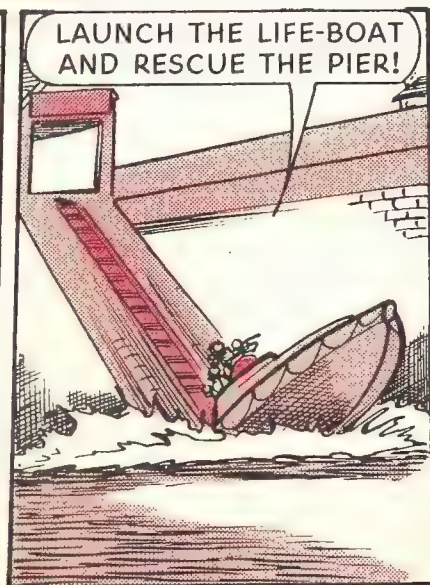
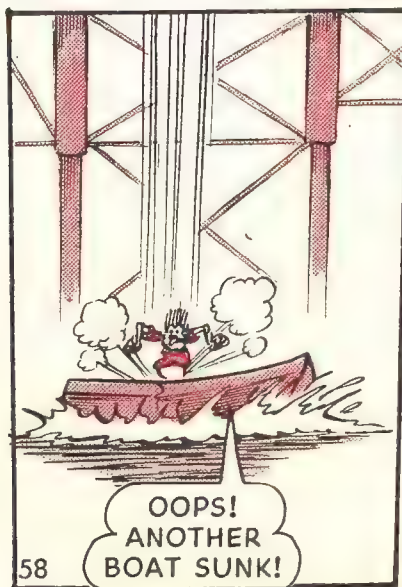


*The ghastly creature sends all
other shipping to the depths —*

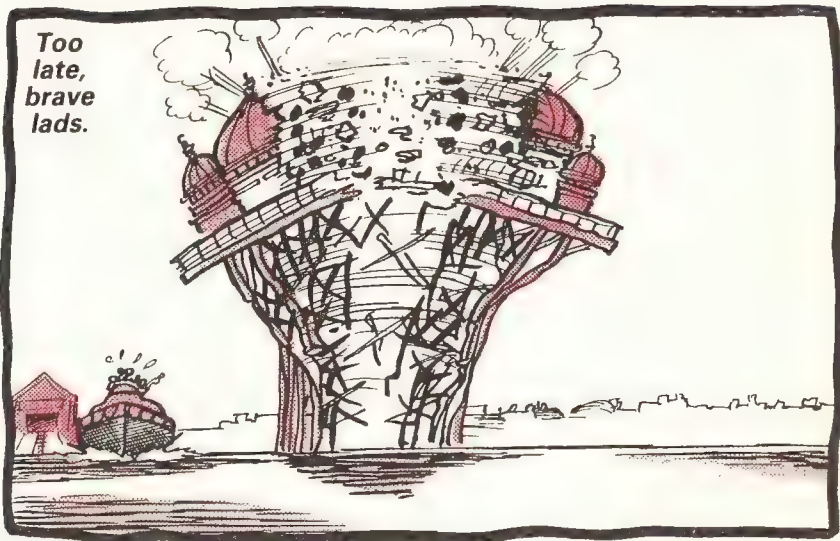






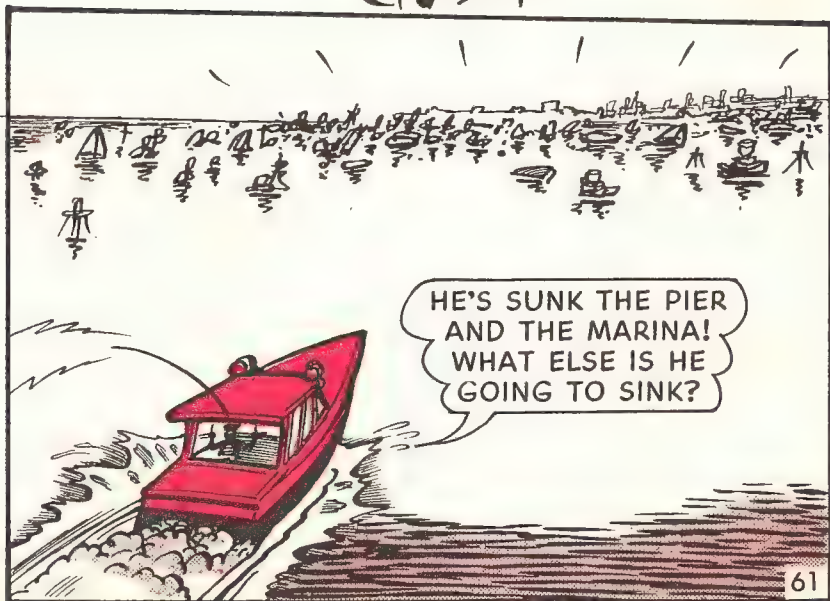


Too
late,
brave
lads.

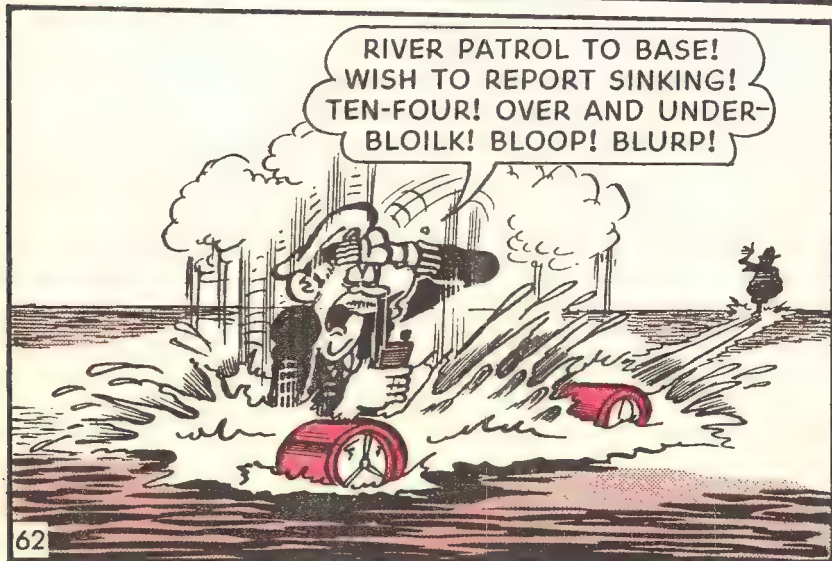




I DON'T
BELIEVE
MY EYES!



HE'S SUNK THE PIER
AND THE MARINA!
WHAT ELSE IS HE
GOING TO SINK?



BY JINGO! WE'RE HEADING
FOR THE MAIN STREET!



KEEP YOUR
HEADS DOWN!



ARE YOU
KIDDING?

GOOD! WE'VE
STOPPED
AT LAST!



WANTED
'IM



THERE ISN'T A SHIP LEFT
AFLOAT IN THE AREA, SO
THERE'S NOTHING FOR THE
GOON TO SINK!



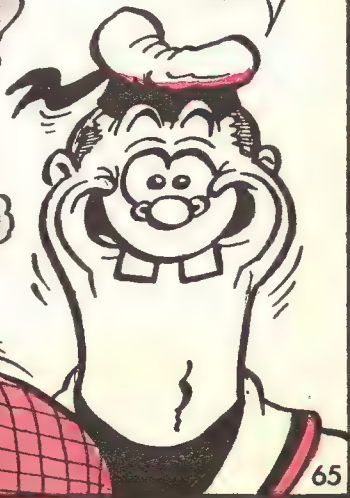
BAH! NOW I'LL NEVER
GET A MENTION IN
THE HONOURS LIST!



— AND IT'S ALL
HIS FAULT!



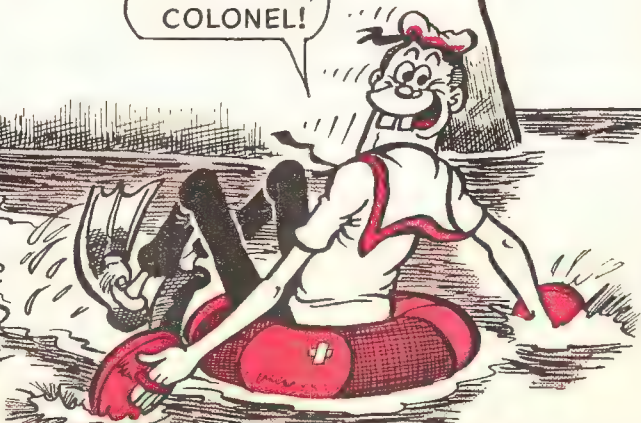
WHO,
ME?



BY GADFREY! I'LL SINK
THAT GOON YET, OR MY
NAME'S NOT COLONEL GRENADE!



TATTY-BYE,
COLONEL!



We'll meet again — don't know where, don't know when —

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BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No.102
24p

JONAH *meets* PUSS'N'BOOTS



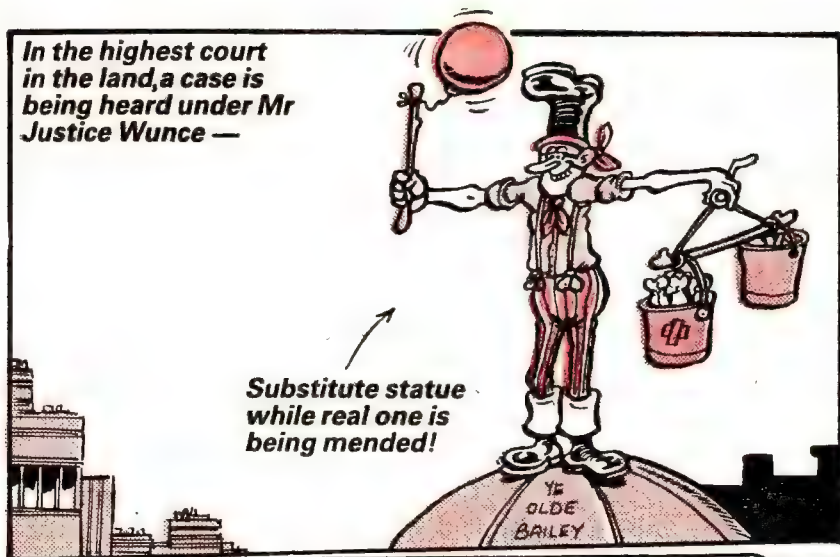
JONAH

MEETS

PUSS 'n' BOOTS



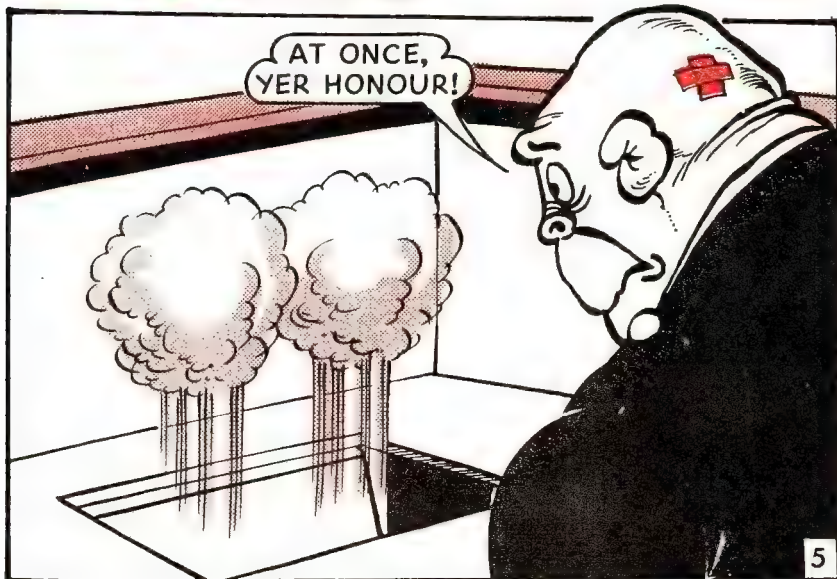
*In the highest court
in the land, a case is
being heard under Mr
Justice Wunce —*



YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY
OF BREACH OF THE PEACE, BRAWLING
IN PUBLIC AND DISTURBING
THE LIEGES!

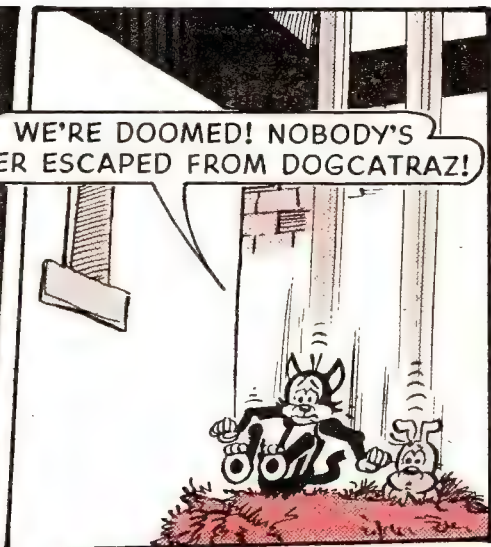
I NEVER TOUCHED HIS
LIEGES, YER HONOUR!

SILENCE IN
COURT!





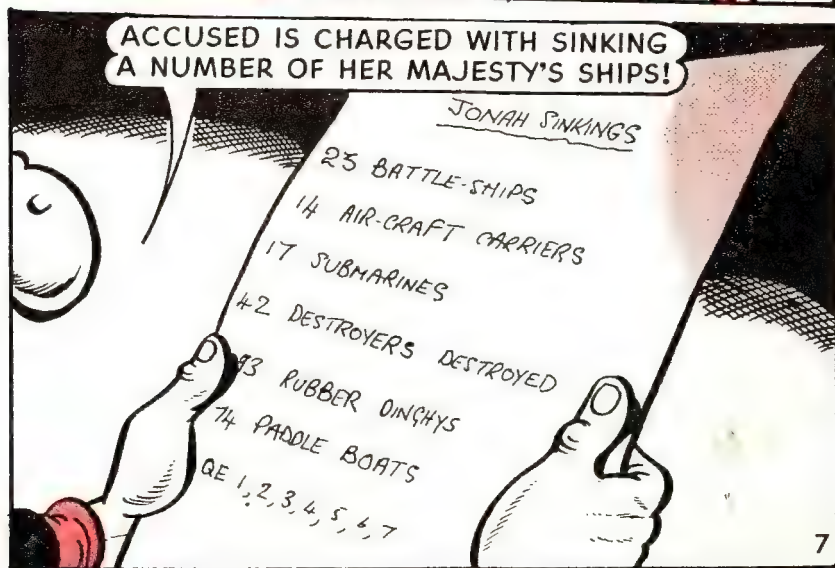
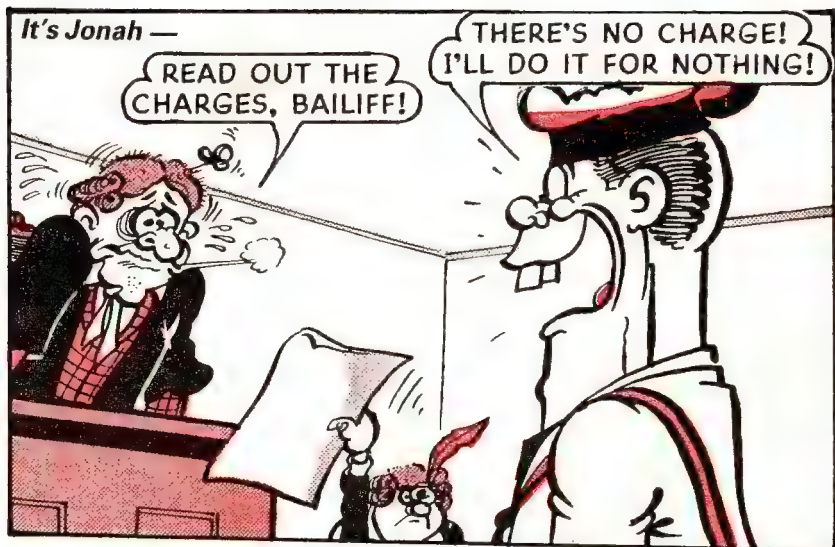
WE'RE DOOMED! NOBODY'S
EVER ESCAPED FROM DOGCATRAZ!



NEXT
CASE!

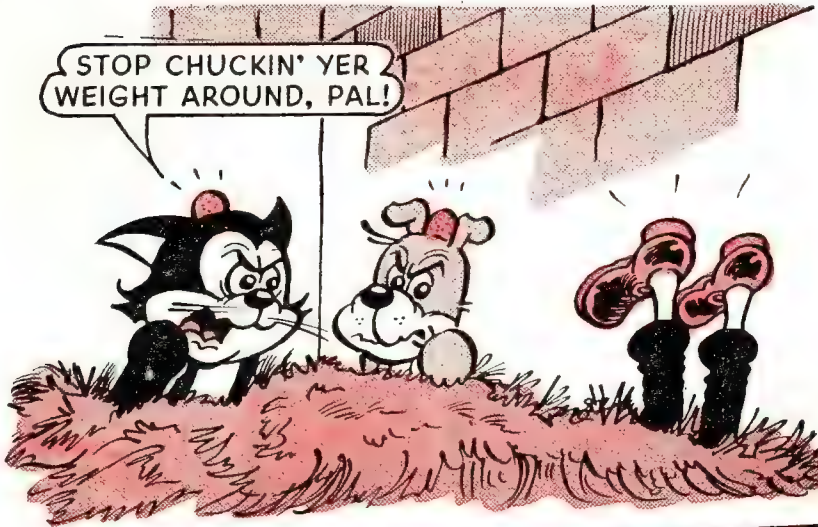


AAAGH!





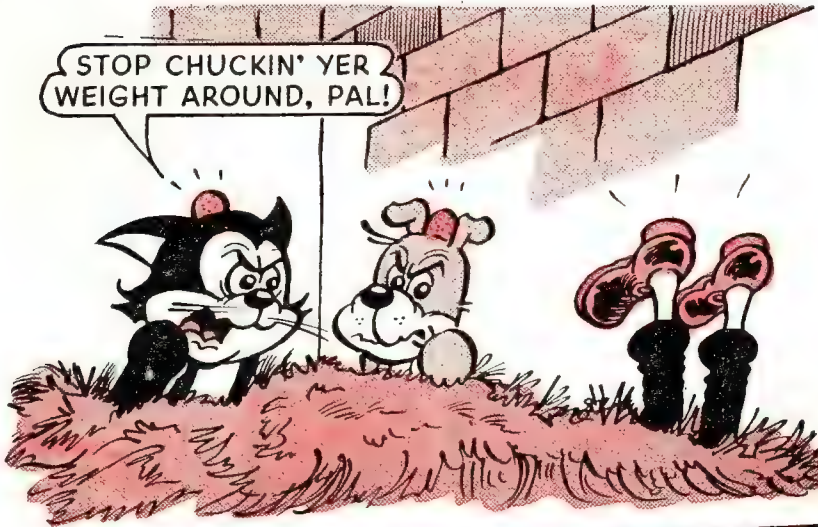




STOP CHUCKIN' YER
WEIGHT AROUND, PAL!



WATCH IT, MOGGY! OR I'LL
FORGET I'M A HOFFICER
AND A GENTLEMAN!



AAGH!
IT'S 'IM!

Chief Bailiff, Ephriam
Spreadbury has an idea —

HOW ABOUT MAKIN'
JONAH WARDEN AT
DOGCATRAZ, JUDGE!



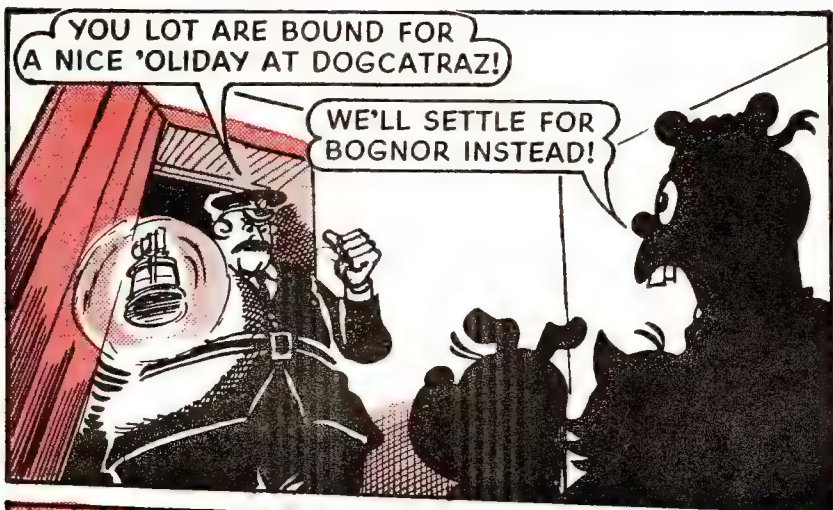
THEY DESERVE
EACH OTHER,
SPREADBURY!

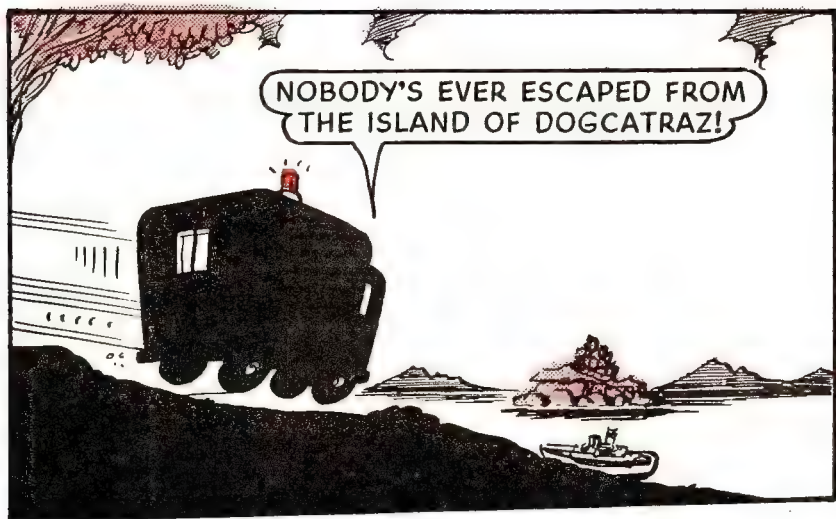


IT IS
DONE!



RIGHT THEN! LET'S
BE 'AVIN' YOU!

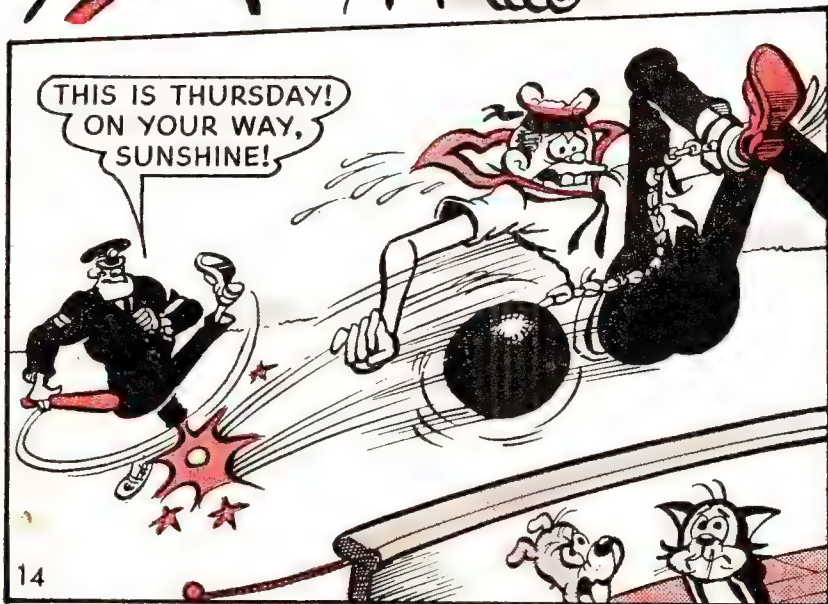


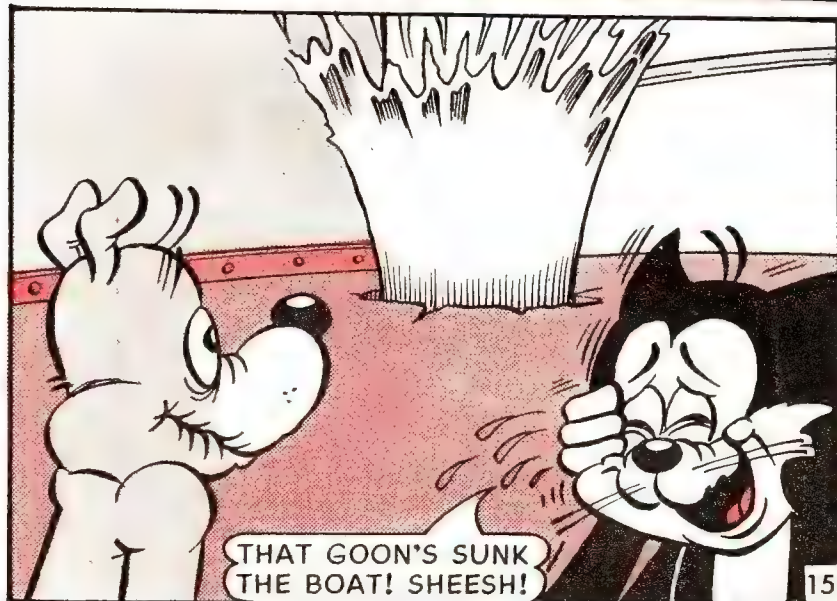
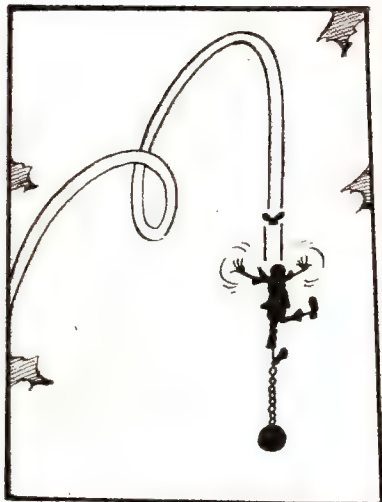


IT'S UNLUCKY TO PUT TO
SEA ON A FRIDAY!

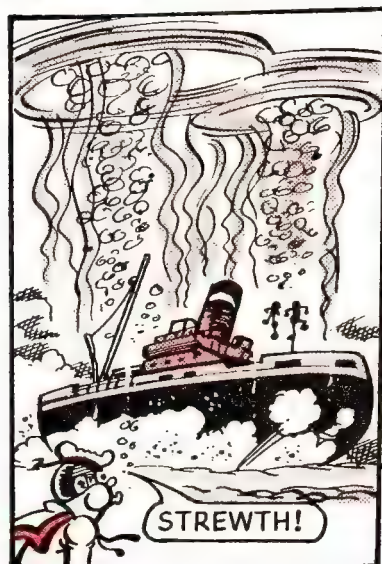


THIS IS THURSDAY!
ON YOUR WAY,
SUNSHINE!



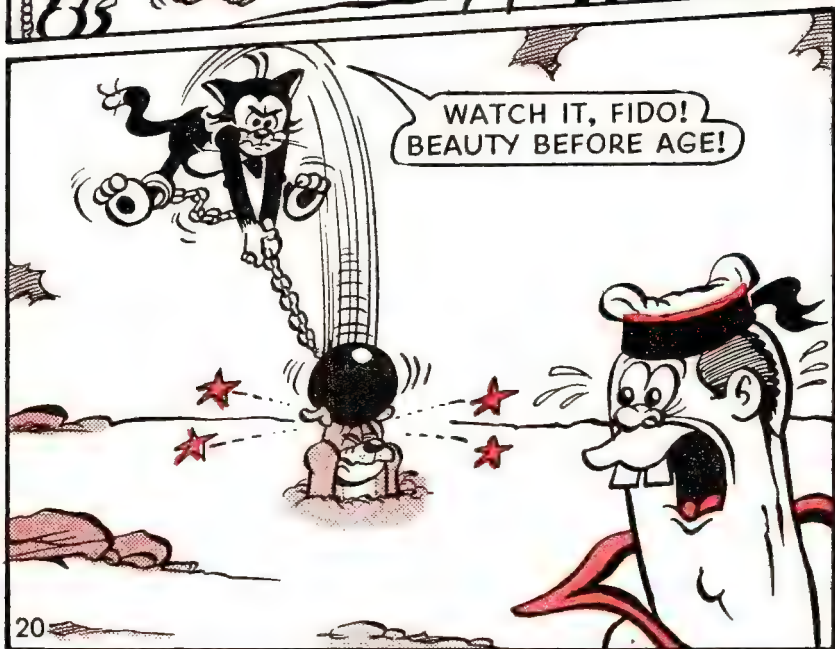


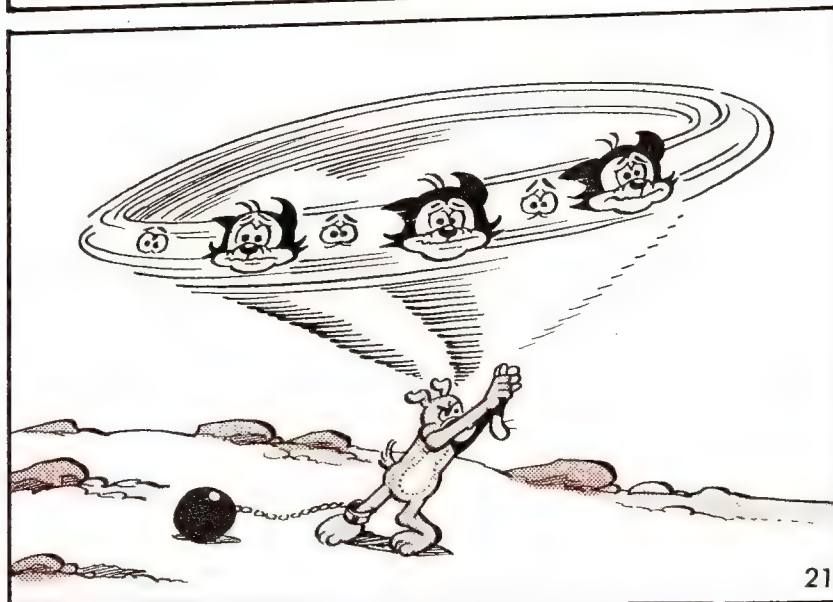
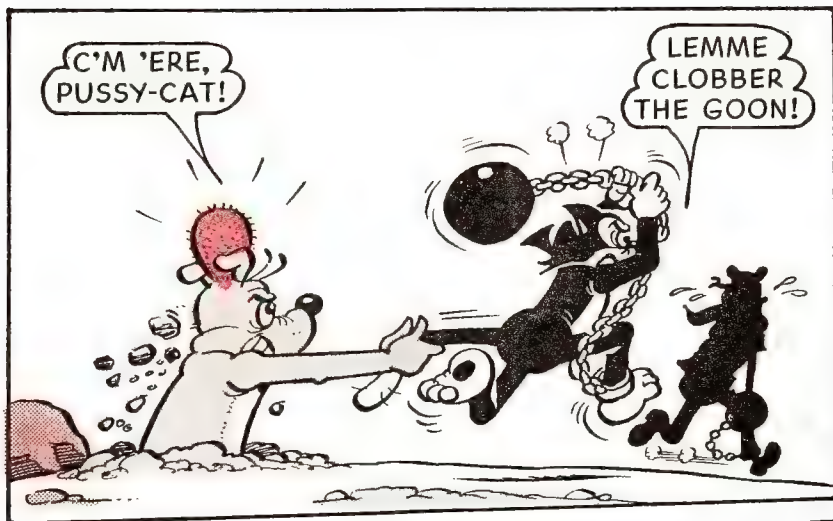


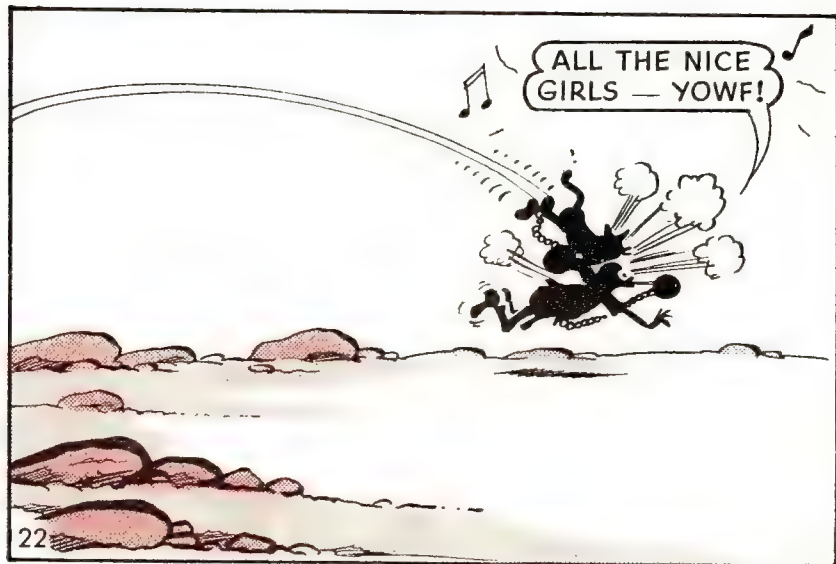


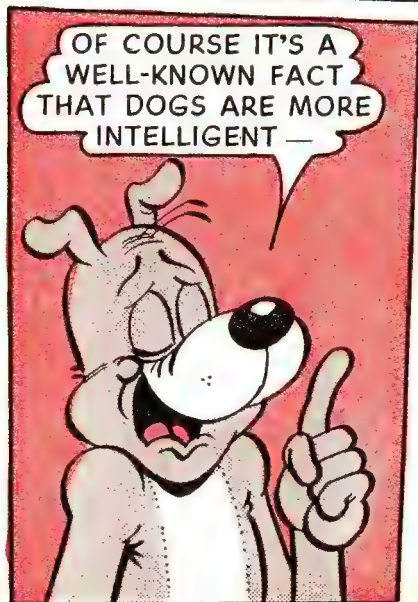








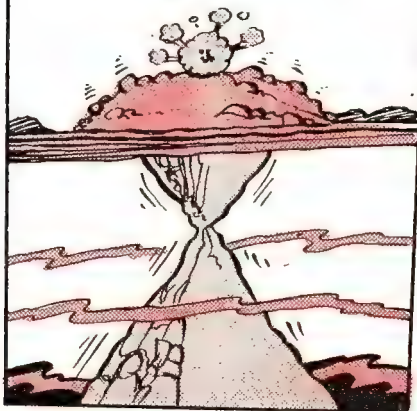




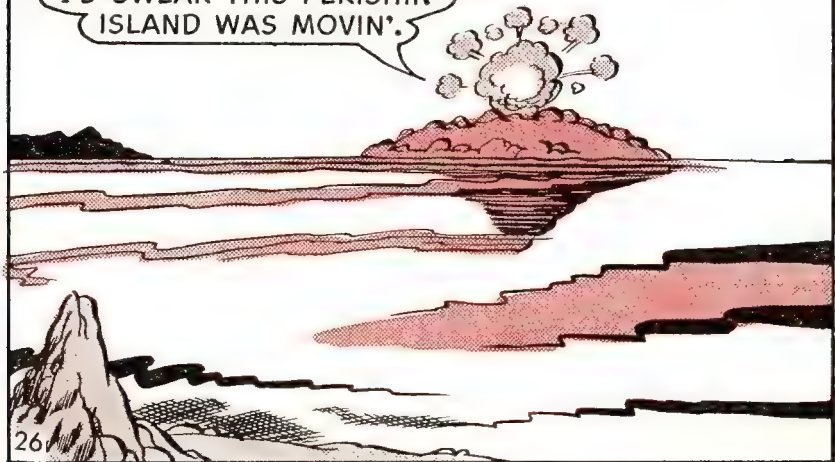




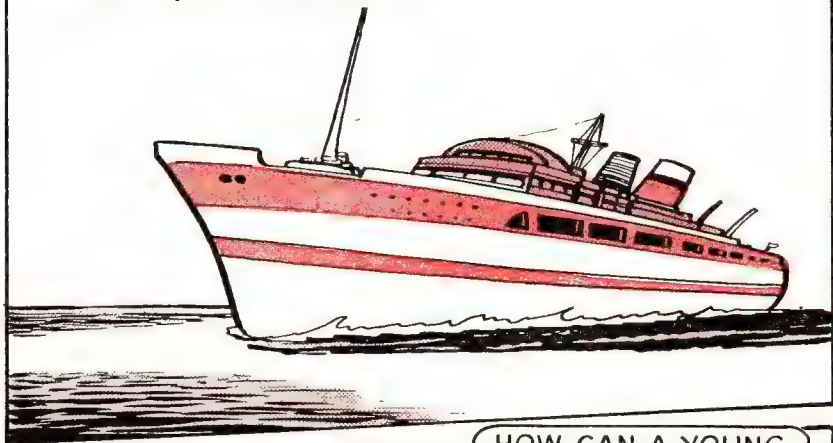
The vibrations aren't
doing the island
much good.



IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER
I'D SWEAR THIS PERISHIN'
ISLAND WAS MOVIN'.



**Meanwhile, the modern luxury yacht
"Dynasty" approaches with Captain
Horatio Cornplaster in command.**



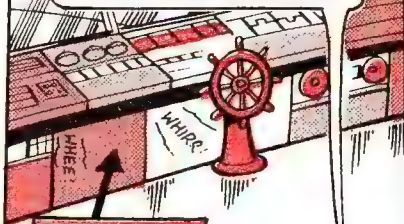
**The captain addresses
Mr Midshipman Blimp.**

IT'S NOT LIKE THE
OLD DAYS WHEN I
WAS A LAD, BLIMP!

NO,
CAPTING!



HOW CAN A YOUNG
LAD LEARN SEAMANSHIP
WHEN EVERYTHING'S
FULLY AUTOMATIC?



**Fully
automated!**

HOW
INDEED,
CAPTING!







MAYBE IT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN STARBOARD!

'SCUSE ME, CAPTAIN!
THERE'S SOMETHING
YOU SHOULD SEE!



WHERE DID THAT
THUNDERING ISLAND
COME FROM?

DUNNO,
CAPTAIN!

STEADY ON, MATEY! YOU
ALMOST SANK OUR ISLAND!



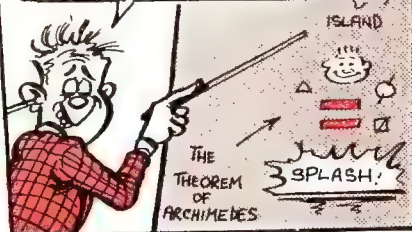


This one can

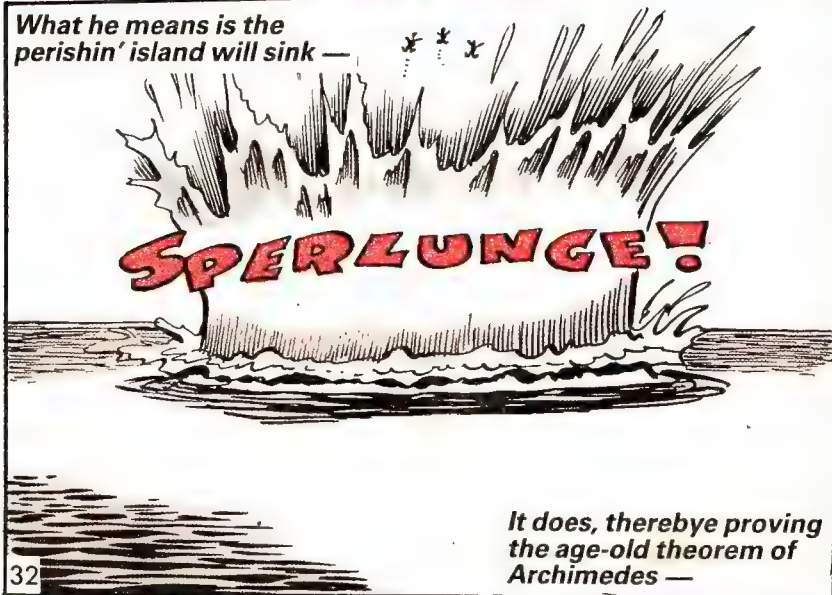


To explain this more fully, we introduce noted mathematician Algie Brah

THE DISPLACEMENT OF WATER IS RELEVANT TO THE WEIGHT OF THE SUBSTANCES PLACED THEREON!



What he means is the perishin' island will sink —



It does, thereby proving the age-old theorem of Archimedes —

WHERE'S THAT FANG-FACED WRECKER
AND HIS MANGY PETS?



*Meanwhile, our twittish trio have
plunged into the depths of despair —*

WE GOT IN A BIT DEEP
THAT TIME! LET'S SCARPER!





*We now introduce Professor David Rabbitborough,
world-wide authority on the extremely rare
Indonesian Pot-Bellied Hermit-Whelk —*

*BY THE BEARD OF DAVID BELLAMY,
THERE ARE SOME WEIRD SPECIMENS
TO BE FOUND AROUND HERE!*



*Little does he know
what lies in wait —*

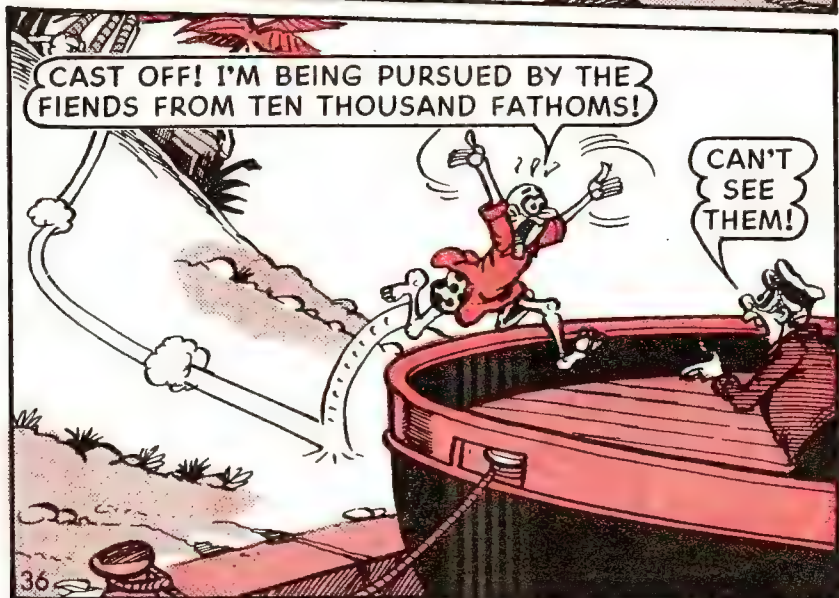
Little does he
know how weird —

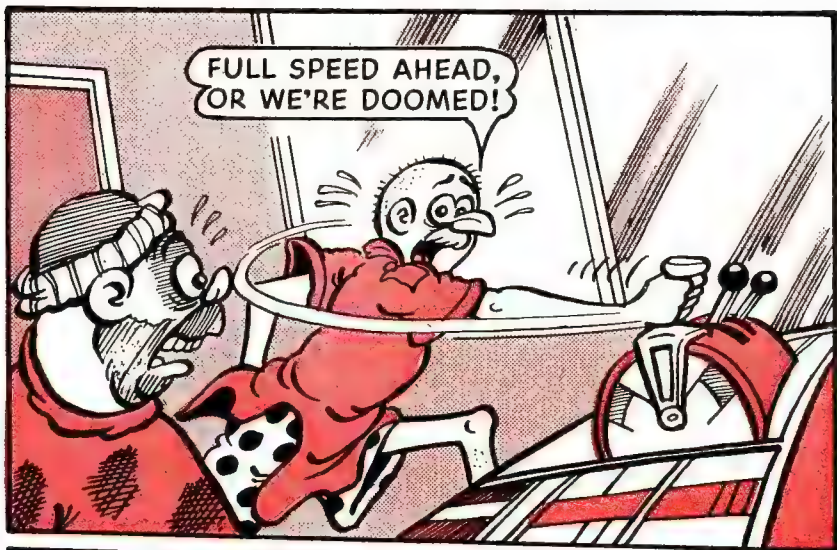
AAAGH!

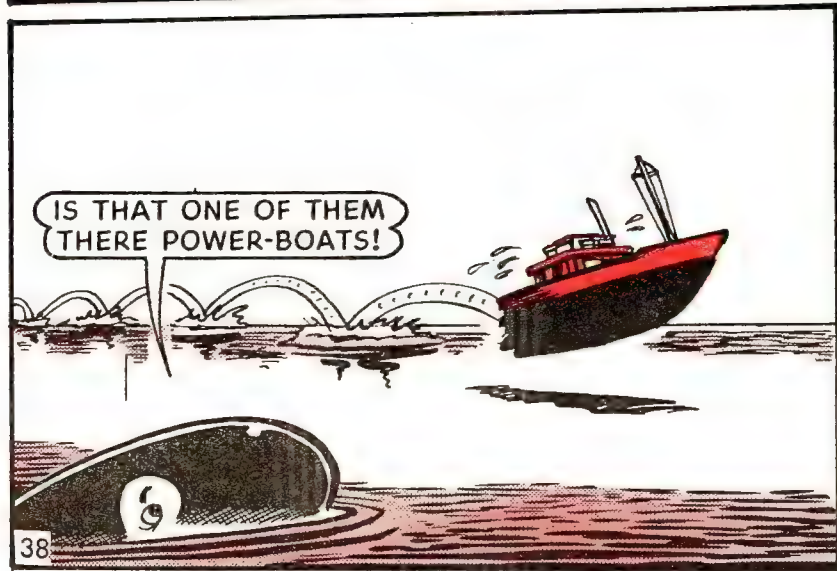
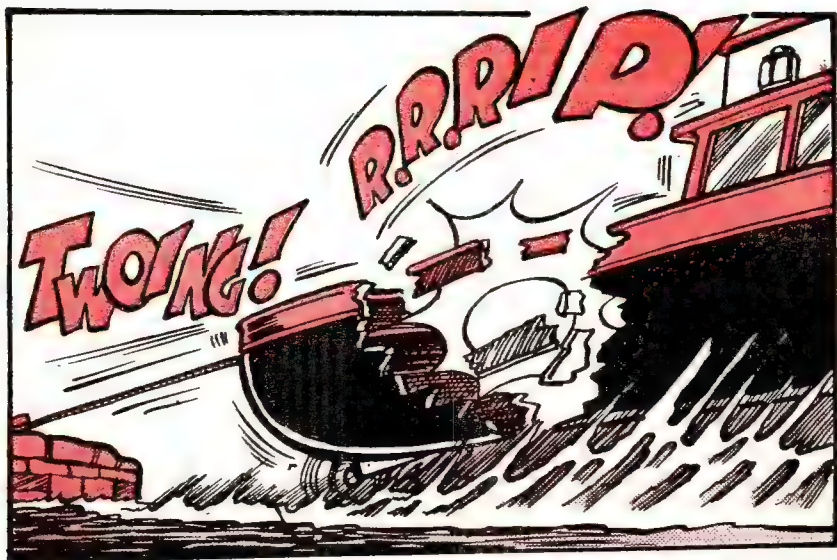


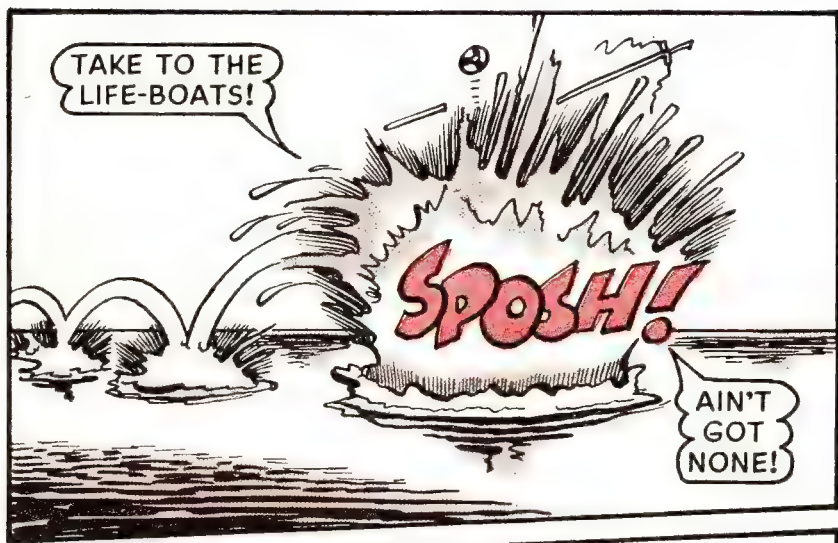
BY GADFREY! IN ALL MY TRAVELS
I'VE NEVER SEEN MORE
'ORRIBLE SPECIMENS!











Meanwhile, back
on the island —

NOW WE'RE MACAROONED
AN' IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.

SHADDUPA
YOU FACE!

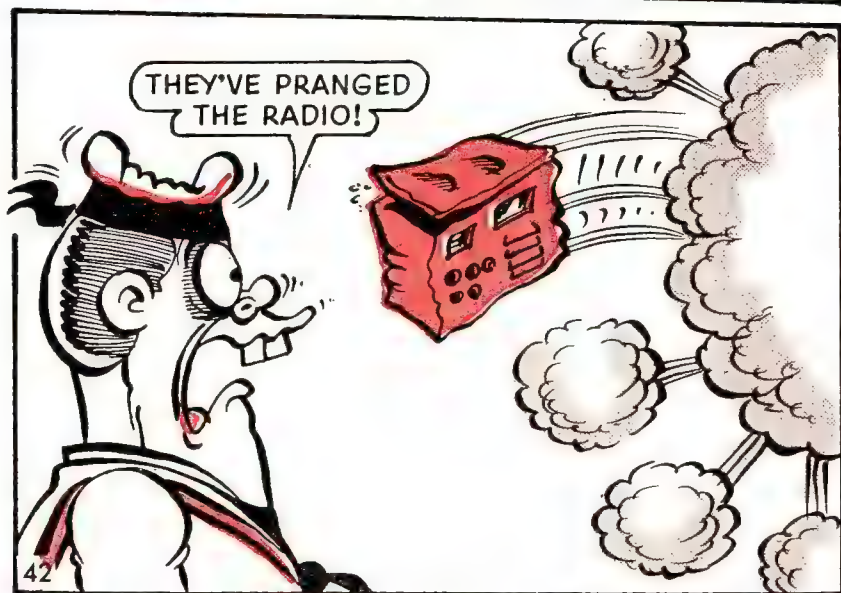
LOOK! HUMAN
HABITATION!



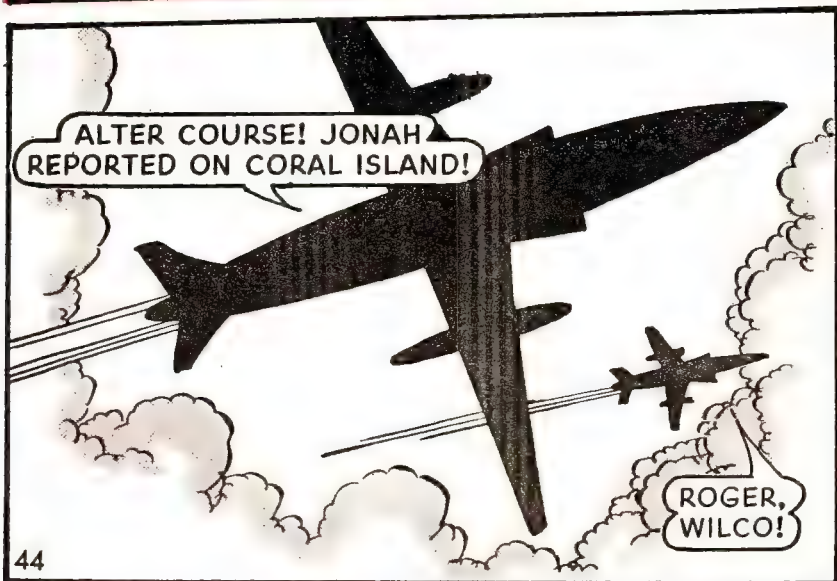
GOOD! A RADIO! WE
CAN SEND A MESSAGE!

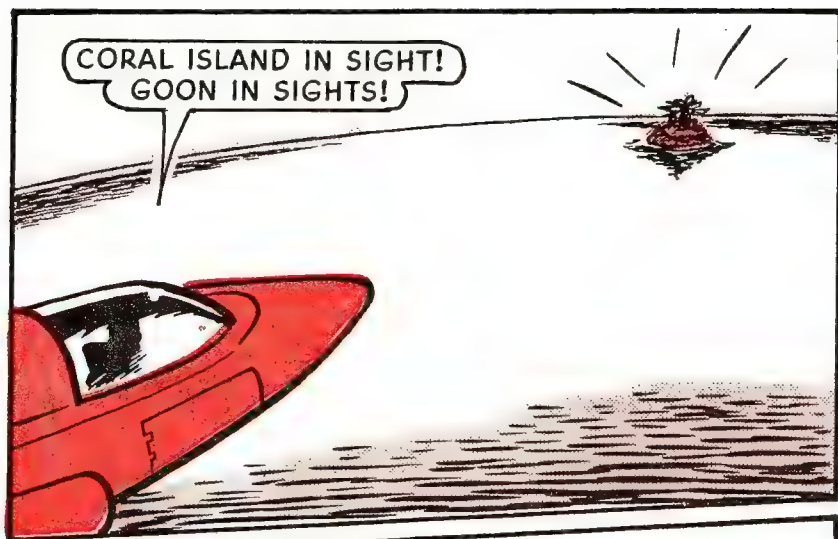


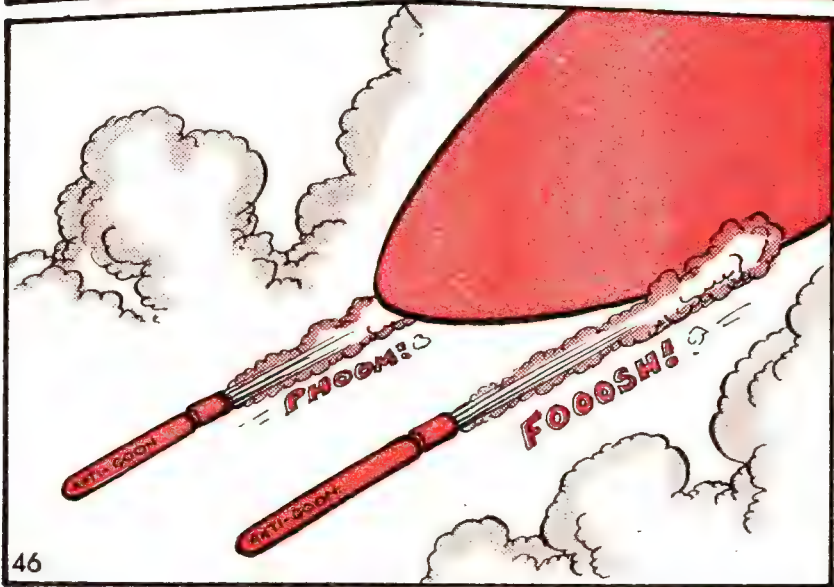


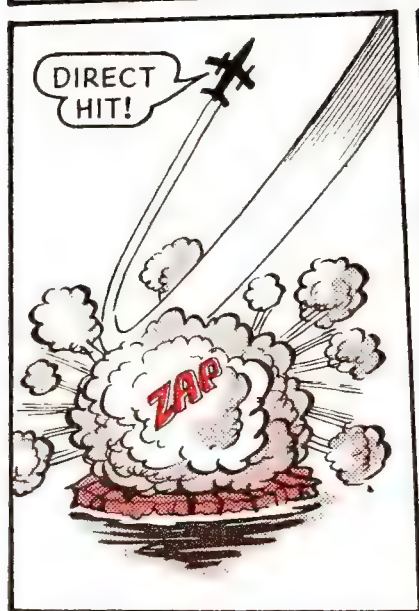


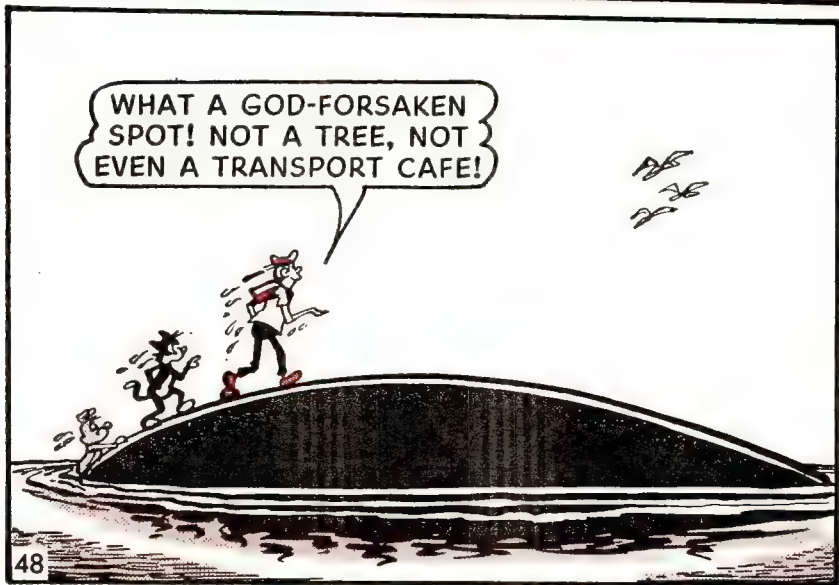


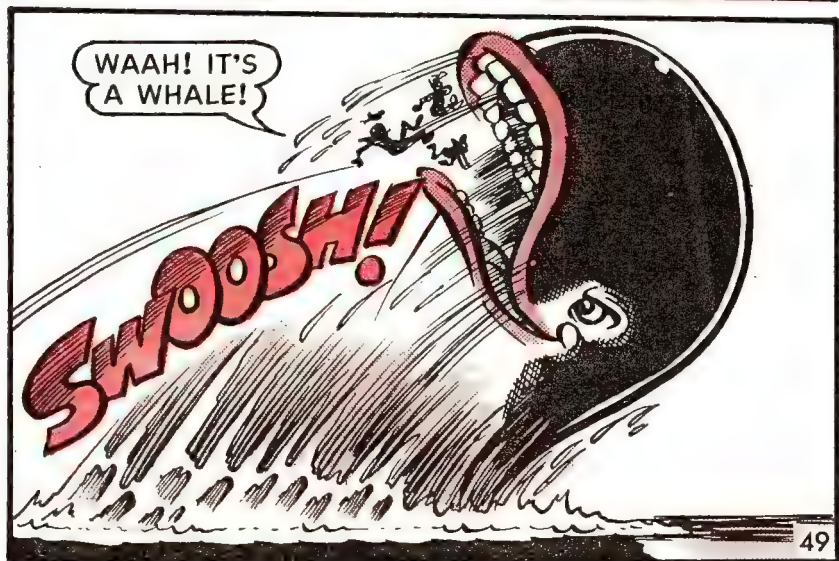


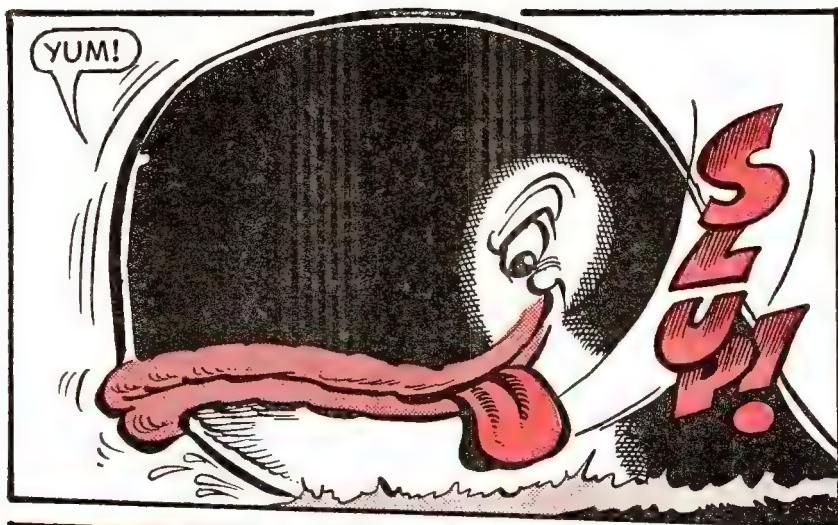




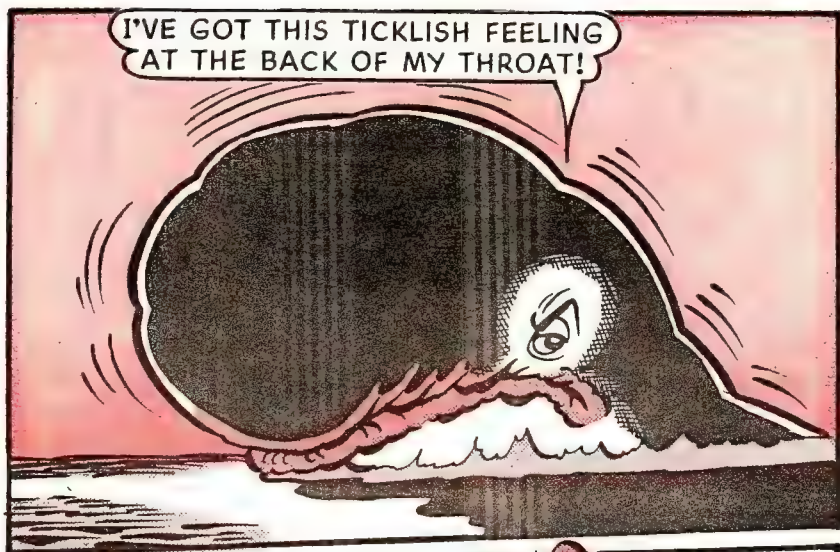






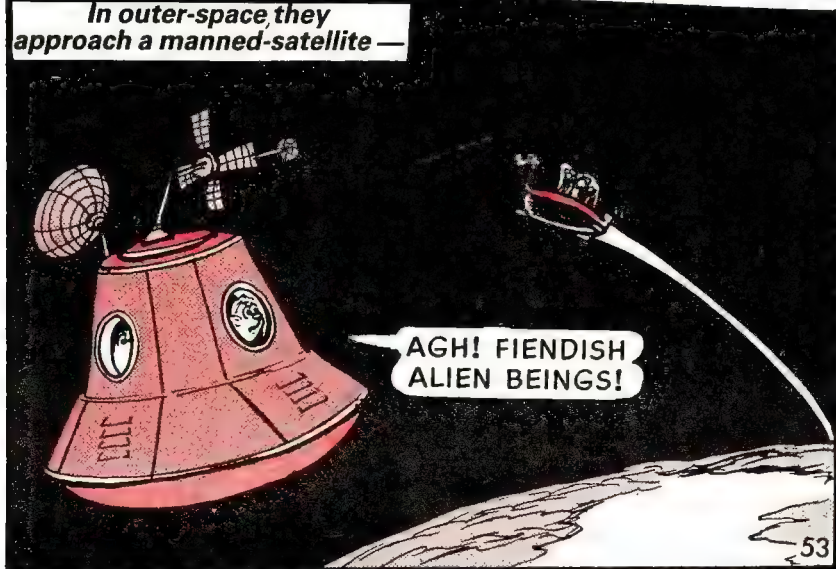


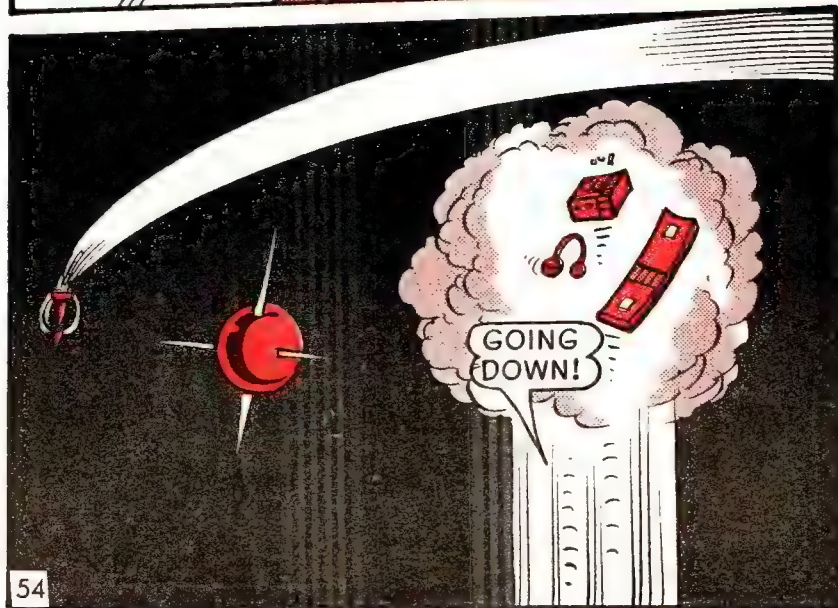






**In outer-space they
approach a manned-satellite —**



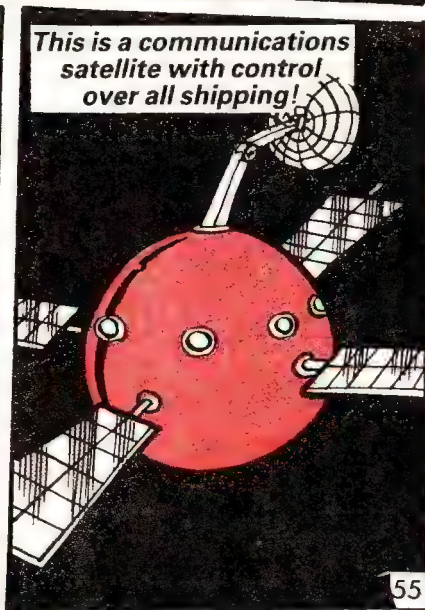




Exit oil-supply vessel seven-four
in a downward direction —

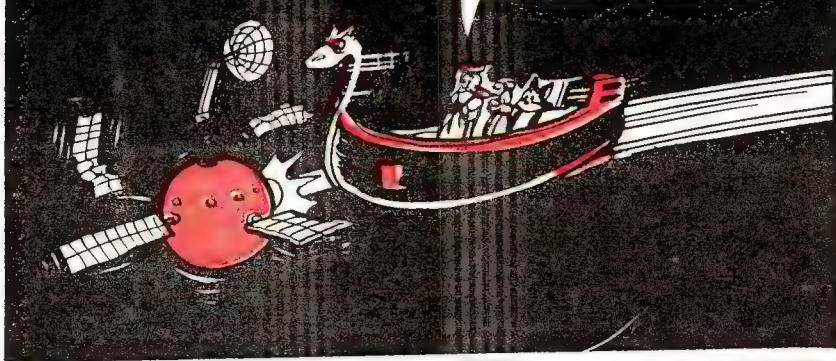


This is a communications
satellite with control
over all shipping!

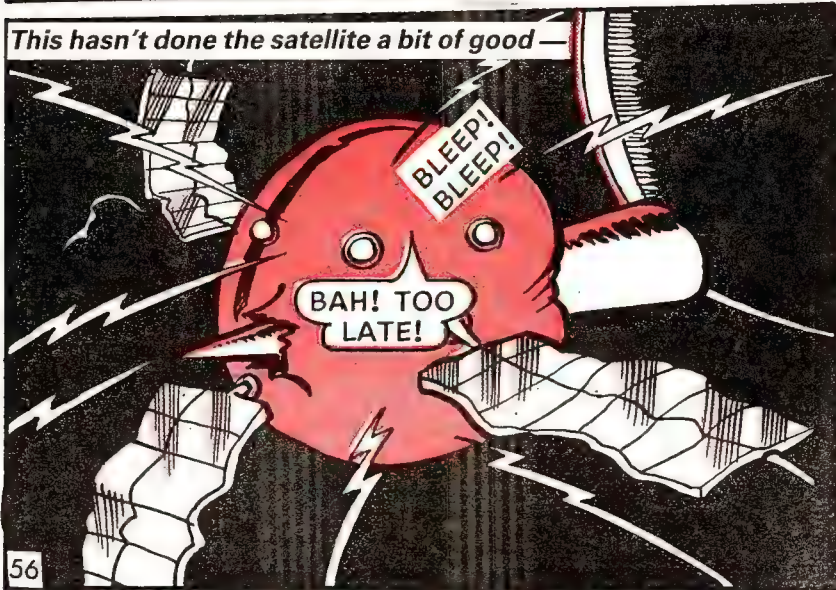


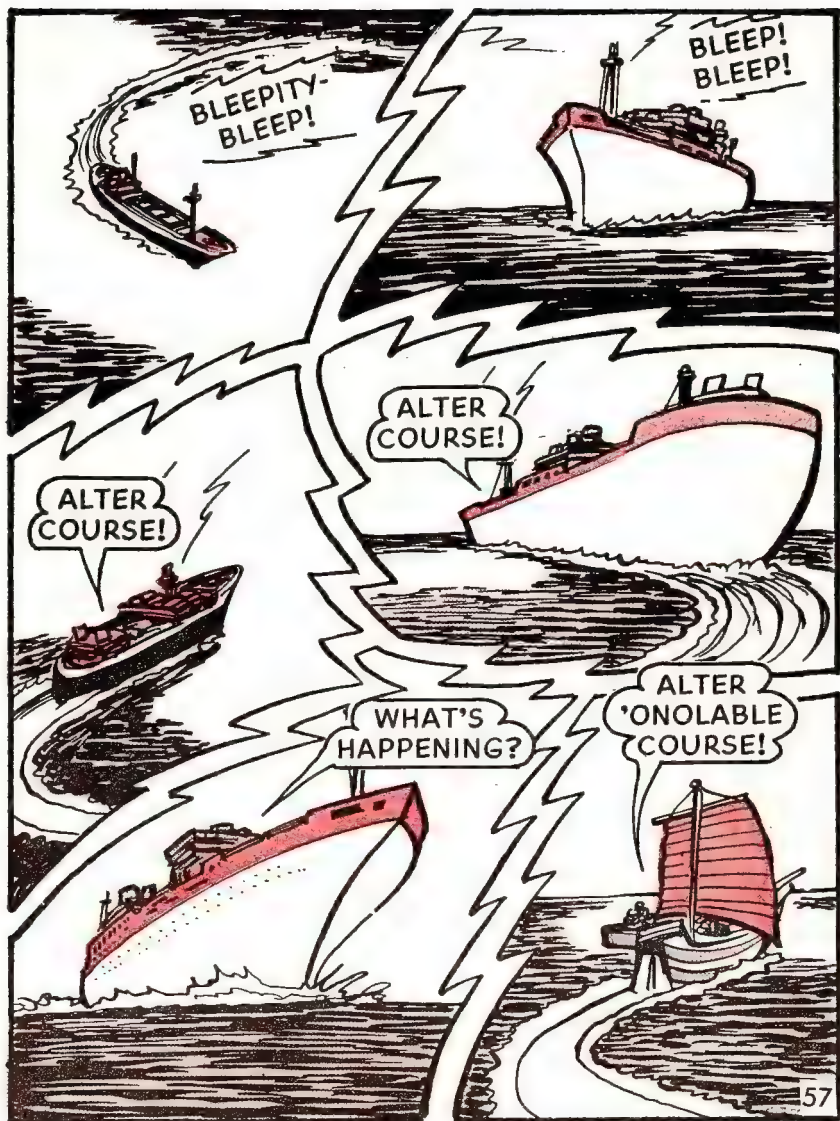
***This is an ancient Viking warship
with a crew of nutters —***

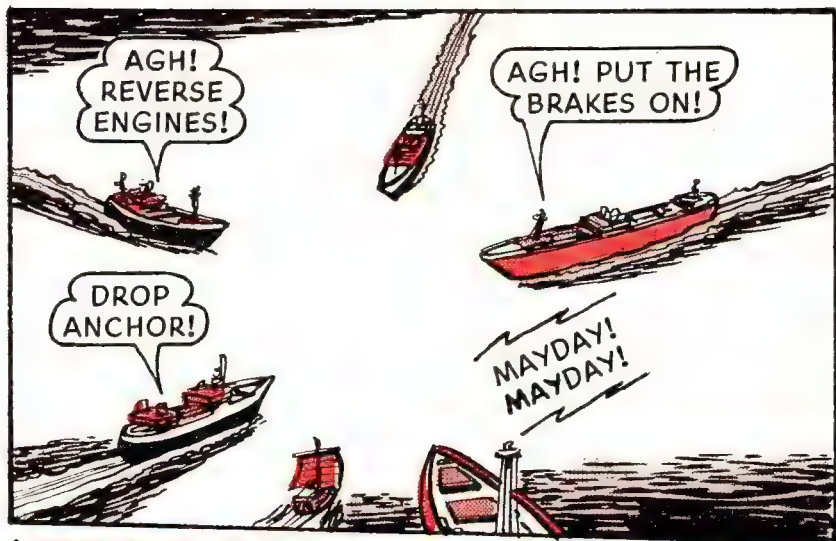
**OI, MATE! GET YOUR
PESKY 'ELICOPTER
OUT OF OUR WAY!**

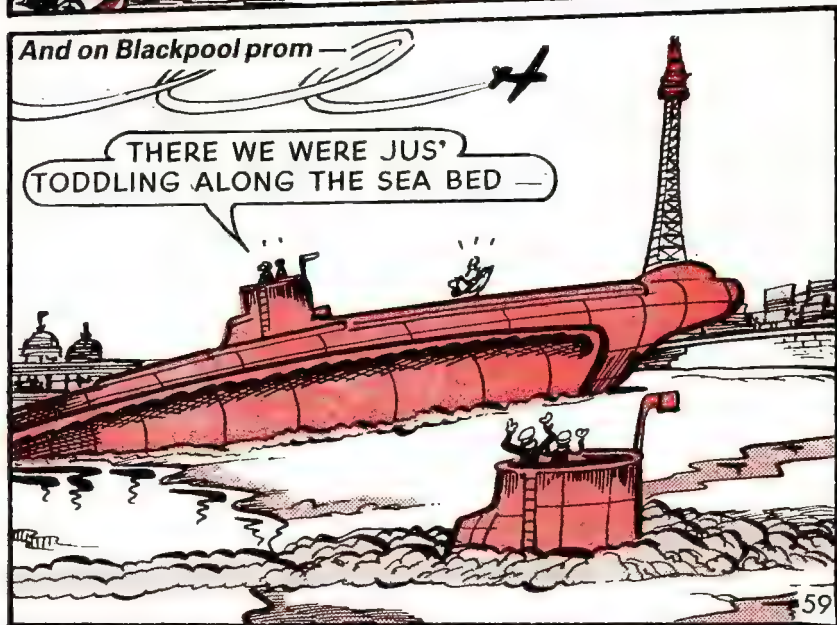


This hasn't done the satellite a bit of good —

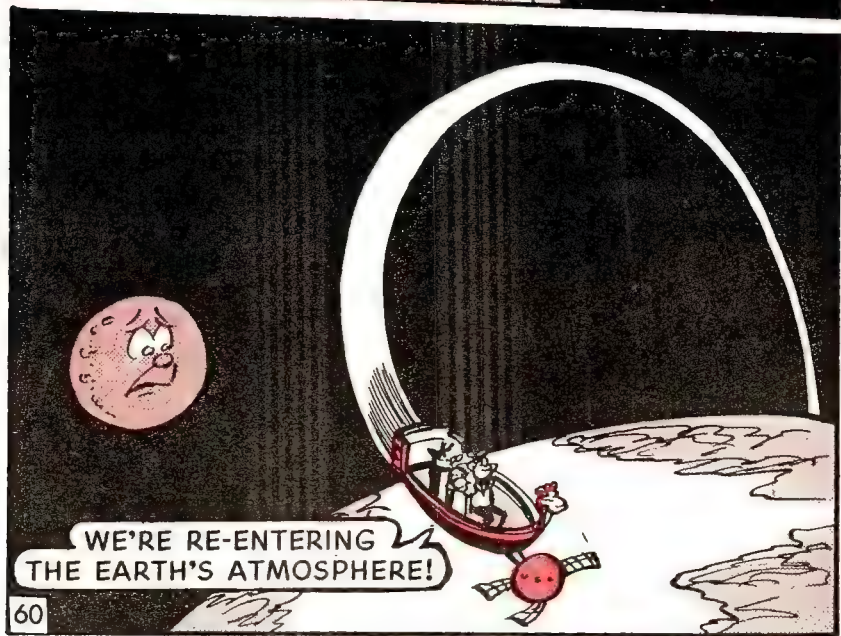
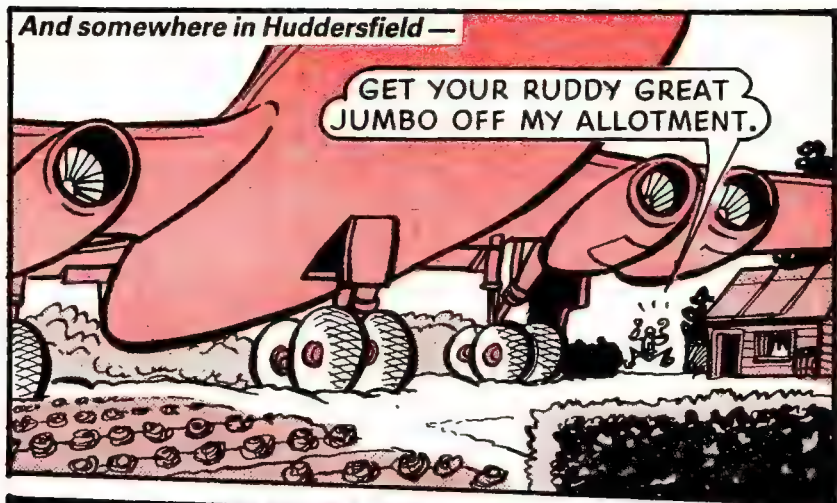








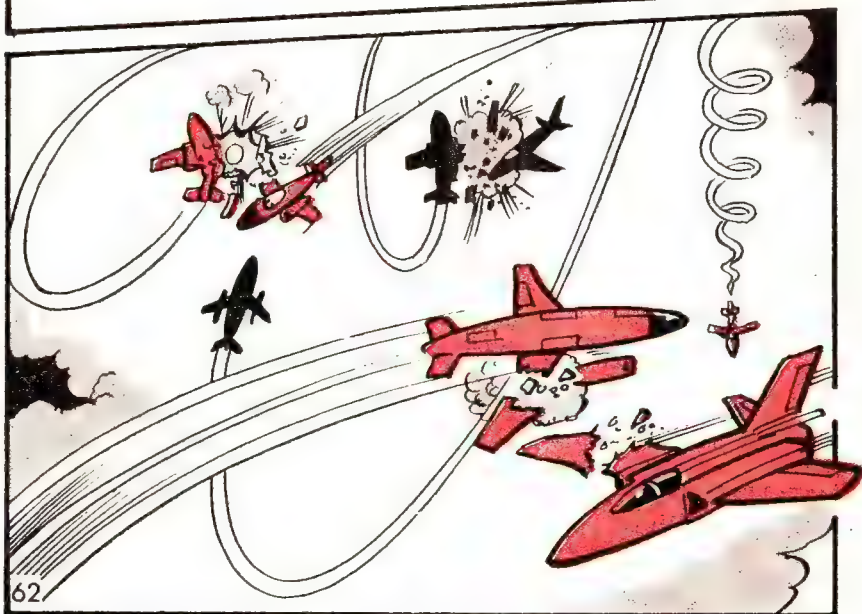
And somewhere in Huddersfield —





Three squadrons are alerted to tackle the fiends from space—





And on the next
news bulletin —

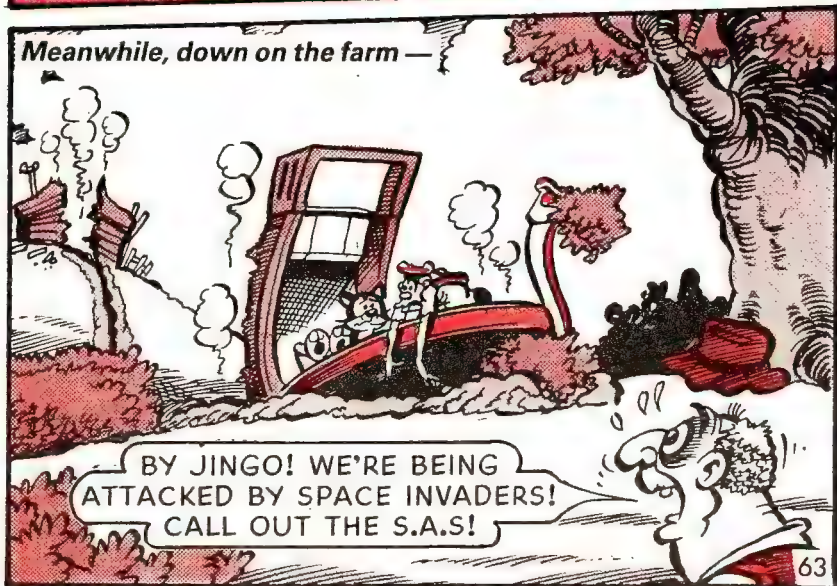


At the Old Bailey —

THIS IS ALL YOUR
FAULT, SPREADBURY!



Meanwhile, down on the farm —









**Can the task-force stop the
66 terrible trio? — We doubt it!**

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. Thomson & Co., Ltd.,
185 Fleet Street, London, EC4A 3HS.
© D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1986.

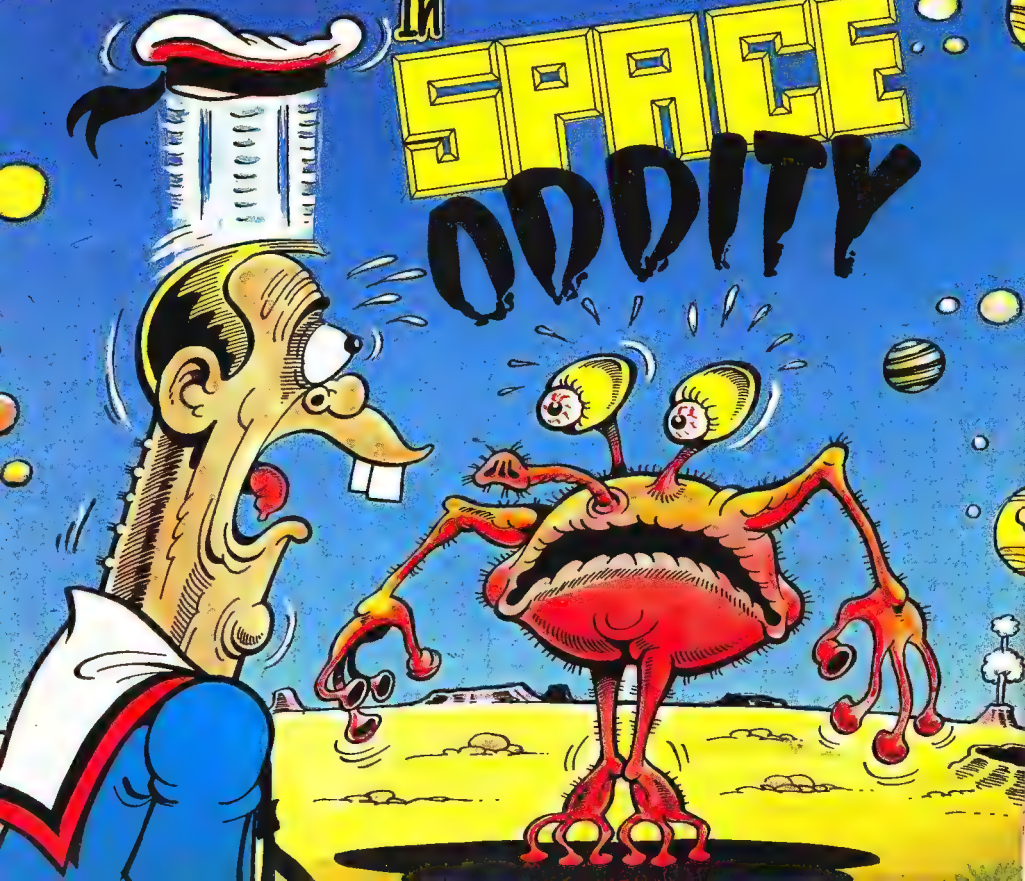
BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No.116
26 P

JONAH

In

SPACE ODDITY



SPACE ODDITY

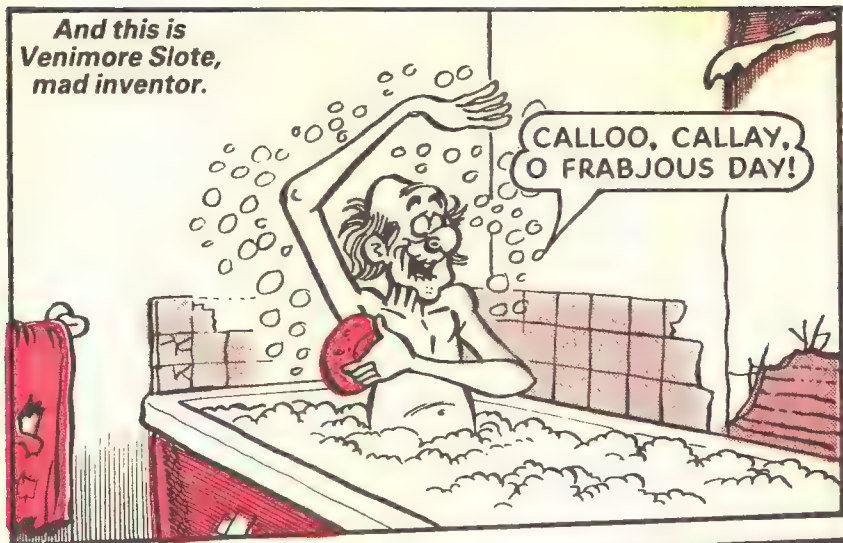
PUBLIC
ENEMY
NUMBER
ONE! →

*This is the
biggest
menace
on the
seven-seas.
Jonah, the
sinking
sea-goon.*



Species:—
Goonus
'orribilis

**And this is
Venimore Slote,
mad inventor.**

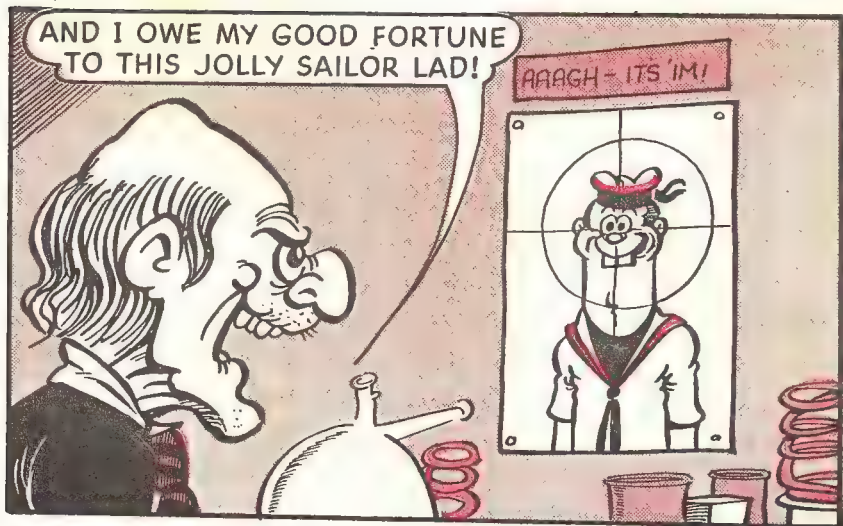


**Today, Venimore will
collect a cheque for
a million pounds.**



**I'LL TREAT MYSELF
TO A NEW SET OF
ALL-GOLD GNASHERS!**



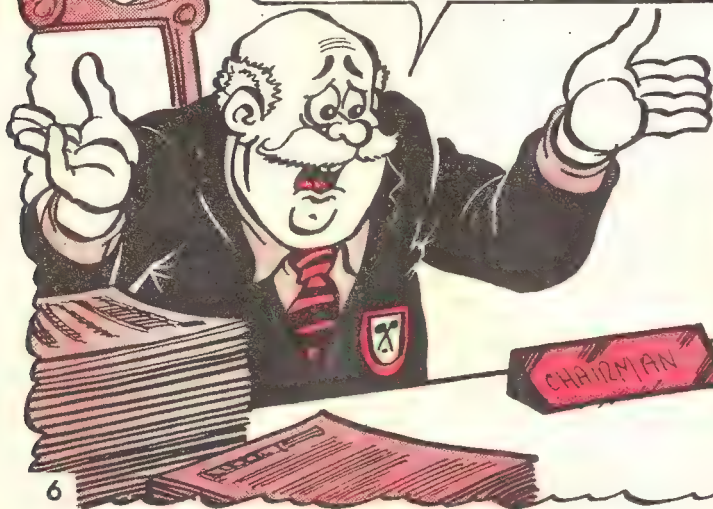


Our story begins several months ago at
a meeting of the world's shipping companies.

WORLD WIDE SHIPPING CO. LTD. H.C.

GENTLEMEN, OUR GREAT INDUSTRY
IS BEING SERIOUSLY UNDERMINED —

HOW CAN WE RID OURSELVES
OF THIS MENACE TO SHIPPING?



MISTER CHAIRMAN, I PROPOSE WE PUT
UP A HUGE REWARD FOR GETTING
RID OF THE DREADED SEA-GOON!

HERE,
HERE!

THERE,
THERE!

WHERE,
WHERE?

HEH-HEH! THIS IS EASY
PICKINGS FOR A MAD
GENIUS LIKE ME!

MARINERS TIMES

HUGE REWARD

At Jonah's hovel.

THAT'S THE FIRST PART OF
MY FIENDISH PLAN DONE —



COO! A LETTER FOR ME!
BET IT'S FROM SOMEBODY!



8

I'VE BEEN
OFFERED A JOB
AS SKIPPER
OF A CRAFT.



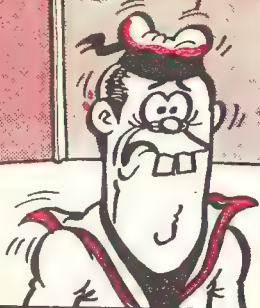


**The Goon
enters the
lift**

YOO-HOO! IS
ANYBODY
AT HOME!



WHO'S THAT
SHOUTIN'
THREE-TWO-
ONE-ZERO?




SHIVER ME TIMBERS
THE FLOOR'S MOVIN'!



STAP ME MIZZENS!
THIS OFFICE IS GOIN'
UP LIKE A ROCKET!

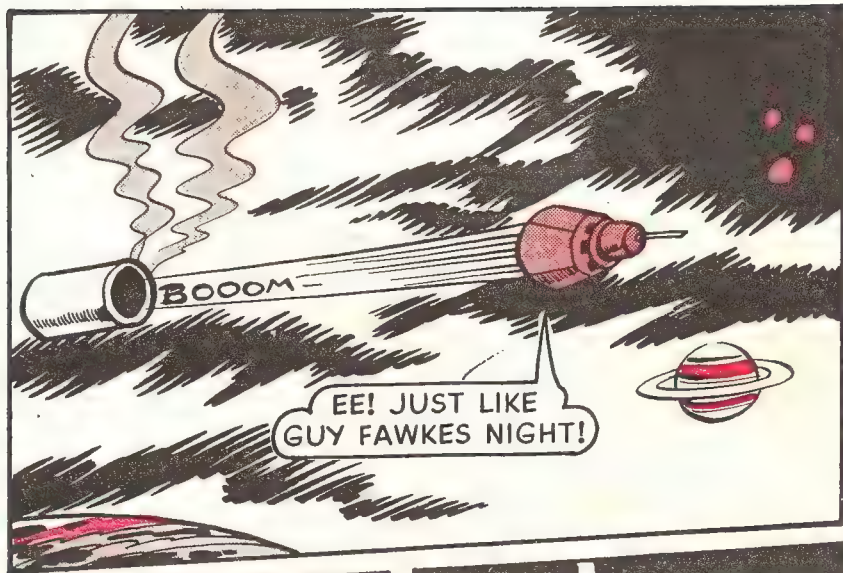


A comic book panel showing a rocket with a red and white striped body launching upwards. The rocket is surrounded by a massive, billowing cloud of white and grey smoke and fire. In the foreground, several large, reddish-brown wooden planks are scattered and broken, suggesting a recent explosion or destruction. The rocket's engines are firing, with a large plume of white smoke and fire trailing behind it.

I STILL THINK IT'S A
BIT THOUGHTLESS NOT
HAVIN' ANYBODY HERE
TO MEET ME!

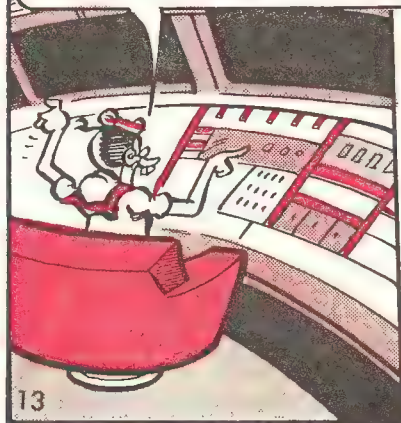
It's all a cunning plan by Venimore Slote.



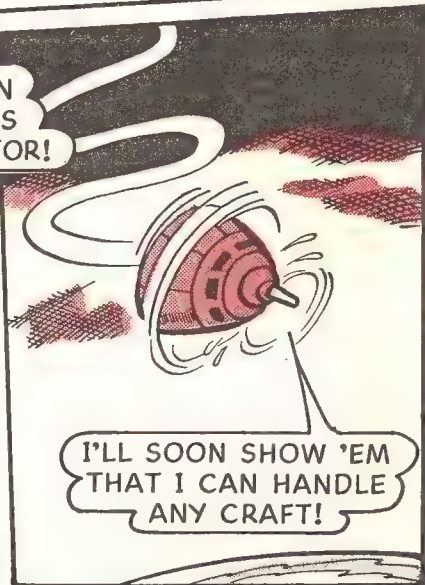


EE! JUST LIKE
GUY FAWKES NIGHT!

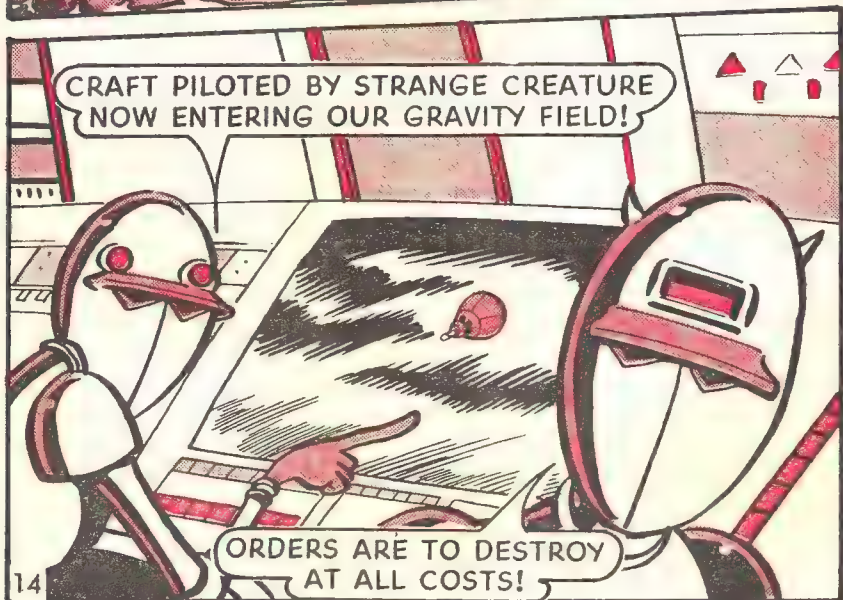
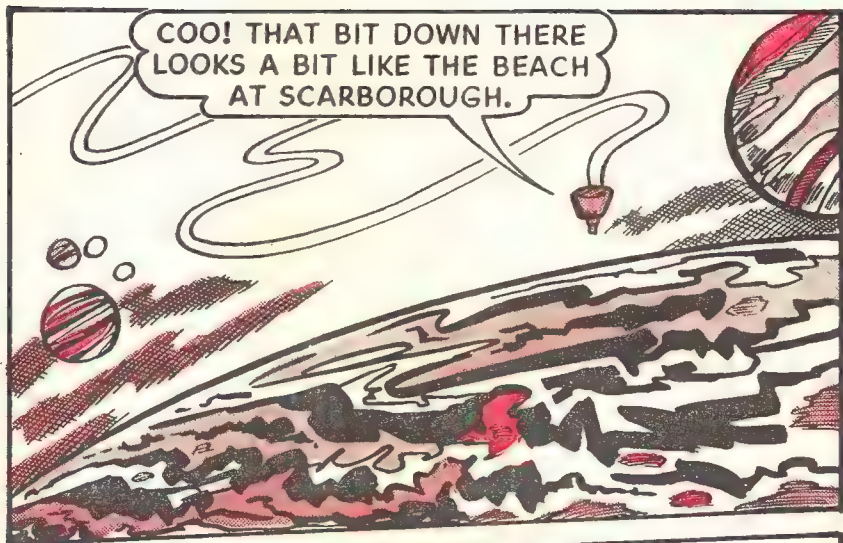
I'VE GOT IT. THIS IS AN
APTITUDE TEST! THIS IS
A SHIP'S BRIDGE SIMULATOR!



13



I'LL SOON SHOW 'EM
THAT I CAN HANDLE
ANY CRAFT!



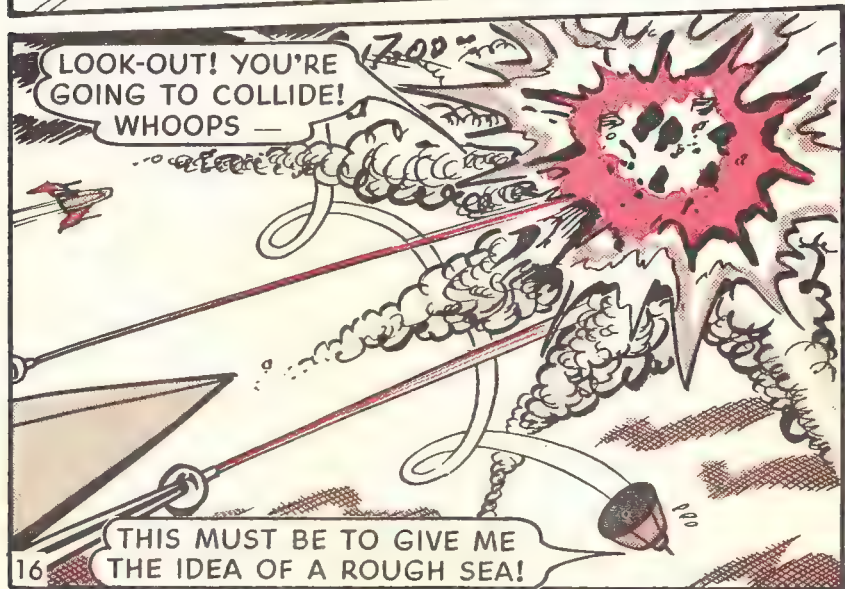
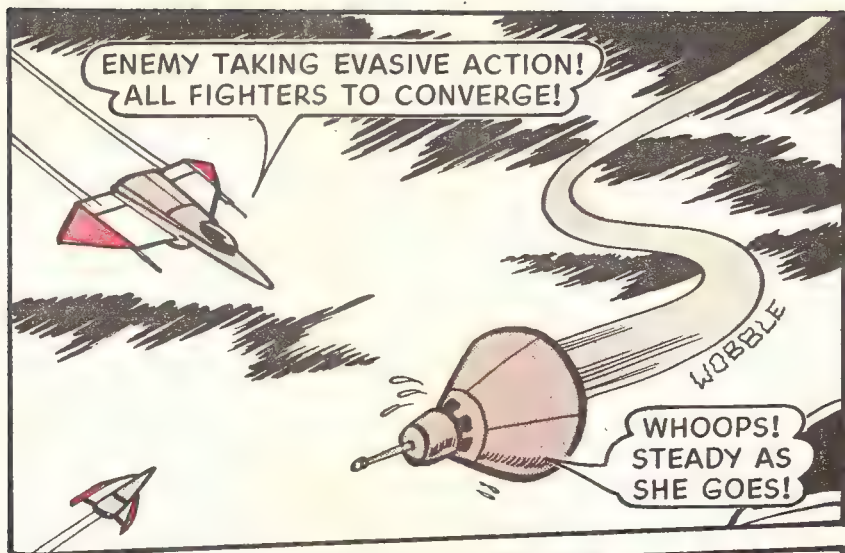


I'LL CONTACT
CONTROL MODULE!

ALERT THE DESTRUCTION SQUAD.
IT IS A ZARGON STAR-FIGHTER!

EXTERMINATE!
EXTERMINATE!

AFFIRMATIVE!

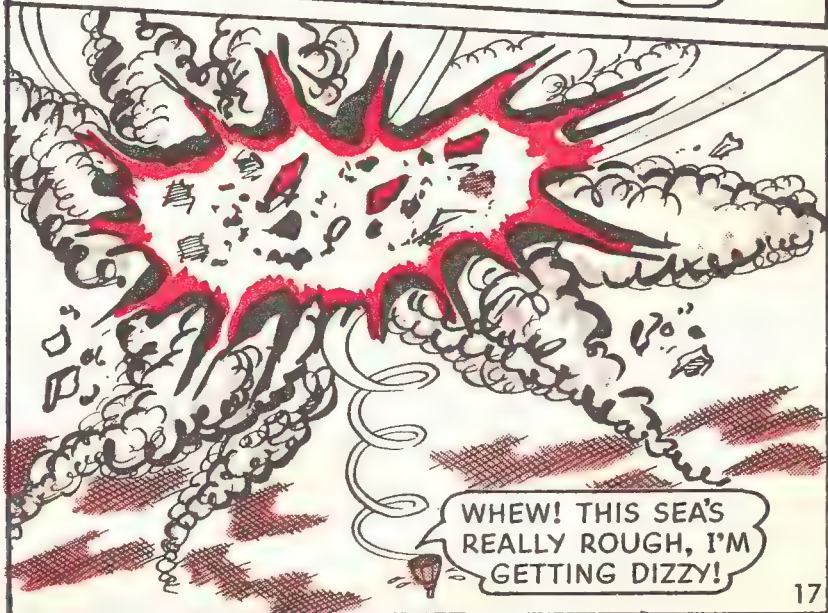




HE HAS DESTROYED FIVE OF OUR
FIGHTERS — HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!

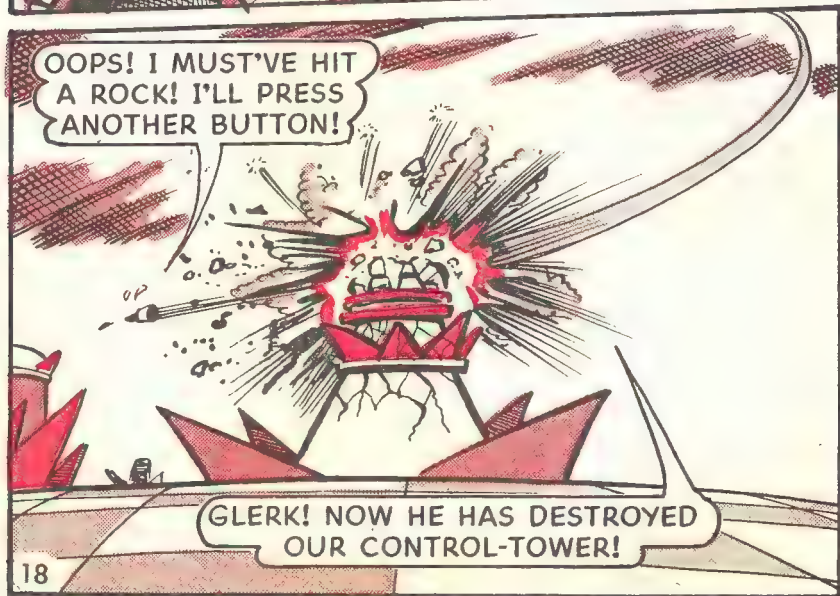
The top panel of the comic shows an aerial dogfight. On the left, a jet with a red nose and tail is banking. In the center, a smaller jet is firing a missile, leaving a long, curved smoke trail. On the right, a larger jet with a red nose and tail is also banking. The background is a simple sky with some dark, swirling lines suggesting clouds or smoke.

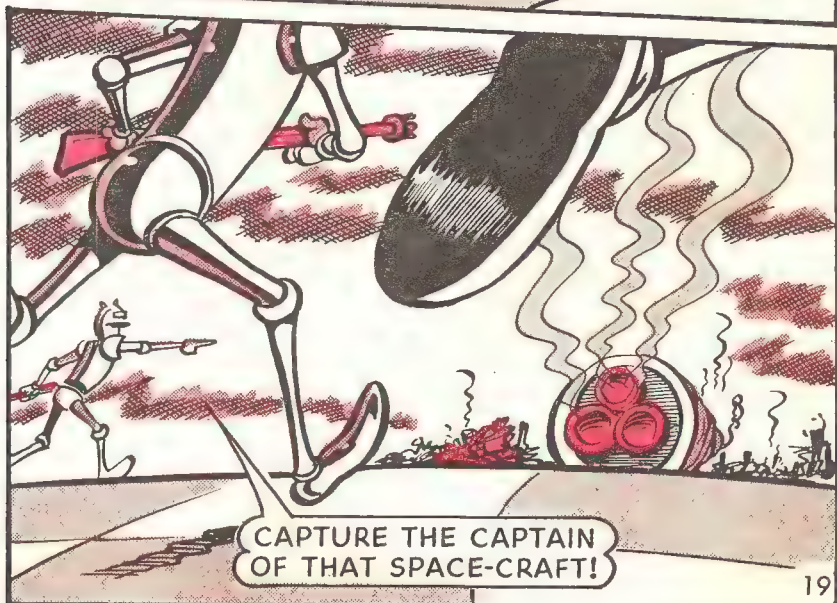
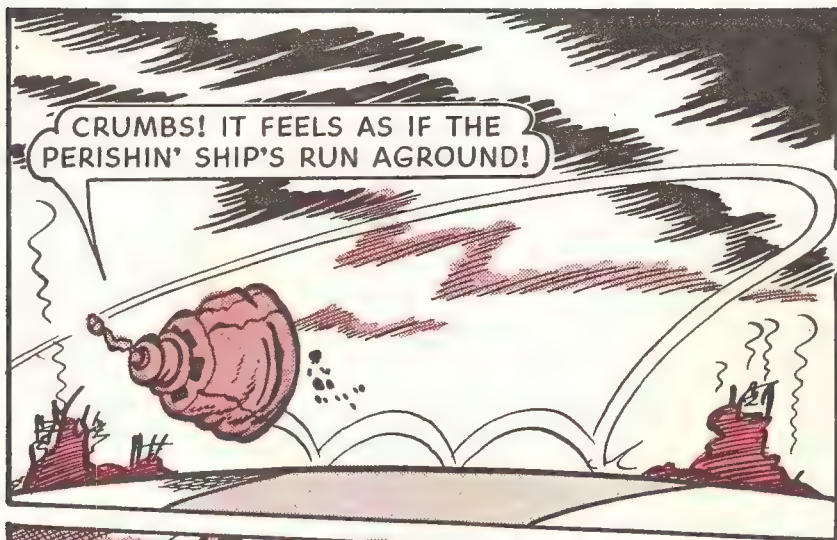
OPEN
FIRE!

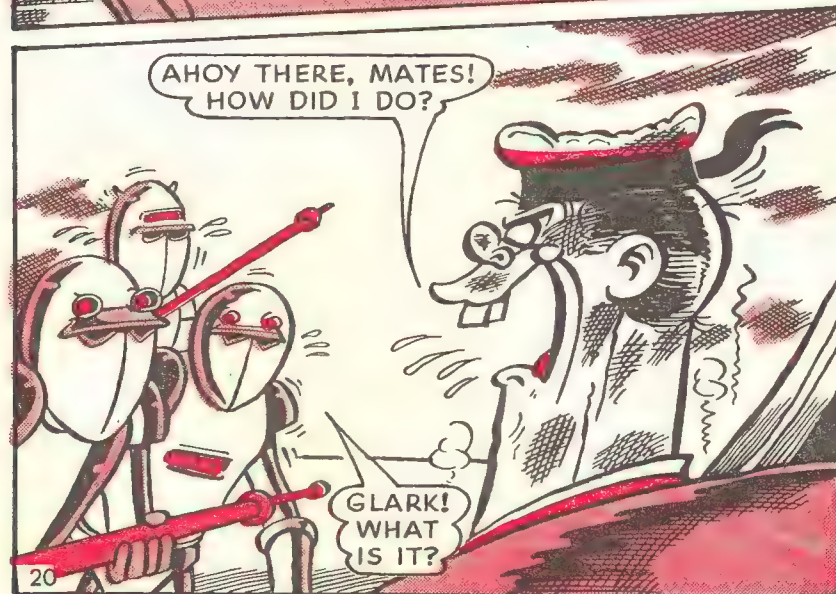


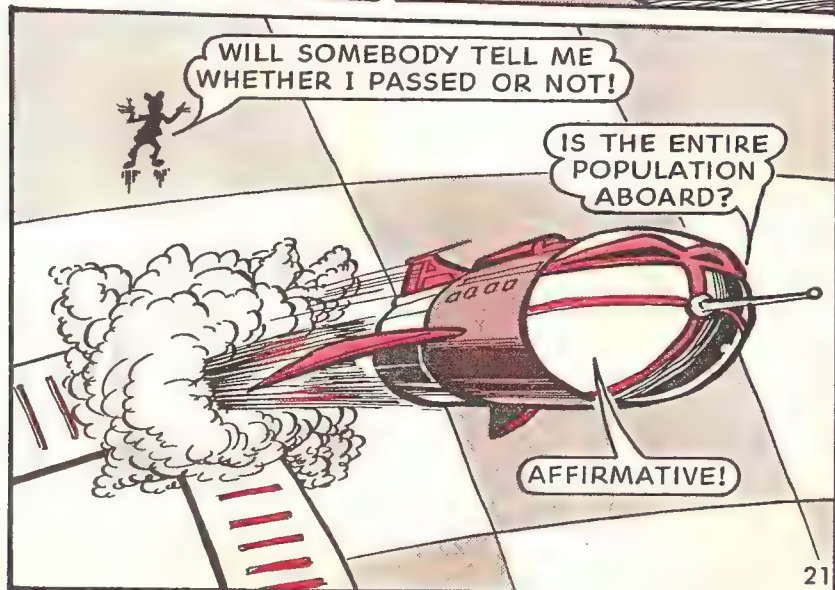
WHEW! THIS SEA'S
REALLY ROUGH, I'M
GETTING DIZZY!

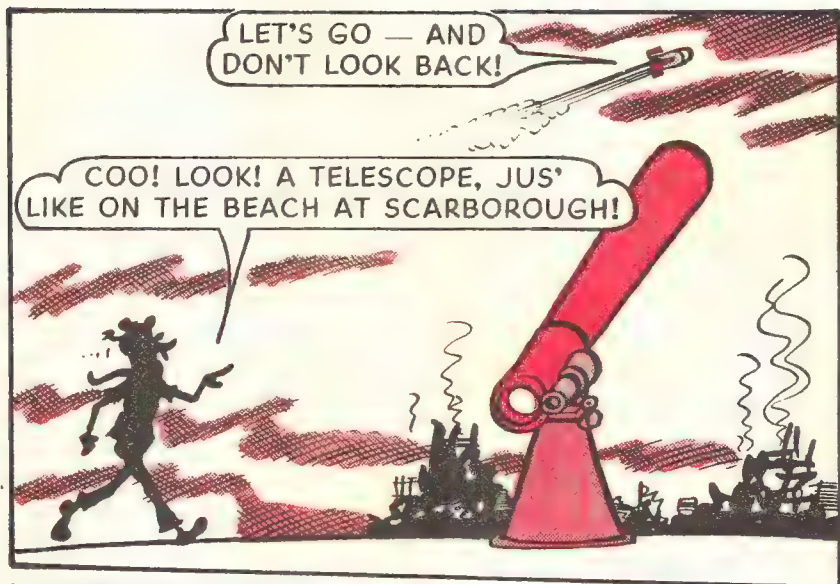
The bottom panel of the comic shows a large, chaotic explosion. A massive cloud of white smoke and debris erupts from the center, with red and black fragments scattered throughout. The background is a dark, textured sea with white-capped waves. In the bottom right corner, a small, dark, conical object, possibly a hat or a piece of wreckage, is visible.



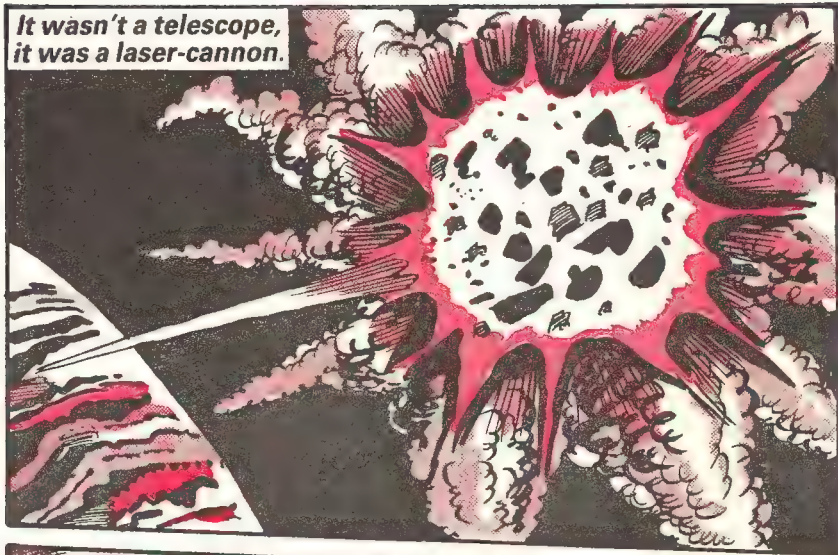








**It wasn't a telescope,
it was a laser-cannon.**



**CAN'T SEE A THING!
THE BATTERIES MUST'VE
PACKED-IN!**

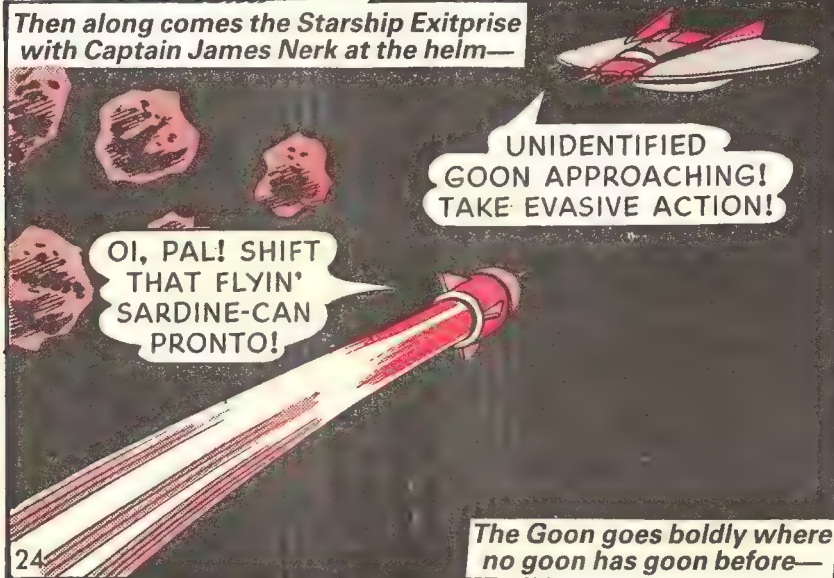


**COO! THIS MUST BE
THE AMUSEMENT PARK!**



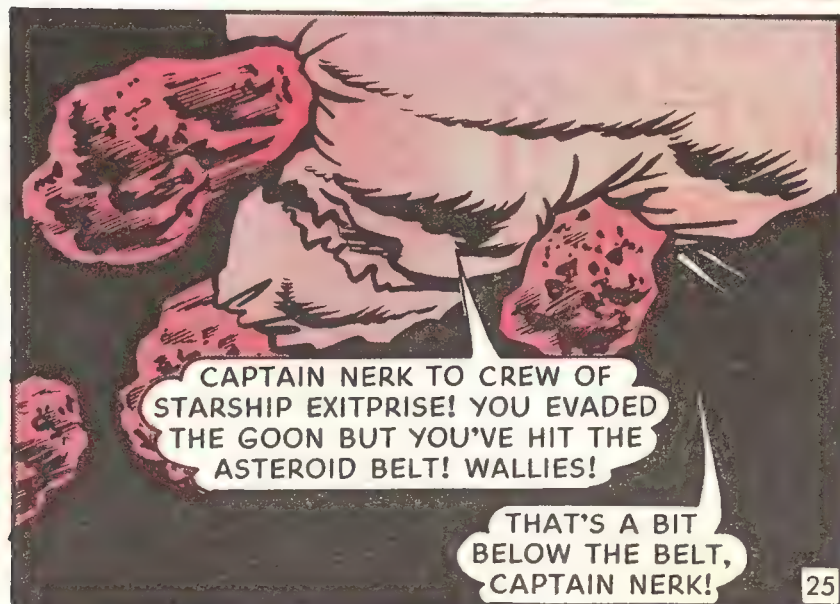
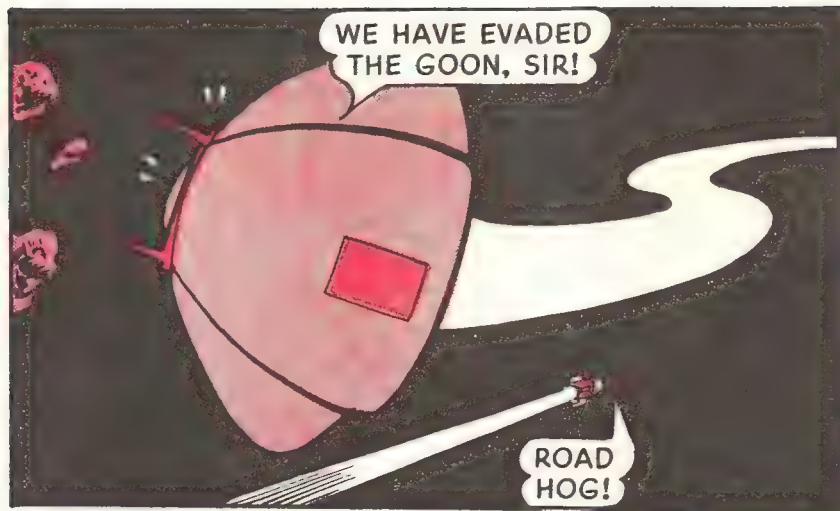


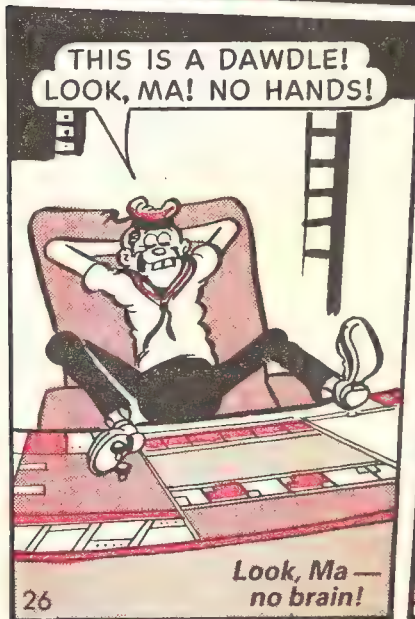
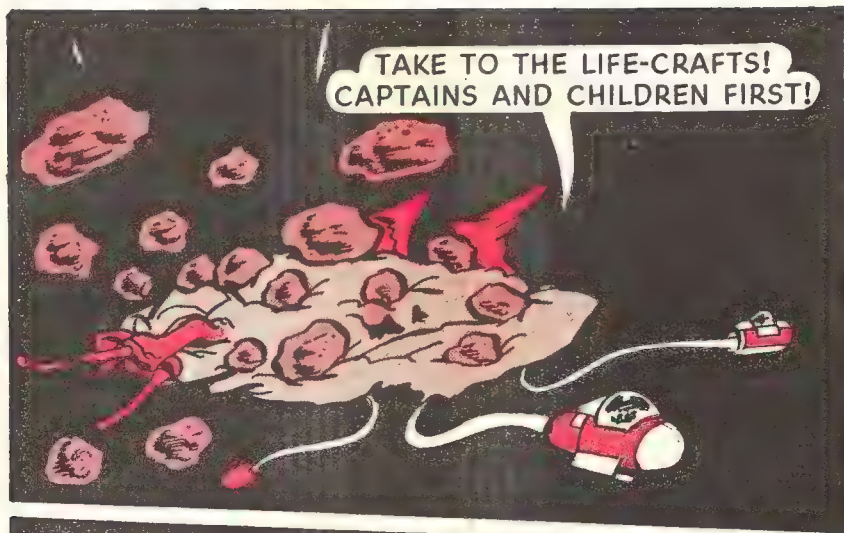
Then along comes the Starship Exitprise with Captain James Nerk at the helm—



UNIDENTIFIED
GOON APPROACHING!
TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!

*The Goon goes boldly where
no goon has goon before—*

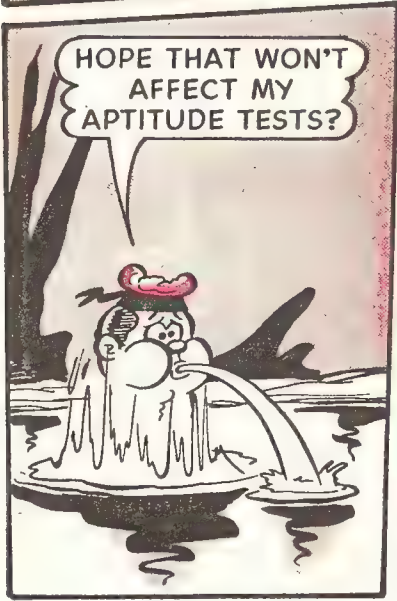




He lands in a
space swamp—



GOODY! A NICE
SOFT LANDING!



HOPE THAT WON'T
AFFECT MY
APTITUDE TESTS?

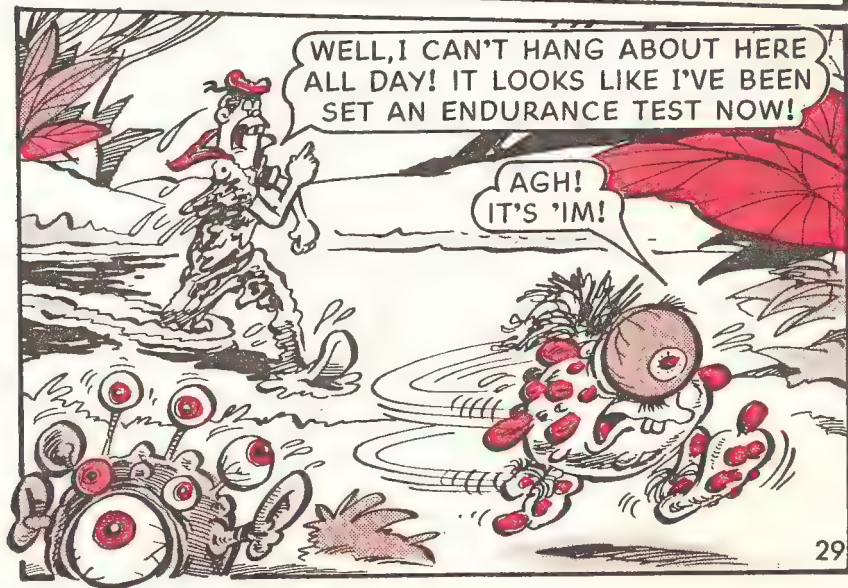



WOOOOO!

PARDING! I'VE GOT
WATER IN MY EARS!

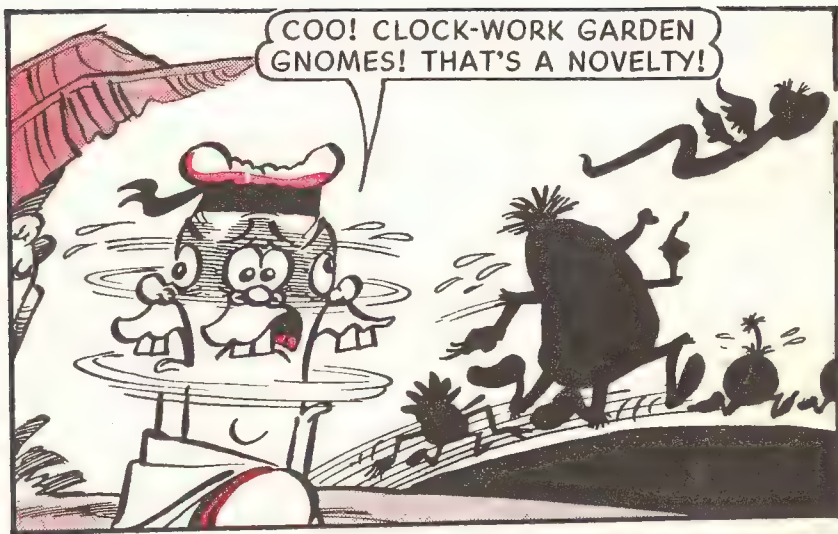
— and on your
brain, my son!

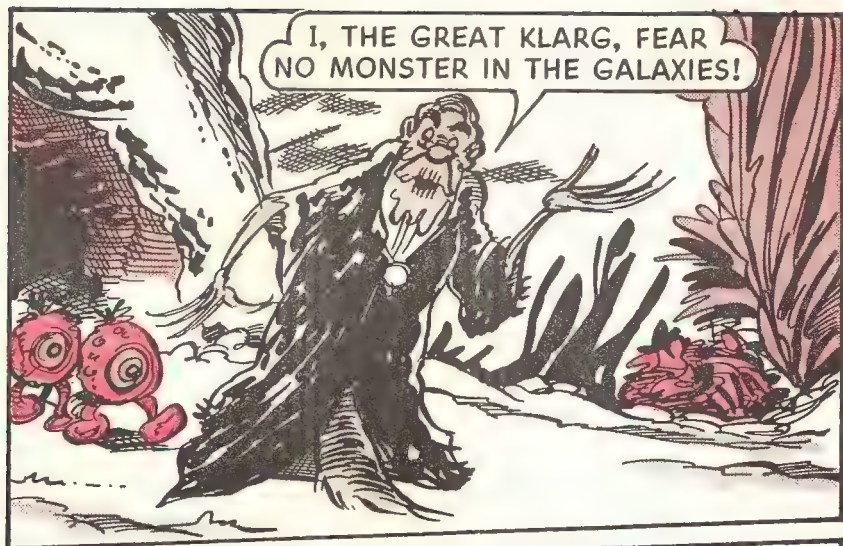


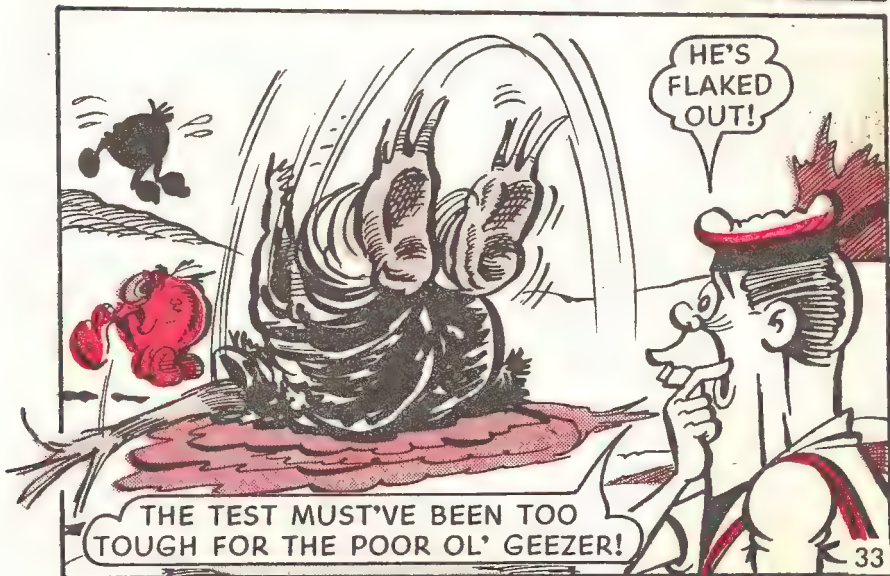
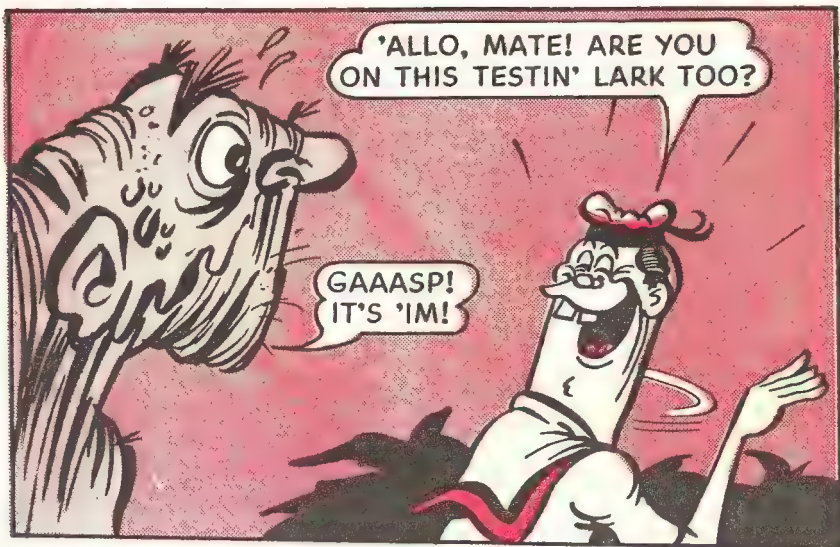


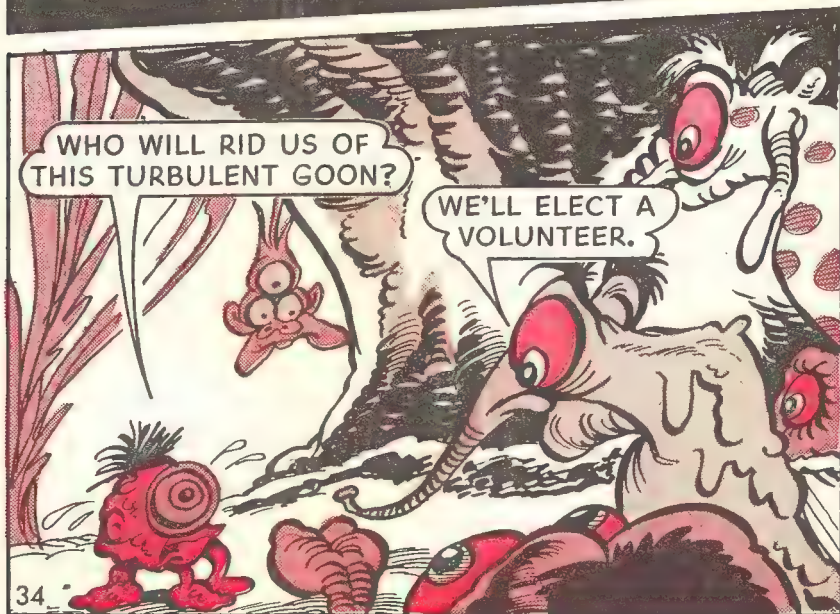


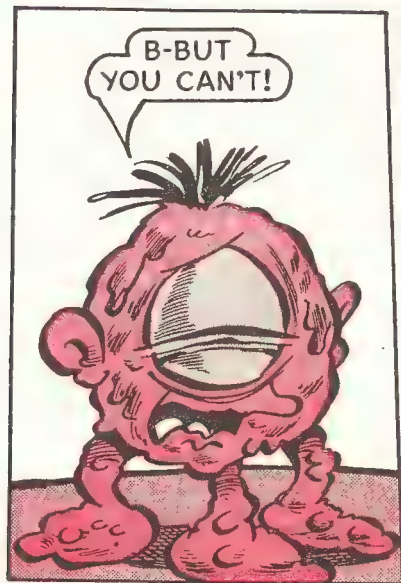
THIS BLOKE'S GOT SOME
WEIRD GARDEN GNOMES
IN HIS GARDEN!



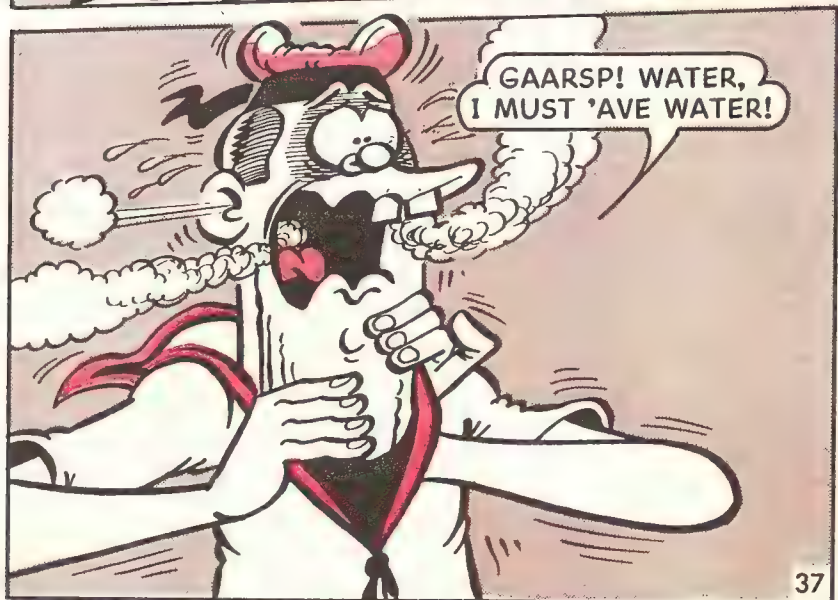


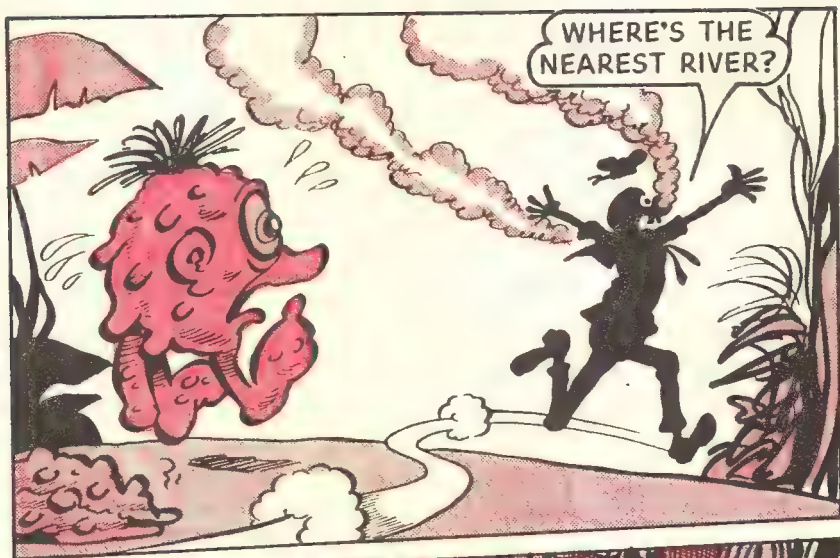








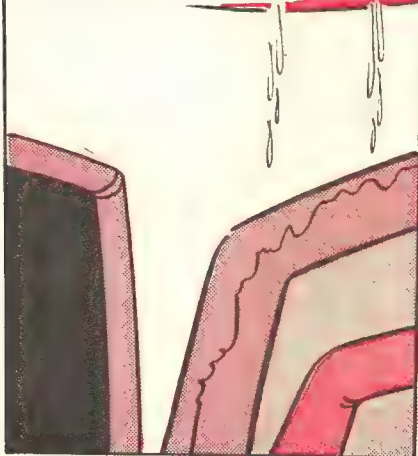




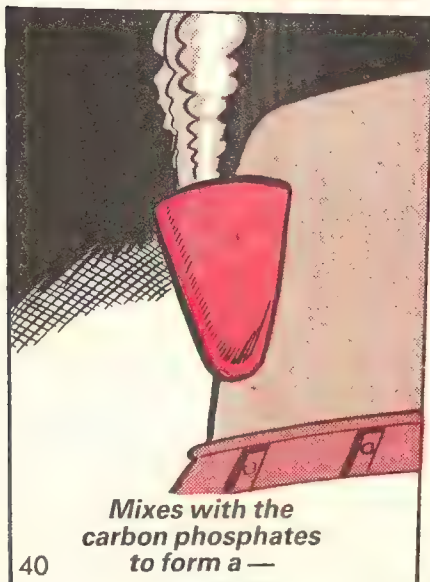
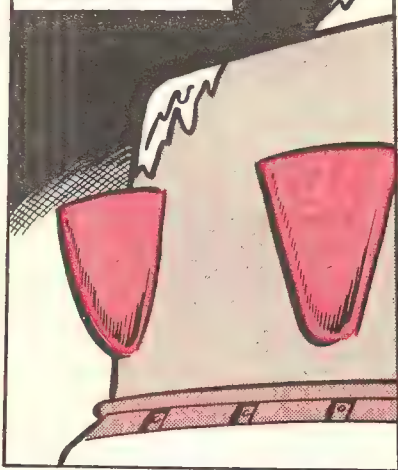


Look at that drip — no, not
the one with the hat on —

**The water drips down
onto the reactor pipes!**



**Collects in the
nuclear valves —**

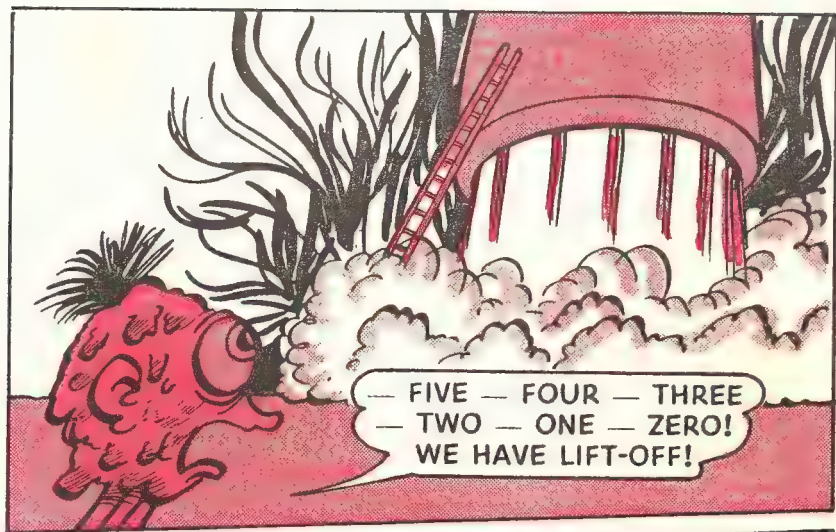


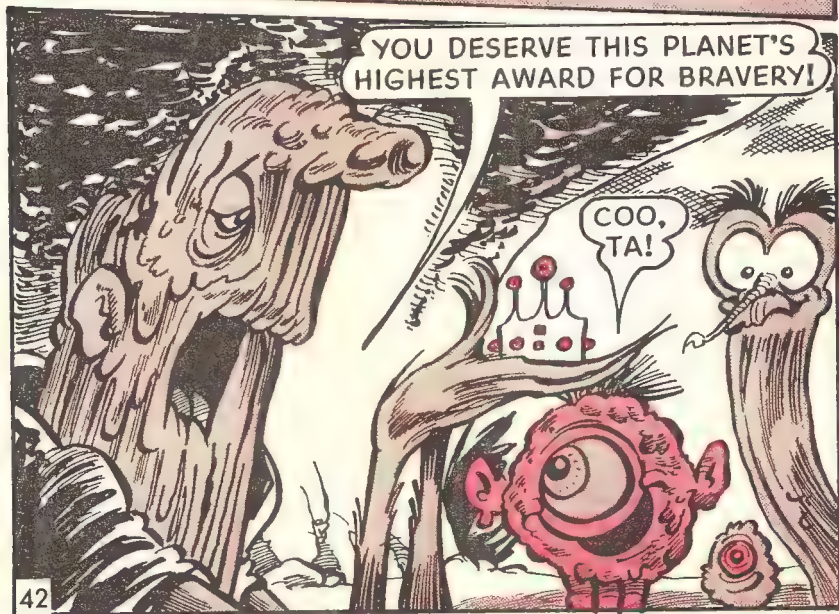
**Mixes with the
carbon phosphates
to form a —**

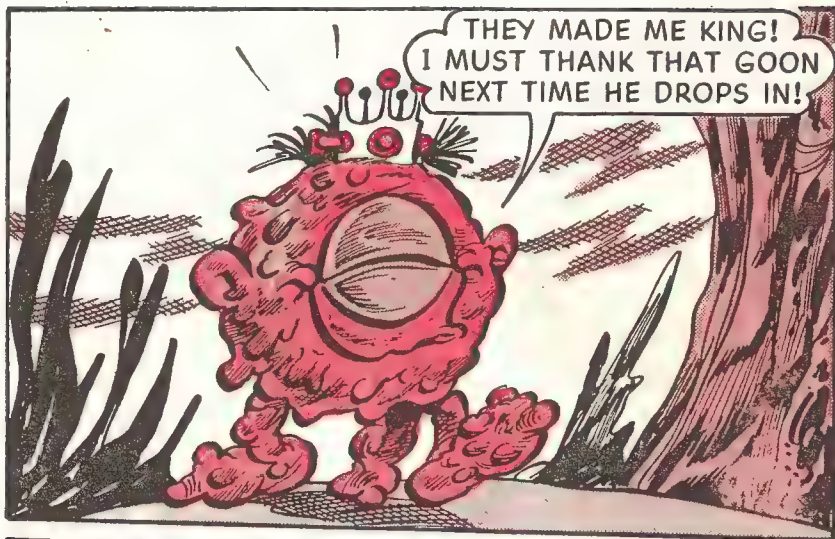
**— Volatile
rocket fuel —**



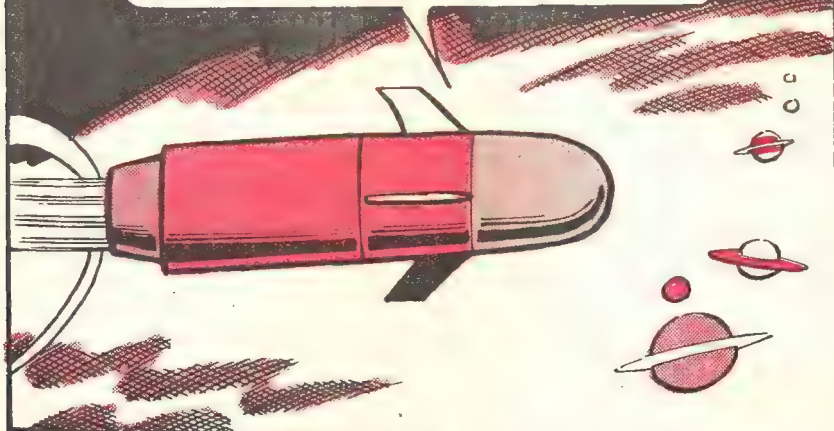
**GLERK! THE
ROCKET-MOTORS
ARE FIRING!**





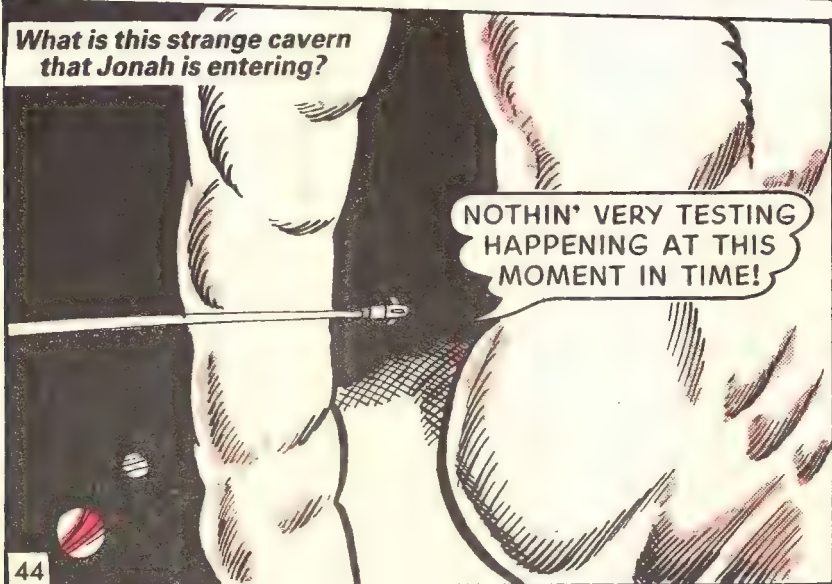


MAYBE I'LL GET THE CAPTAINCY OF
THE QE2 — OR EVEN BETTER THE QE3!



What is this strange cavern
that Jonah is entering?

NOTHIN' VERY TESTING
HAPPENING AT THIS
MOMENT IN TIME!

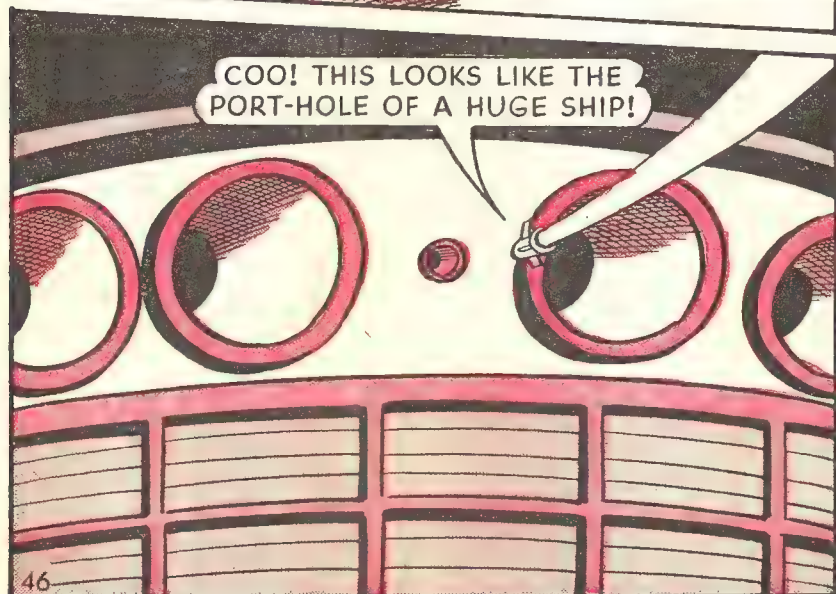


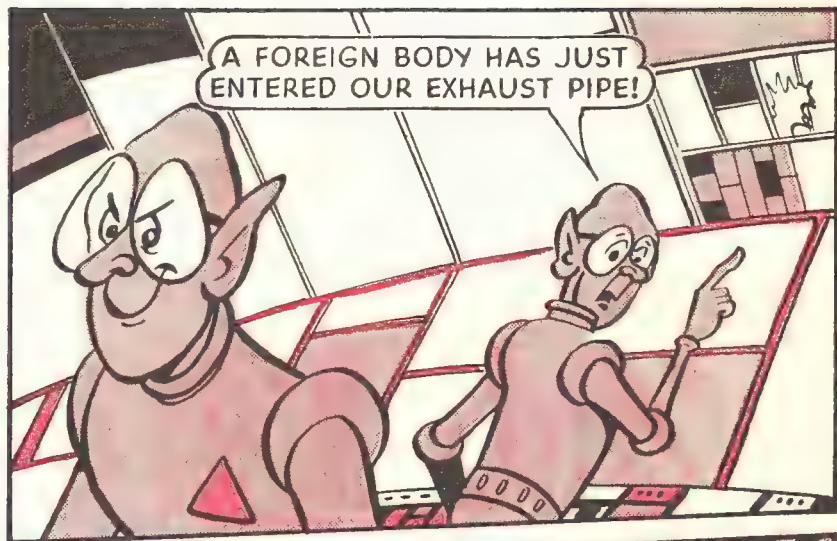
**It's actually the right ear-hole of a
giant man-eating space vegetable —**

I'VE GOT THIS
BUZZIN' NOISE
IN MY EARS!

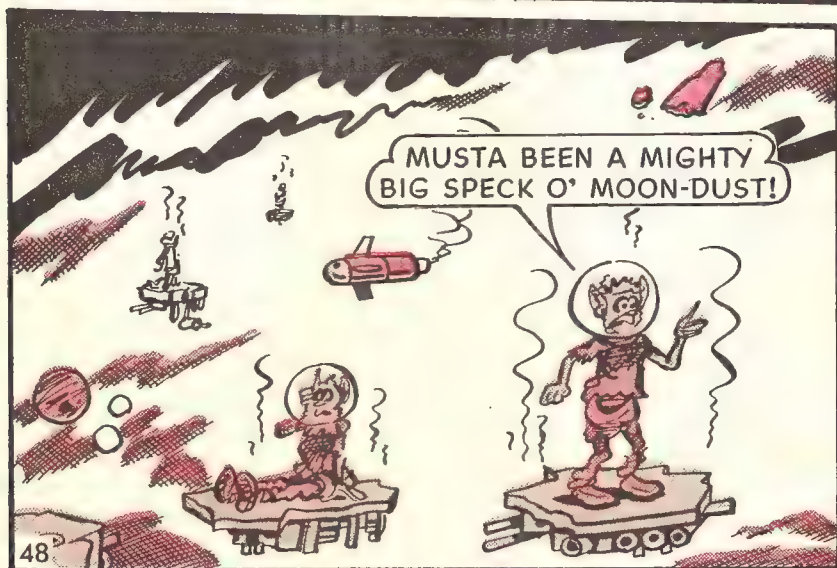
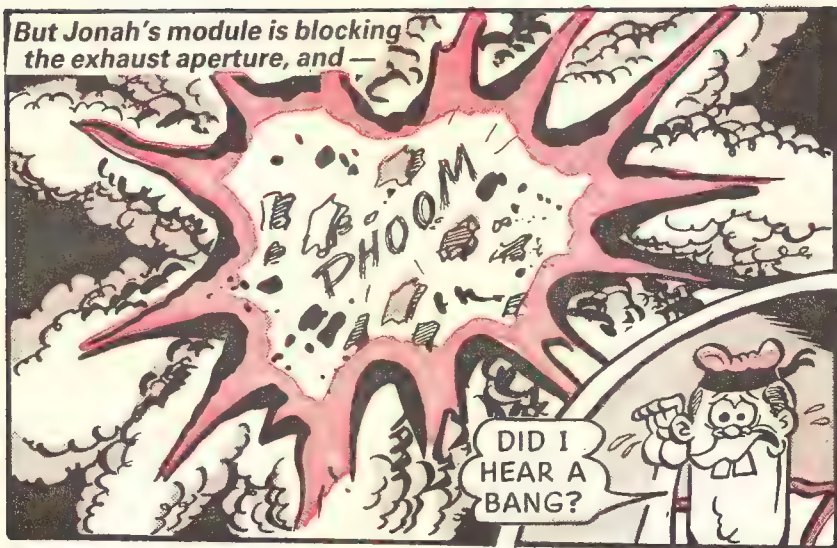
THERE'S THIS
STRANGE PONG
OF CABBAGE!



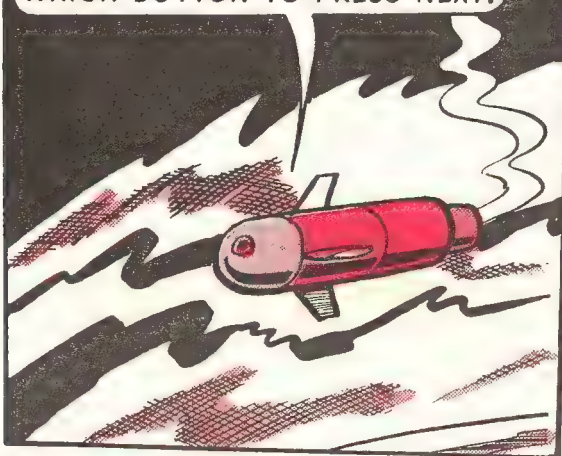




But Jonah's module is blocking
the exhaust aperture, and —



I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND
WHICH BUTTON TO PRESS NEXT!



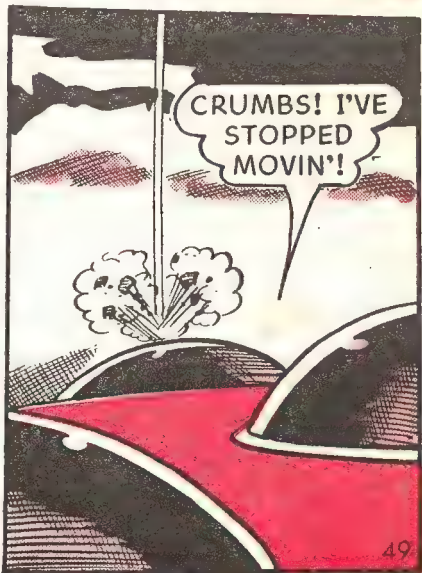
I'LL TOSS
A COIN TO
DECIDE!



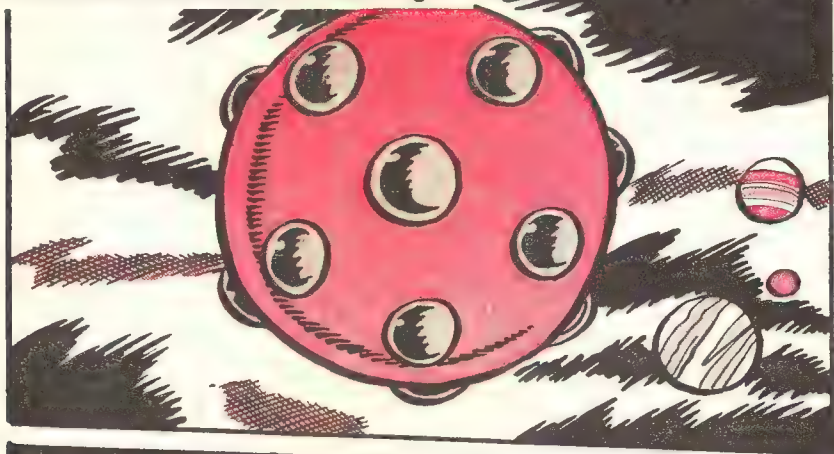
I'LL PRESS THAT ONE!
RIGHT, NO, WRONG!



CRUMBS! I'VE
STOPPED
MOVIN'!

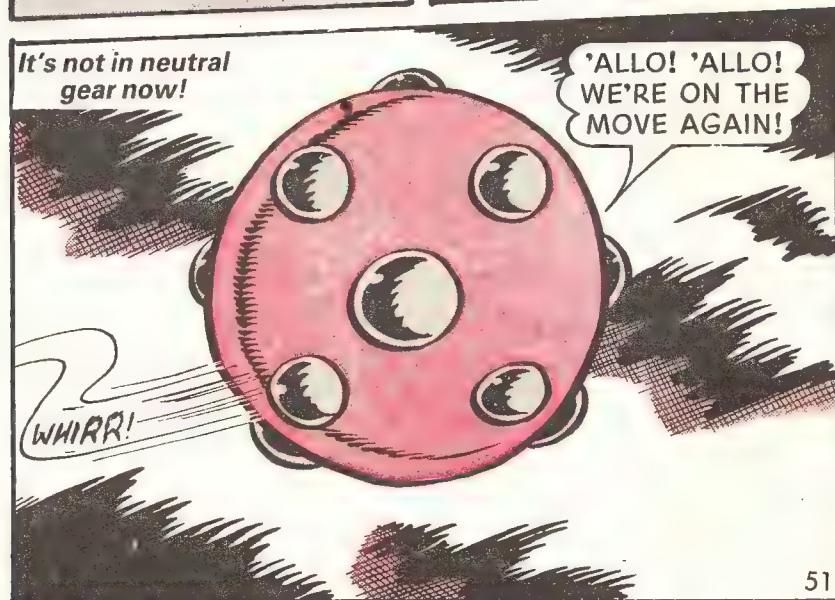
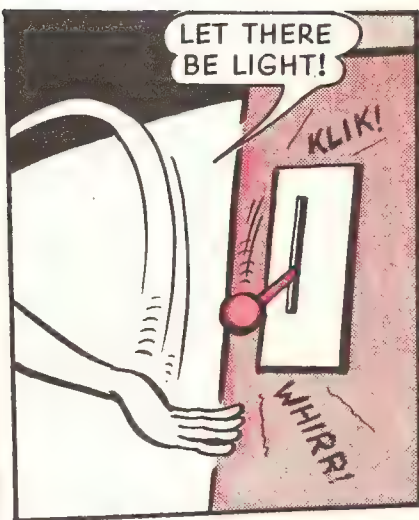


This is an all-purpose inter-galactic war-machine which is in neutral gear.



GROO! I'M FEELIN' GROGGY!
WHERE'S THE LIGHT-SWITCH?





*This is an inter-galactic conference called
to discuss the new menace in space — Jonah!*

THIS GOON IS A MENACE
TO ALL GALACTIC SHIPPING!

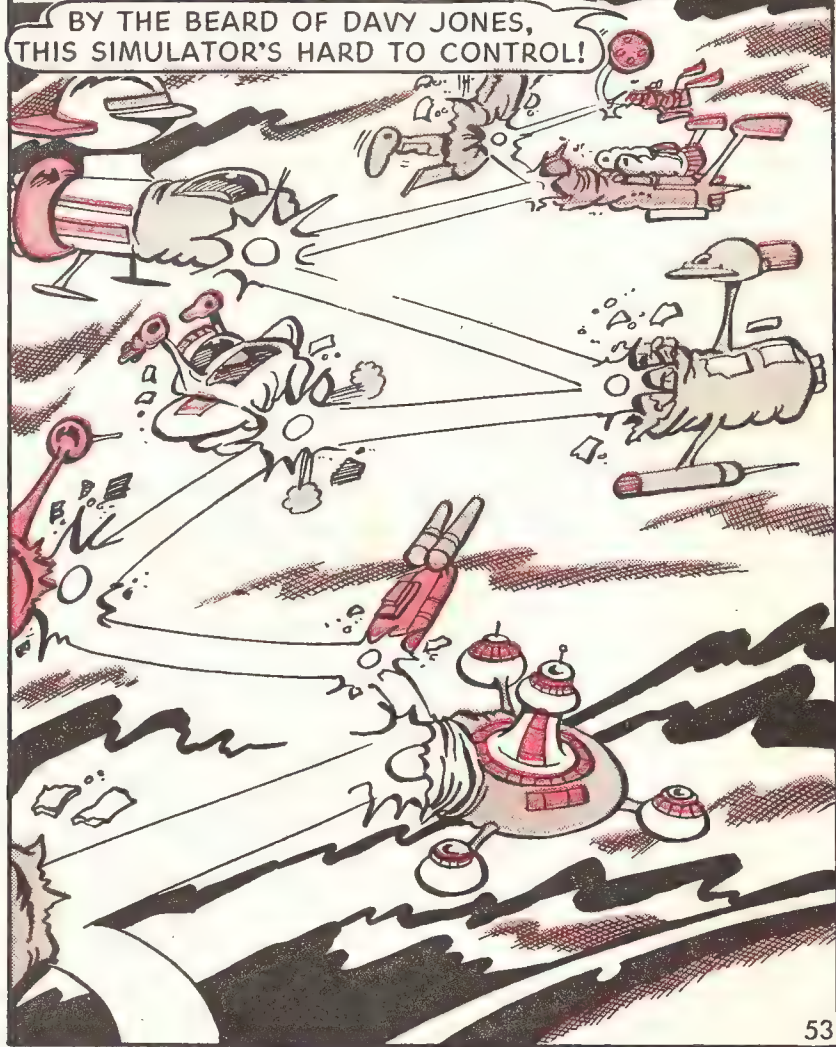
HE'S GOT
TO GO!

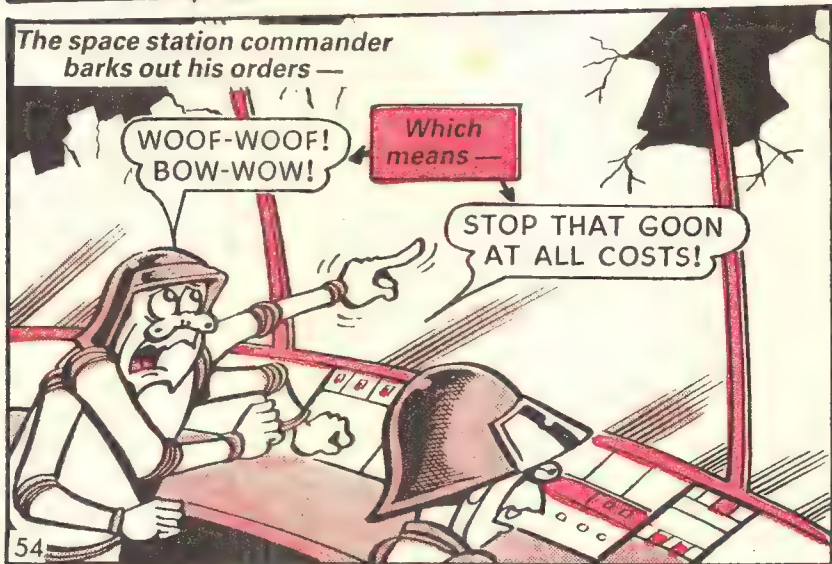
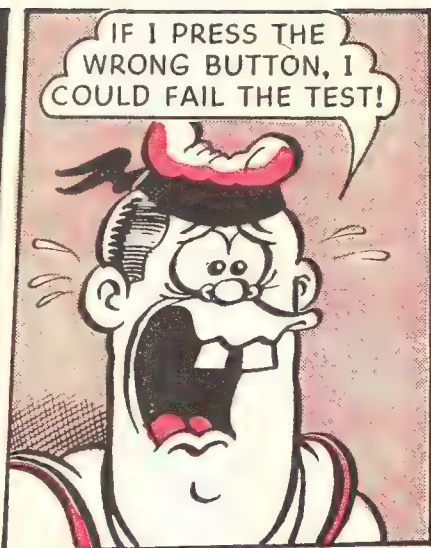
COO! A GIANT
FLYIN' FRYIN'-PAN!

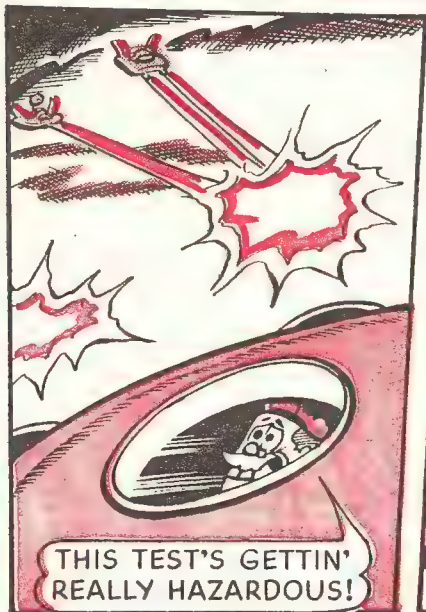
MOVE YERSELVES,
MATEY'S! OOPS!

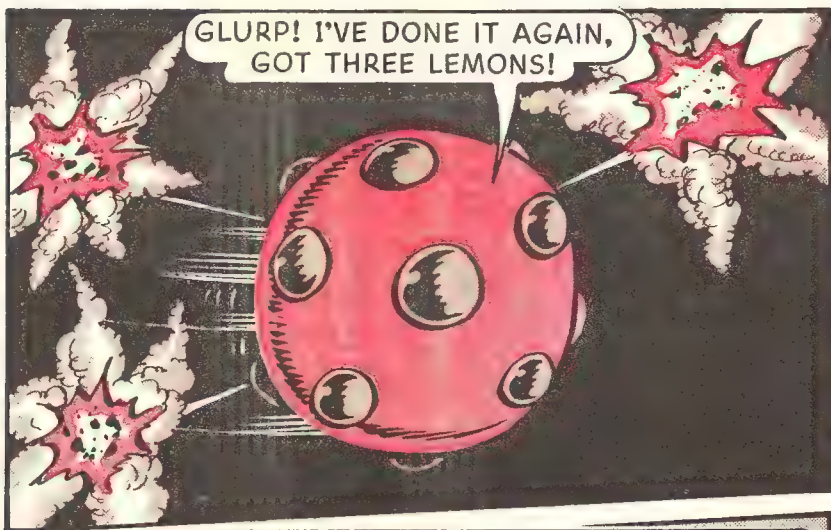
So Jonah plays the first-ever
pin-ball game in space —

BY THE BEARD OF DAVY JONES,
THIS SIMULATOR'S HARD TO CONTROL!

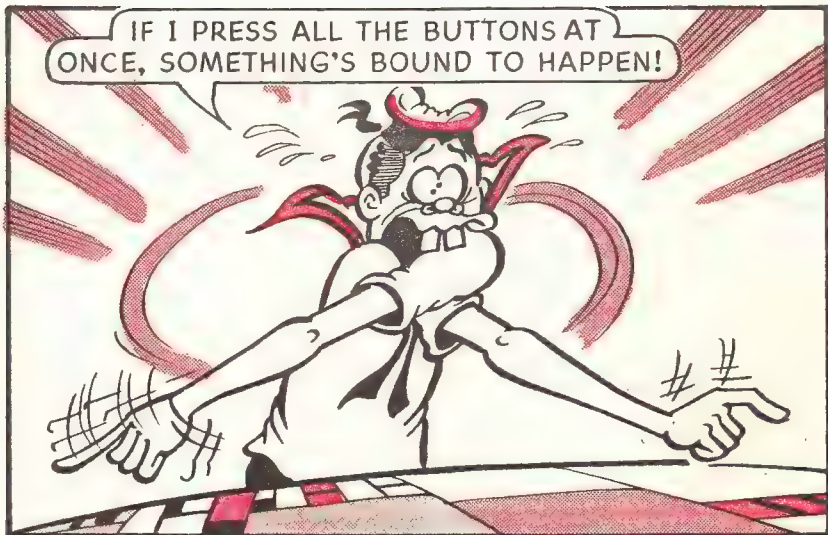




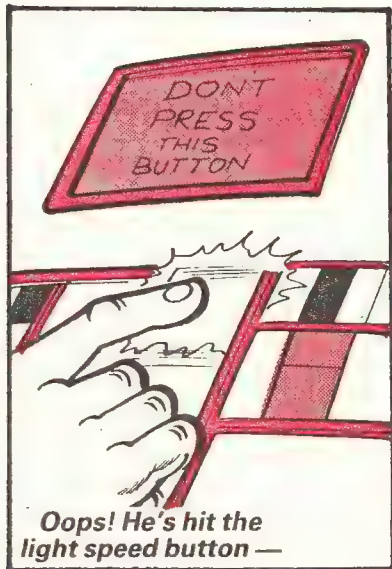




IF I PRESS ALL THE BUTTONS AT
ONCE, SOMETHING'S BOUND TO HAPPEN!



DONT
PRESS
THIS
BUTTON

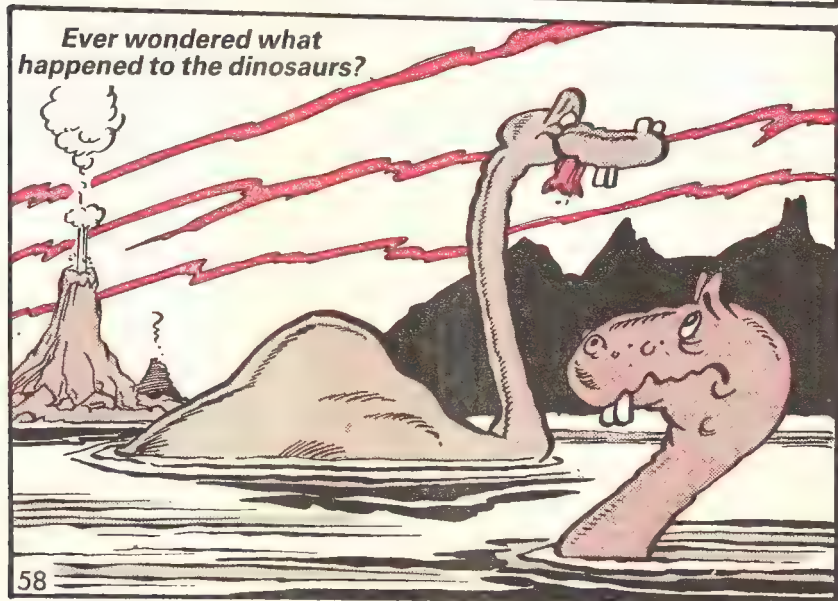
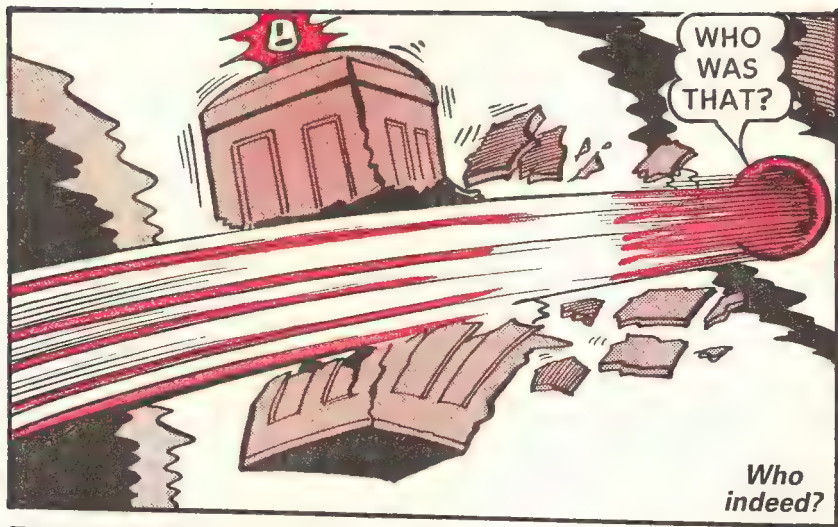


Oops! He's hit the
light speed button —

WAH! I'M TRAVELLING
FASTER THAN THE
SPEED OF LIGHT!



The goon hurtles
back through time —





GERK! I SEEM TO HAVE NUTTED
SOME KIND OF GIANT NEWT!



TAKE COVER, LADS, THERE'S
A WORSE MONSTER THAN
US ON THE LOOSE!

*And they've been in
hiding to this day —*

*The module whizzes through
an ancient Roman time-zone —*

COO! IT'S HALLEY'S COMET
COMIN' ROUND FOR
THE FIRST TIME!

I'LL WRITE A
SONG FOR THE
EUROVISION
SONG-CONTEST!



I'LL SING YOU A SONG
OF HALLEY AND THE COMETS!

GROAN! FOR THAT
EFFORT, NERO GETS ZERO!



He goes round the world in
ever-decreasing circles, till —



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
SEE THE DAY, BUT I'M
STARTIN' TO FEEL
DISTINCTLY SEA-SICK!

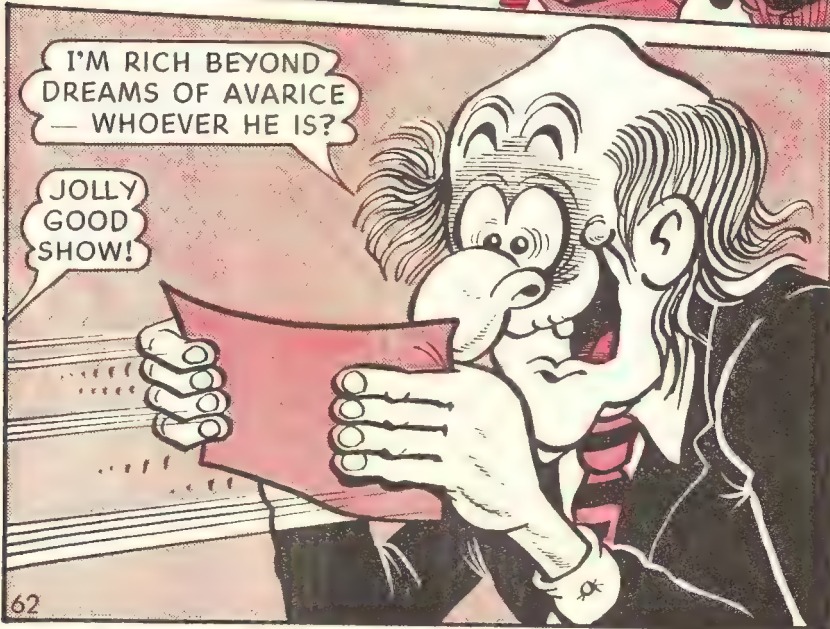
*Meanwhile, in the shipping
magnate's office —*

— AND FOR SERVICES TO DISTRESSED MARINERS
EVERYWHERE, I PRESENT THIS CHEQUE TO —



I'M RICH BEYOND
DREAMS OF AVARICE
— WHOEVER HE IS?

JOLLY
GOOD
SHOW!



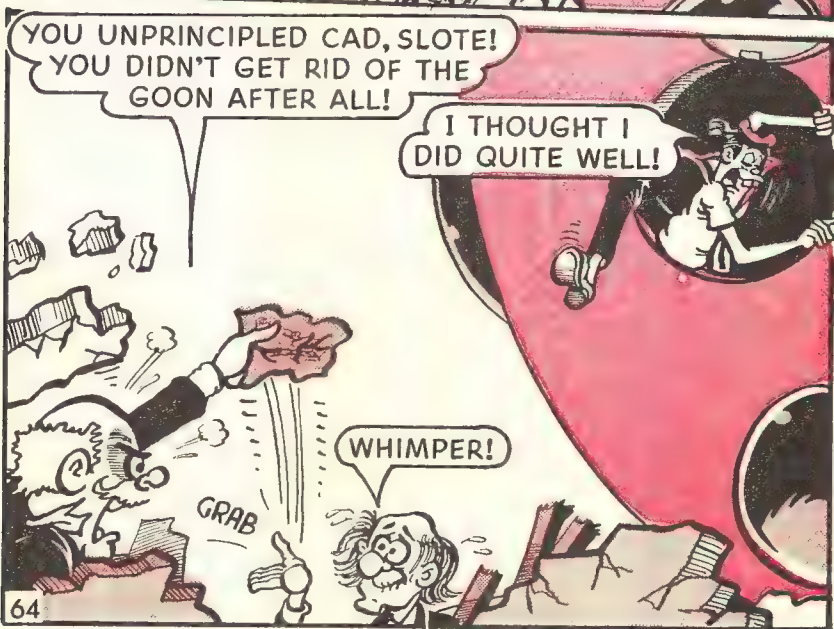
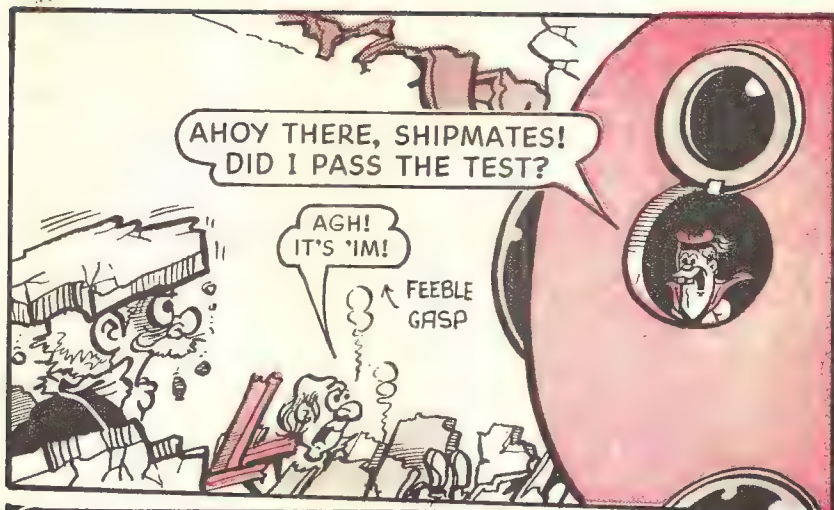
Jonah's module comes
back into the earth's
gravity field —

BRAVO!
SLOTE
OL' BEAN!

CLAP!
CLAP!

CRASH!
GRUNCH!

THAT LAST ROUND OF APPLAUSE
BROUGHT THE PERISHIN' HOUSE DOWN!





HM! IF HE'S THE HEAD EXAMINER,
I DON'T FANCY MY CHANCES MUCH!

COME HERE WHILE I TRY OUT
MY NEW INVENTION ON YOU!

SO I TAKE IT, THAT I'M
STILL JUST AN ORDINARY SEAMAN?



***You'll never be just an
ordinary seaman, Jonah.***

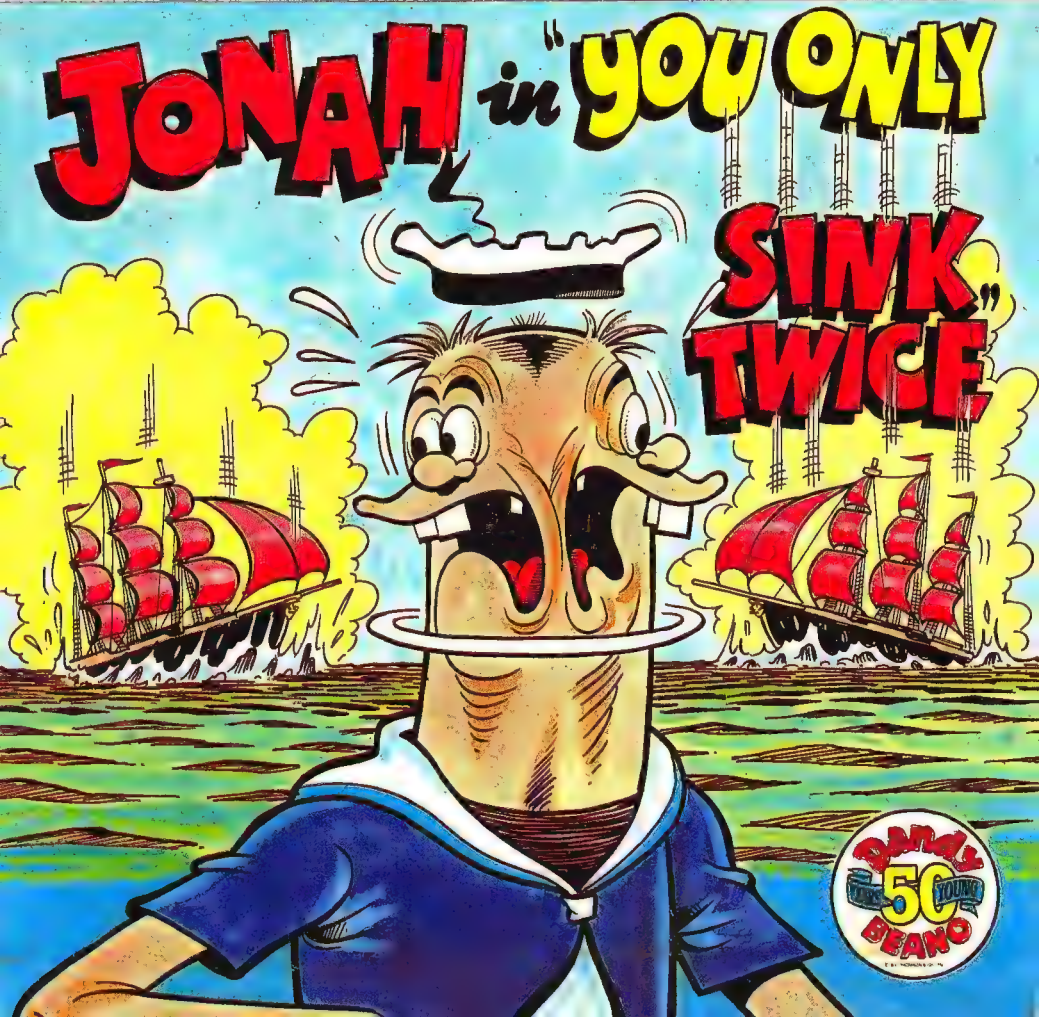
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BEANO

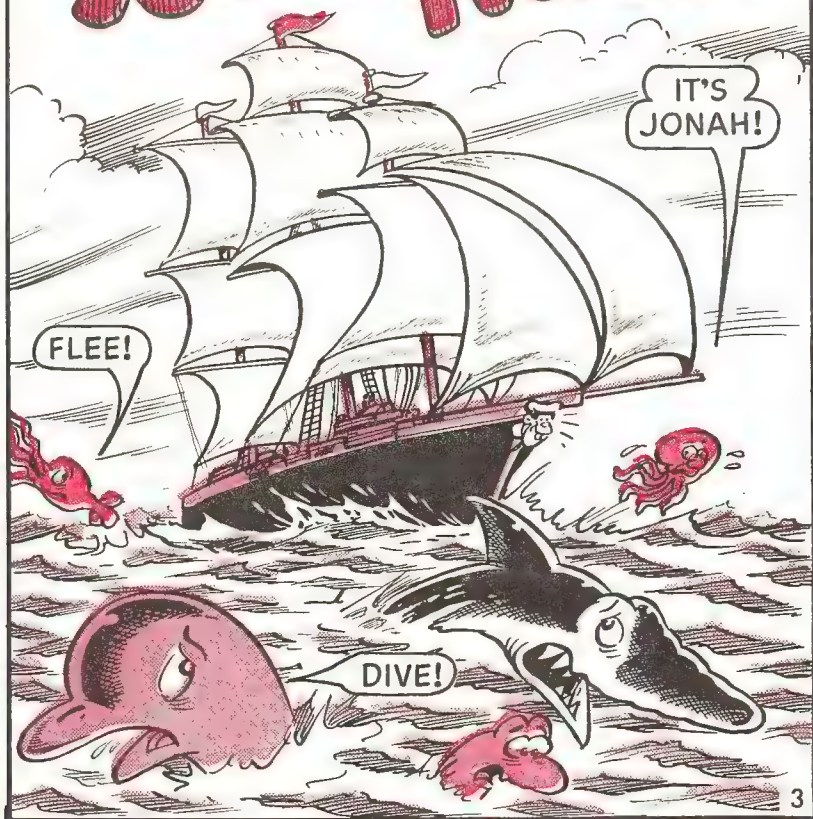
COMIC
LIBRARY
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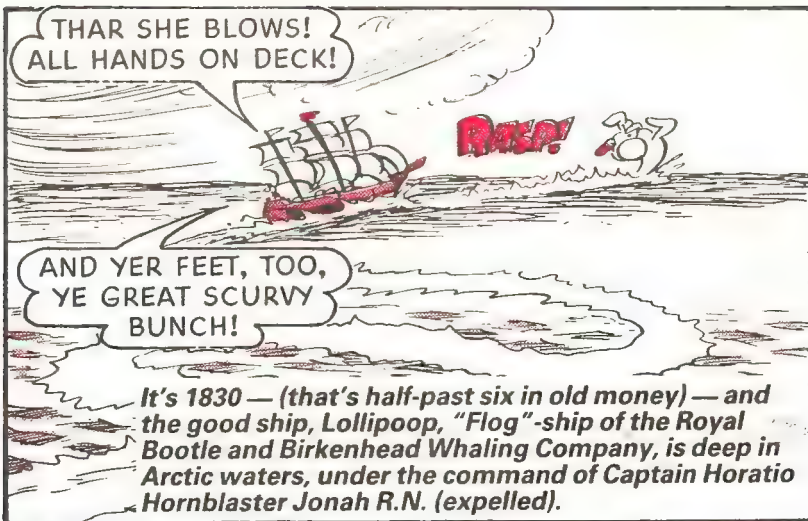
JONAH in "YOU ONLY

SINK TWICE"



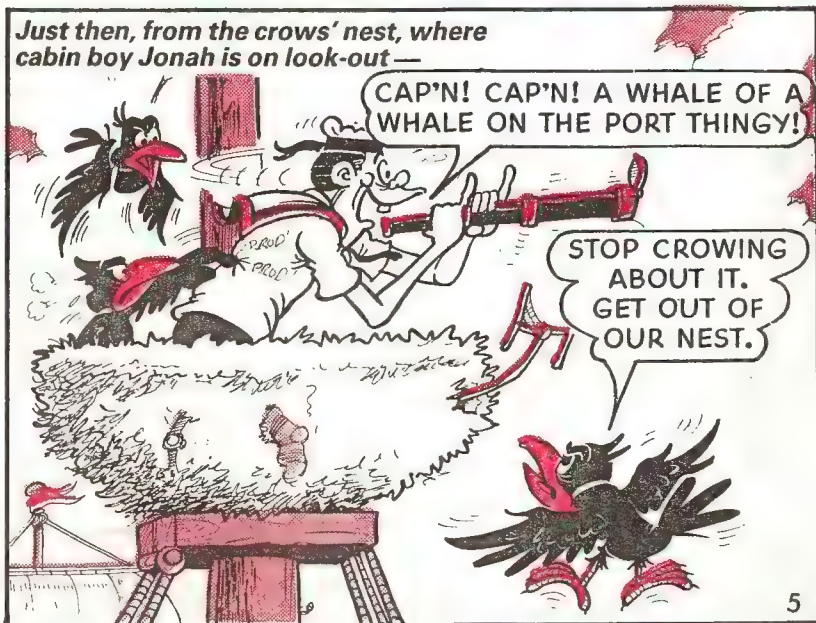
JONAH *in* "YOU ONLY SINK TWICE!"







Just then, from the crows' nest, where cabin boy Jonah is on look-out—



Here's what look-out
Jonah really saw —

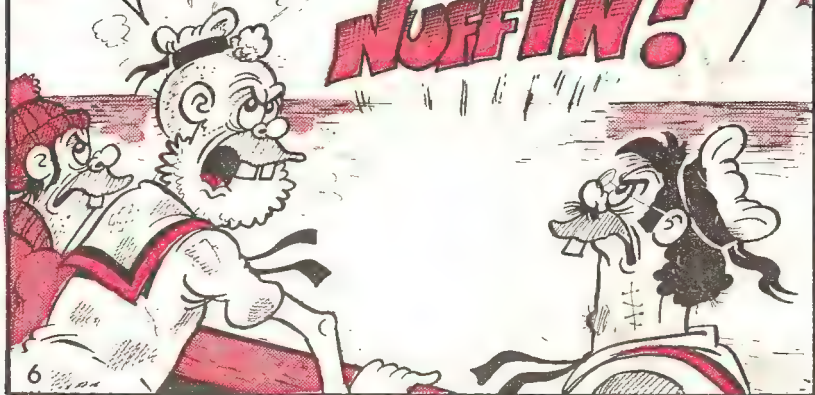


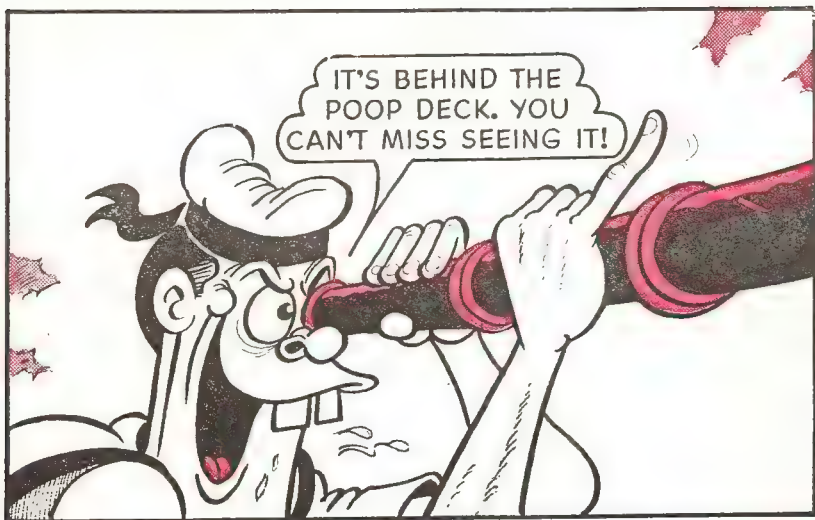
And here's what
the crew really see —

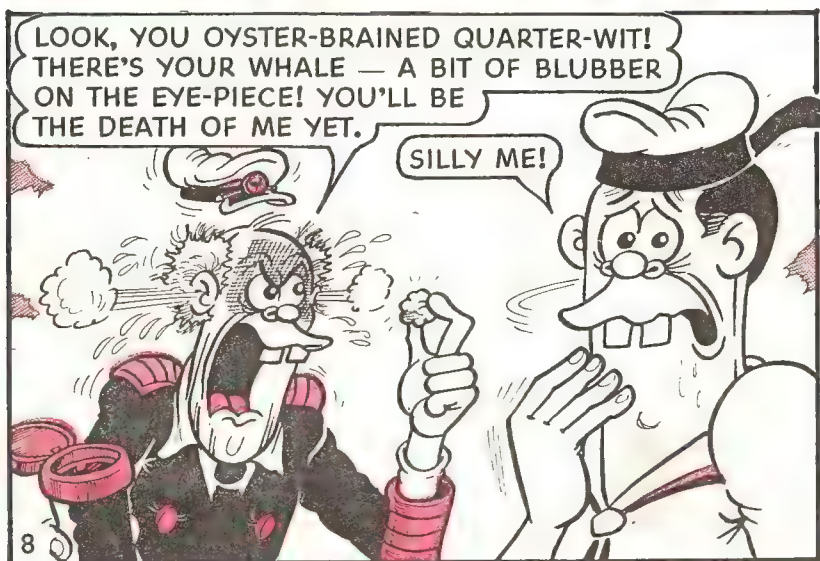
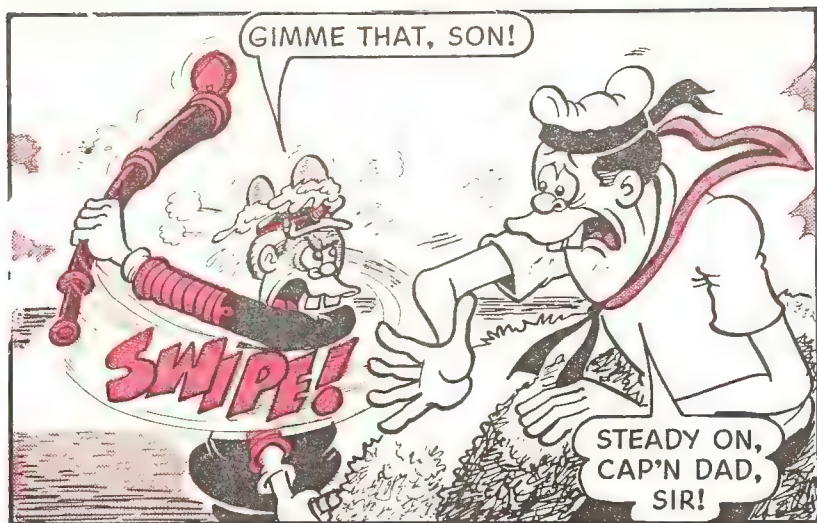
WHALE? WHAT WHALE?
I SEE NO WHALES,
YOU CROSS-EYED
CABIN BOY!

HE'S BEEN AT THE SKIPPER'S
COUGH DROPS AGAIN.

WUFFIN!







Suddenly —

HO! HO! BET YOU
WEREN'T 'EGGS'-PECTING THAT,
MATEY!

GLURG!

Later, after fruitless hours
of storm-tossed, stomach-churning
whale-hunting —

STEADY AS SHE GOES,
HELMSMAN! GULP!
GORBLE!

A BIT
ROUGH!

AYE, AYE, SKIPPER! GULP!
I NEVER REALISED I'D SIGNED
ON IN THE FLEET AIR ARM.

Then —

WHALE OFF THE
STARBOARD BEAM,
CAP'N!

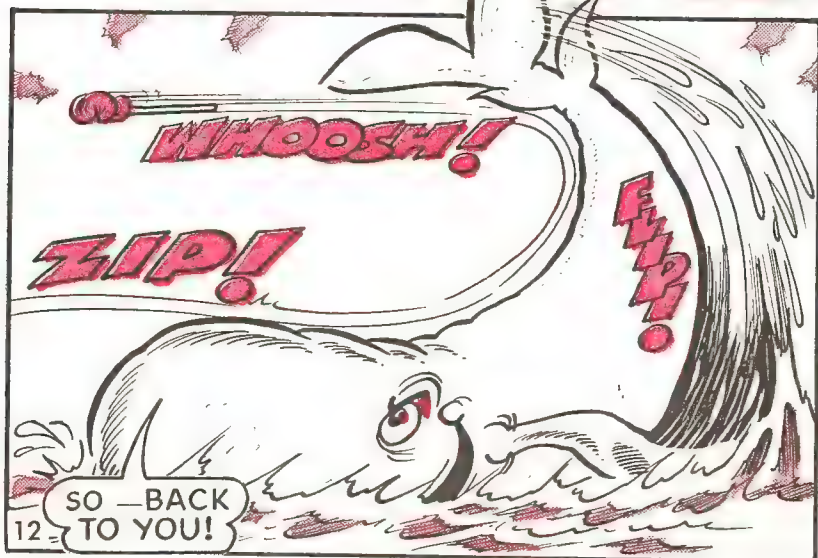
AT LAST!
AT LAST! SLURP!
IT'LL BE WHALE
AND CHIPS
FOR SUPPER
TONIGHT.



10



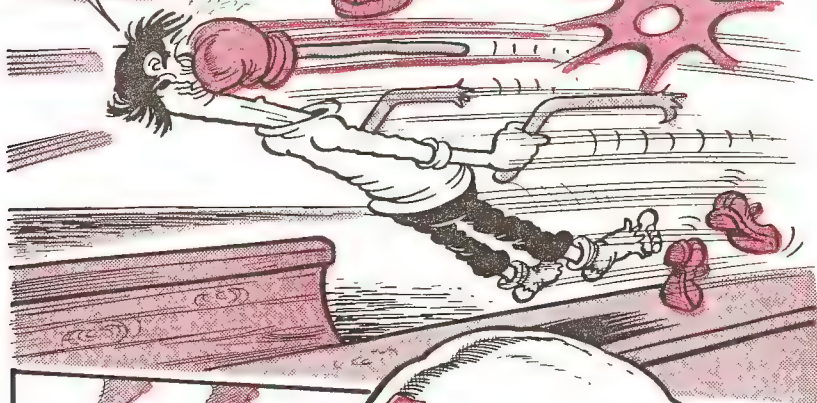




And —

ZULCH!

BOFF!

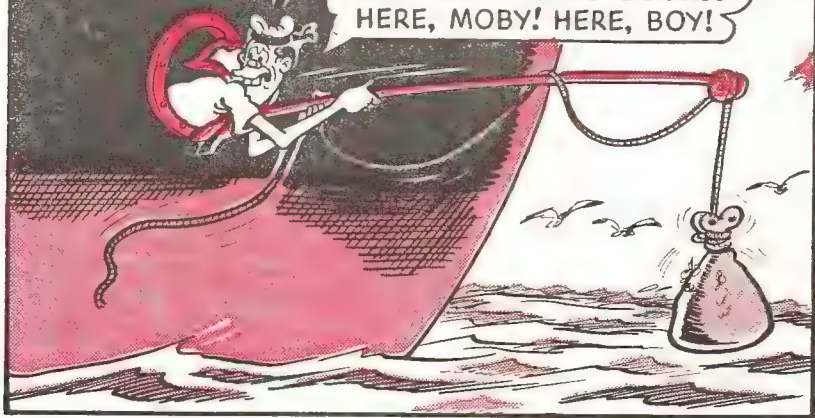


HO! HO!
WHALES I,
WHALEERS O!
WANT A
REPLAY?



Later —

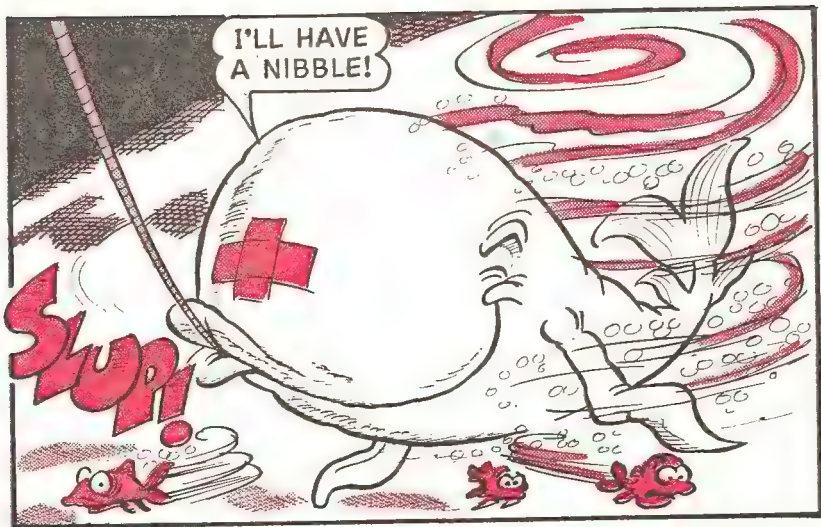
I'LL USE THIS SIDE OF BACON
AS BAIT TO HOOK OL' MOBY AN' GET
INTO DAD'S GOOD BOOKS.
HERE, MOBY! HERE, BOY!



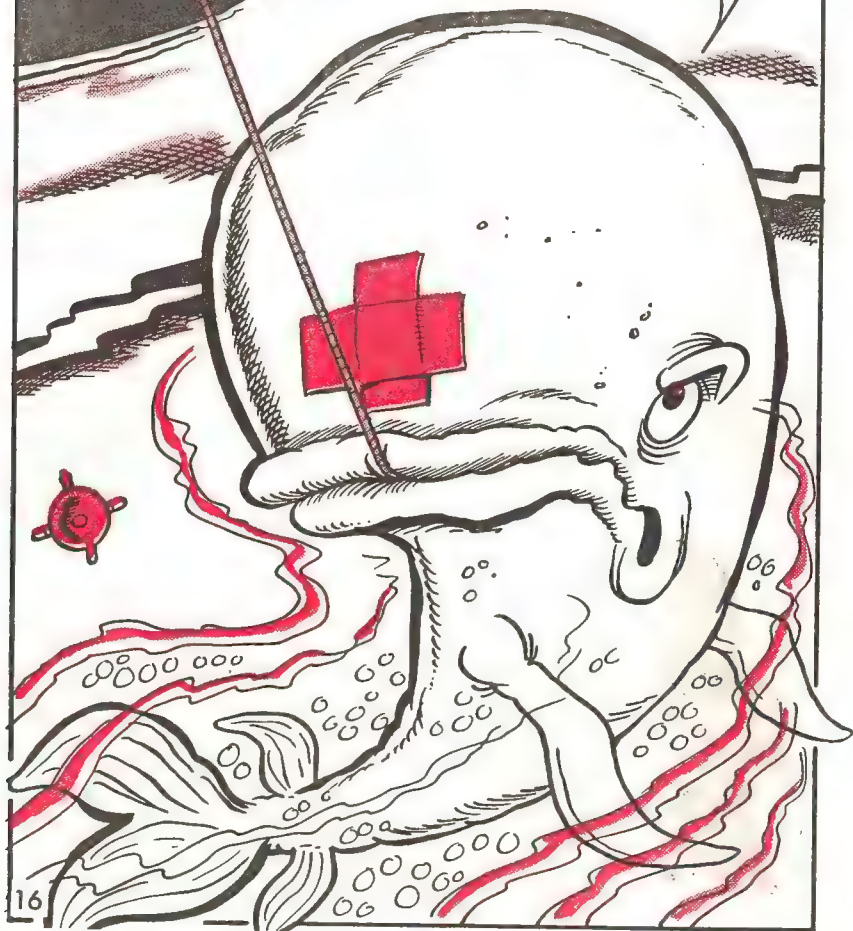
Presently, three
fathoms deep —

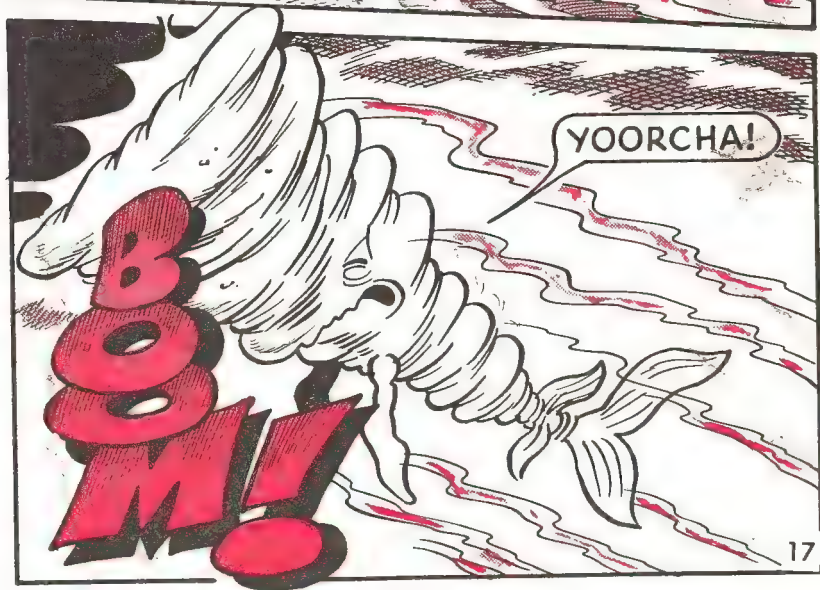
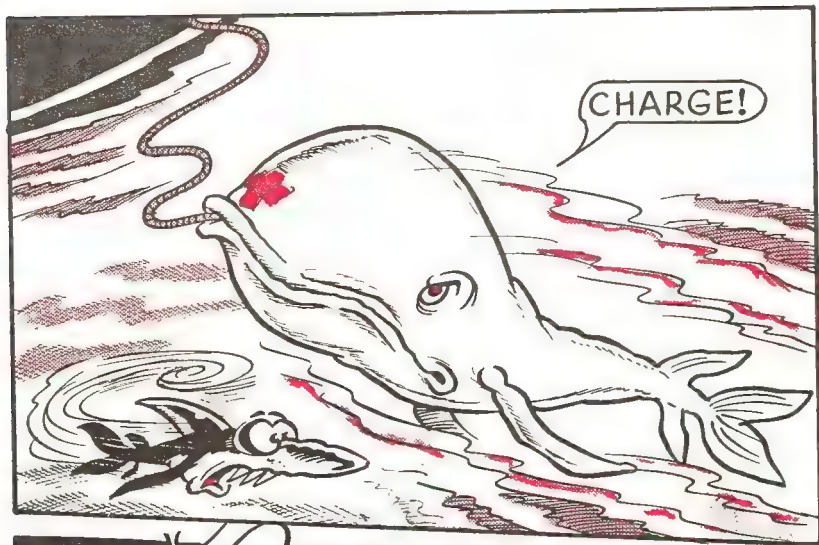
'ELLO! 'ELLO! WHAT'S
THIS? SUPPER?
SMELLS NICE...





WHAT'S ALL THIS? A ROPE?
THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY
HERE. LET'S SEE
WHAT'S ON THE OTHER END ...

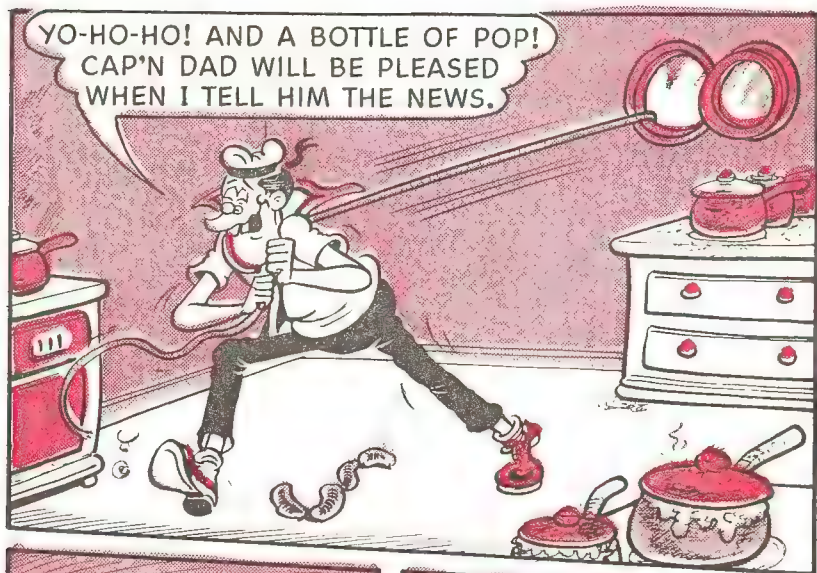


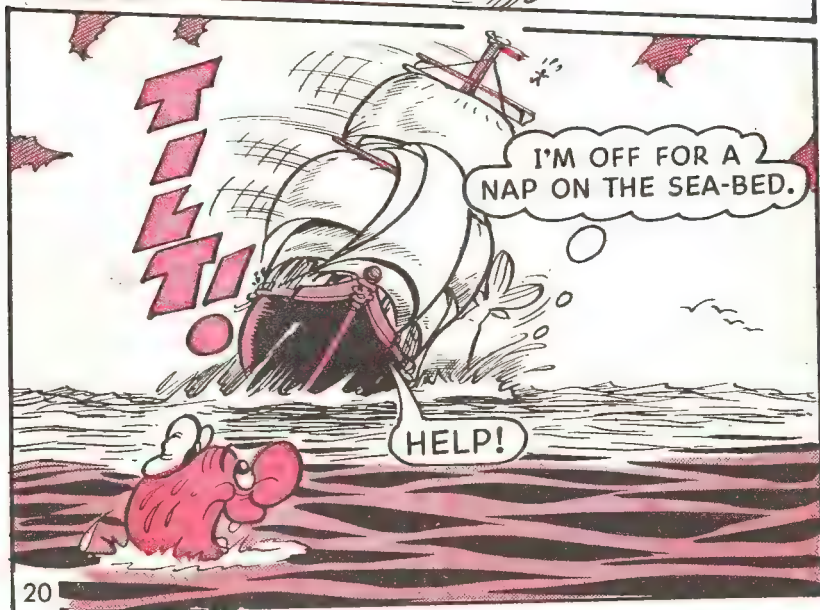


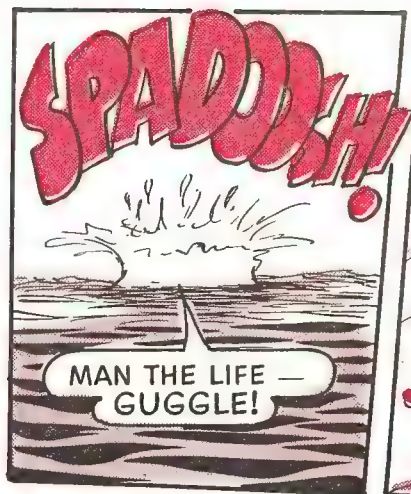
**Battered, bruised and "be-dazed",
Moby Mick floats to the surface —**

COO! IT'S MOBY! I'VE
HOOKED HIM! THIS COULD
MEAN PROMOTION TO CHIEF
CABIN BOY AT LEAST!

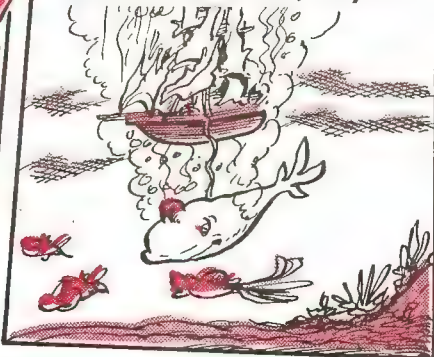
DOH! I'VE GOT
A SORE HEAD,
I THINK.







Down, down dived Moby, dragging the good ship Lollipop to her watery grave, there to rest, for all time to come. Well, maybe!

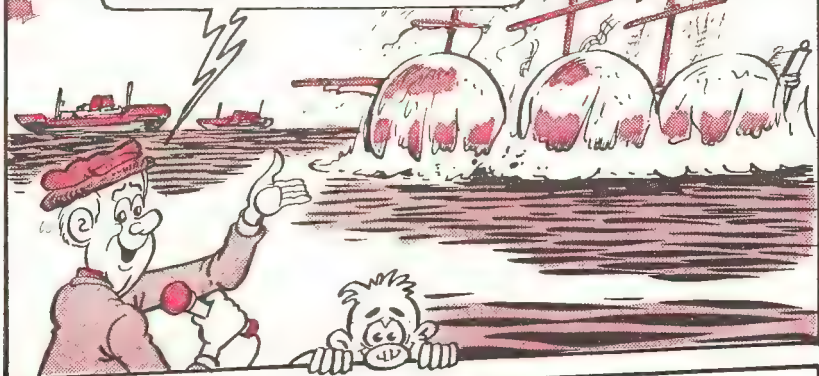


It's now 1989 (that's nearly half-past eight — go on, work it out) and, on TV —

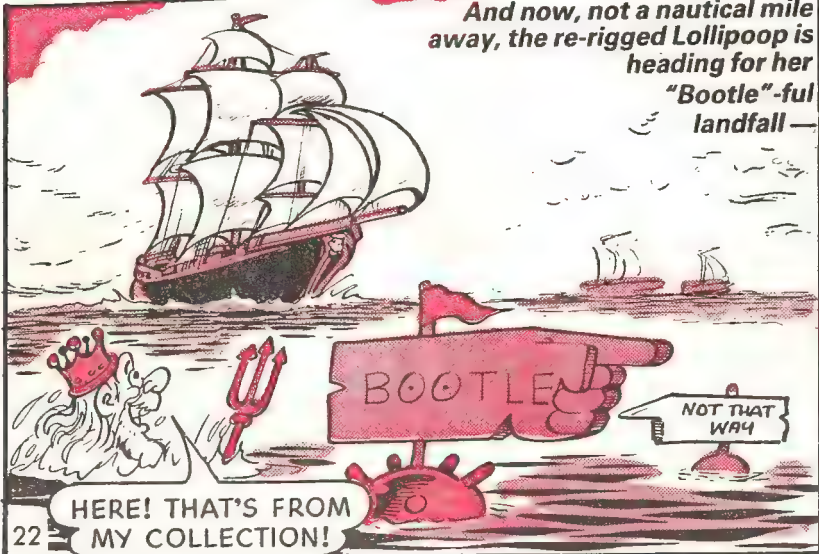
... LAST WEEK, SALVAGE TEAMS BROUGHT THE WRECKED S.S. LOLLIPOOP TO THE SURFACE AND, AFTER REPAIRS, WE EXPECT TO SEE HER BACK IN BEAUTIFUL BOOTLE, ANY MINUTE, NOW ...



MEANTIME, HERE'S A RECORDING OF
THE SCENE LAST WEEK AS THE
S.S. LOLLIPOOP WAS BROUGHT TO THE
SURFACE. UPLIFTING, EH?



And now, not a nautical mile
away, the re-rigged Lollipop is
heading for her
"Bootle"-ful
landfall —



Meanwhile, at 33 Slaughterhouse Gardens,
Master Jonah views the events with
a great deal of relish —



THAT'S THE SHIP MY GREAT, GREAT,
GREAT GRAND-DADDY AND UNCLE
SAILED IN.

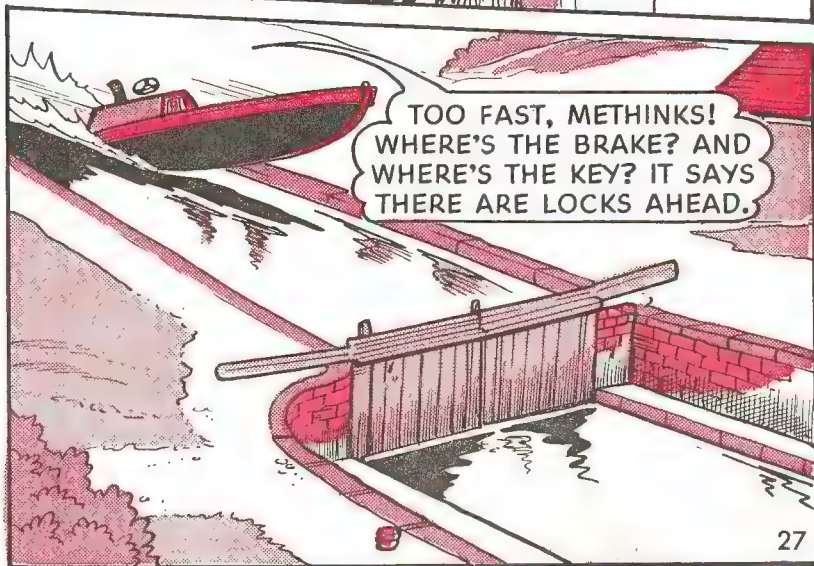


I MUST DASH DOWN AND
SEE THE LOLLIPOOP
DOCKING.



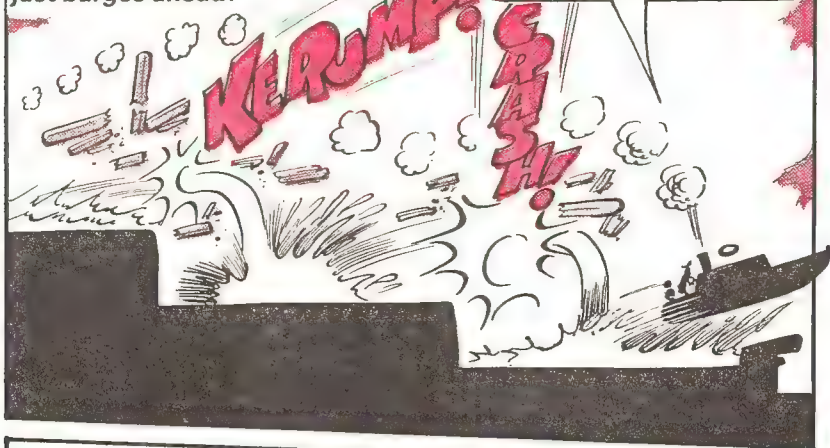






There's no call for keys when
Jonah's in charge — he
just barges ahead!

YAAAAOO! WE'RE
GOING DOWNSTAIRS!



KRUNCH!
CRASH!
SHATTER!
KERUNCH!
SPOOSH!

HELLO, SKIPPER! WHERE'S YOUR
BOAT, THEN? IT SEEMS
TO HAVE DONE A RUNNER.

GROOO!

NOW HEAR THIS, YOU SAUCER-EARED,
GORMLESS GALOOT — YOU'VE
SUNK HER! SUNK! DO YOU
HEAR ME?

WHAT'S
UPSETTING
HIM?

Flying boat,
accidentally inflated
during the mayhem
two pages back.

GRR! I'D FLOG YOU
ROUND THE FLEET, IF
I HAD A FLEET! YOU
DESERVE THE CAT!

WHAT
CAT?

LUMP!

OUCH!

I SAY! THE
CAPTAIN'S HAT!
I'VE BEEN
PROMOTED!

Presently —

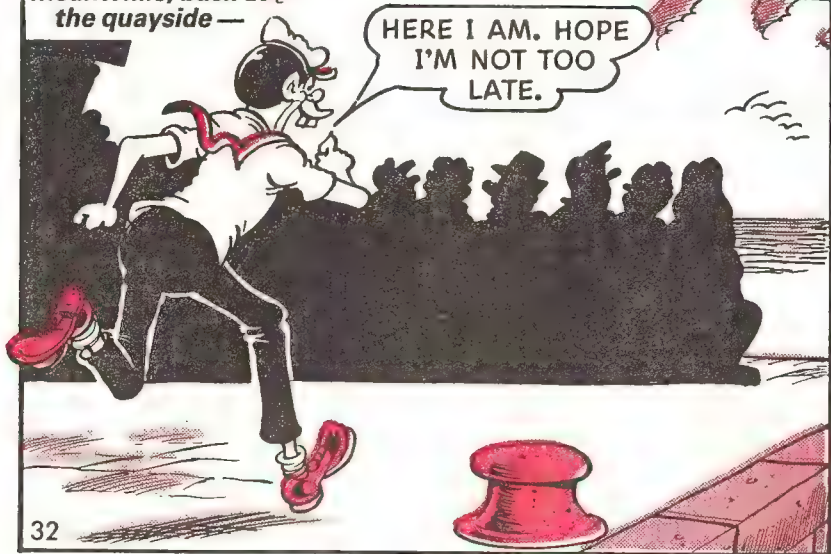
I'VE GOT A BOAT OF MY OWN, NOW.
I'LL BE IN BOOTLE BAY IN
NO TIME AT ALL.



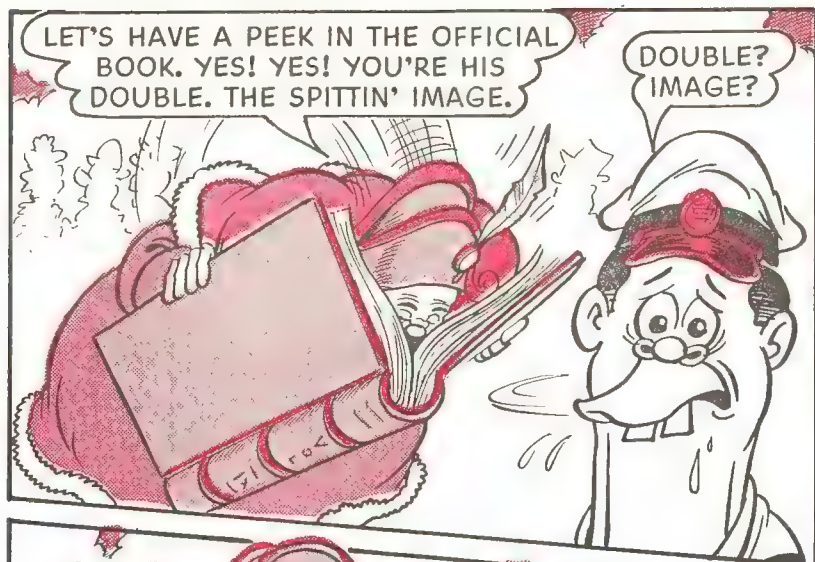
Meanwhile, aboard the Lollipop, the new Captain, Ebenezer Earwig, is savouring the joys of his new command —

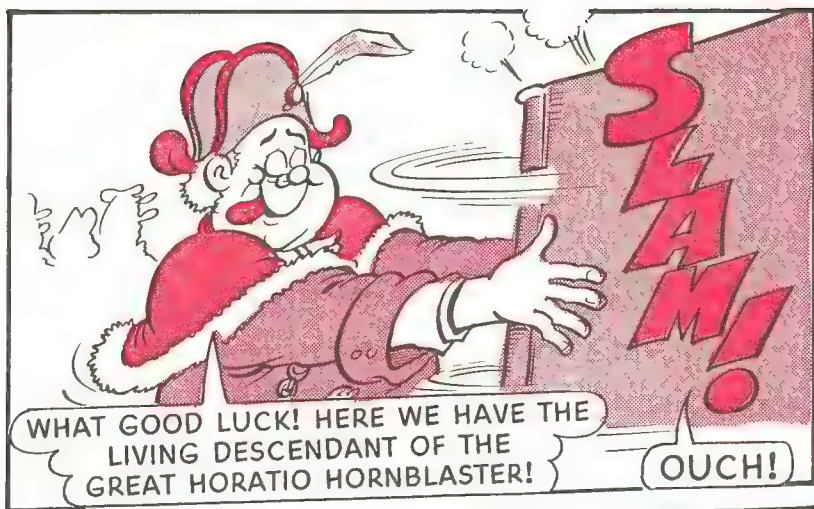


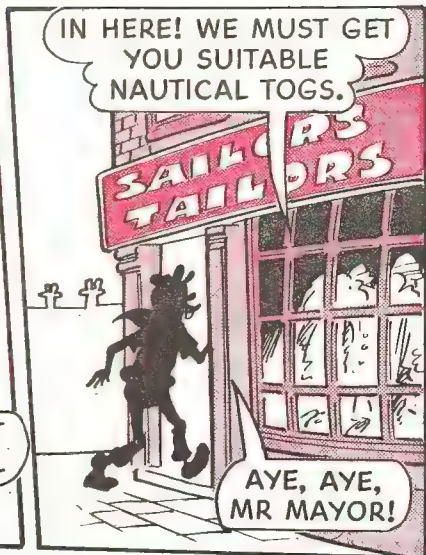
Meanwhile, back at the quayside —











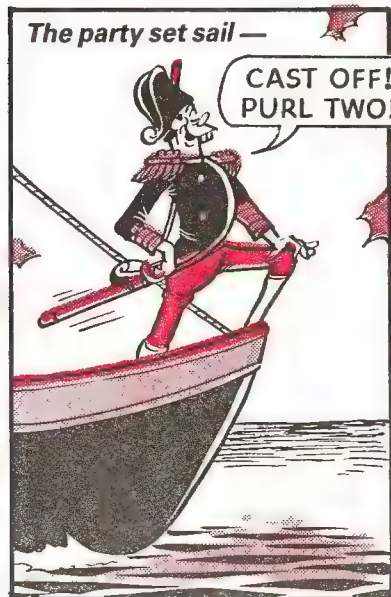
HOW'S THAT?
NAUTICALLY NATTY?

OH, NATTILY
NAUTICAL!
DEEPLY DIVINE!

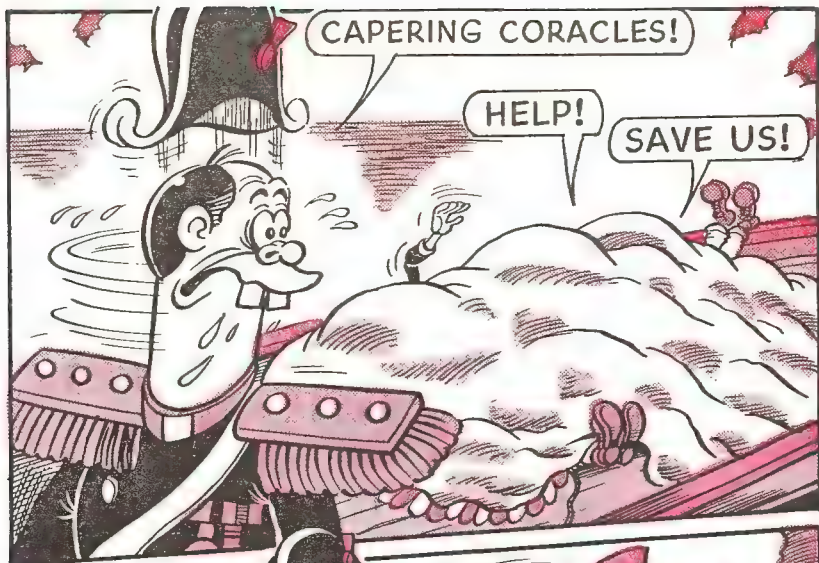
WHAT A
WALLY!

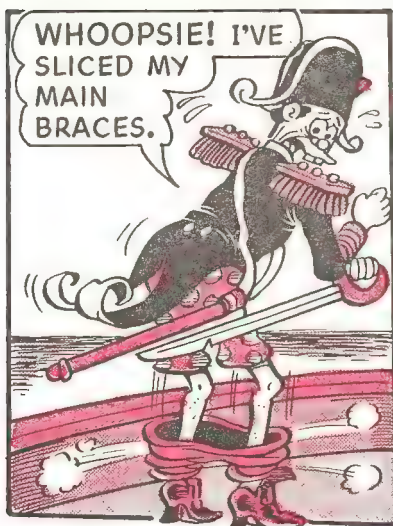


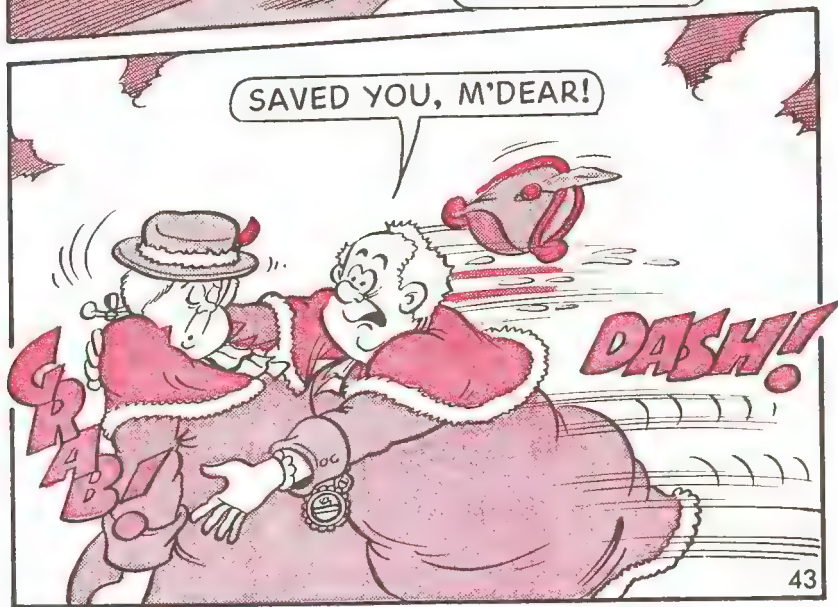
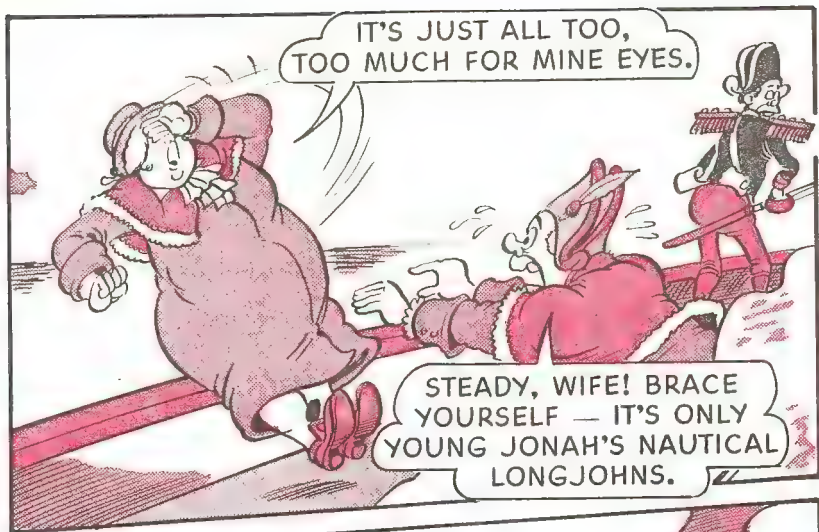






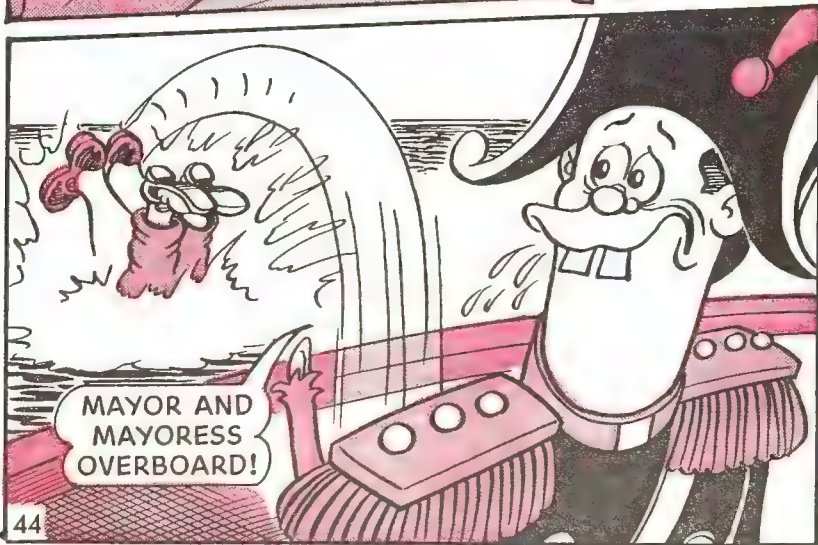


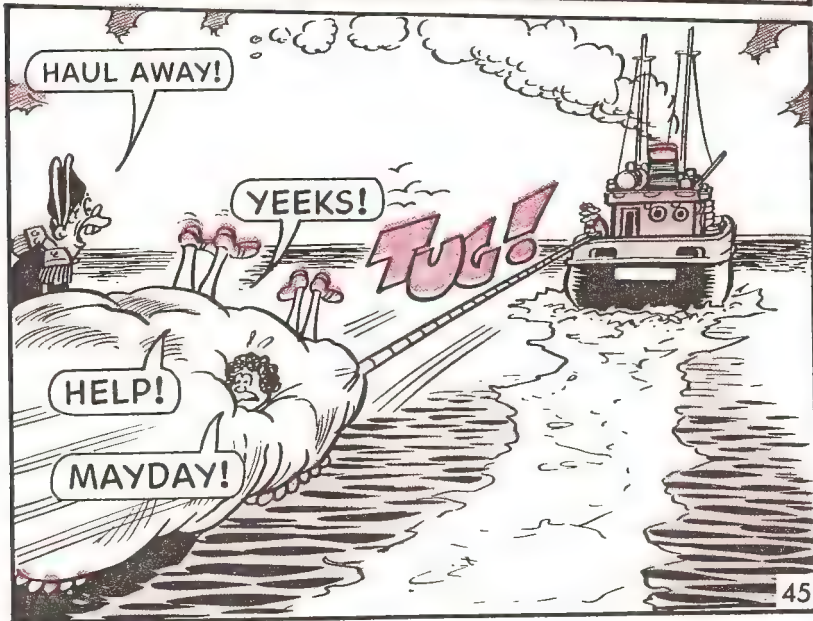


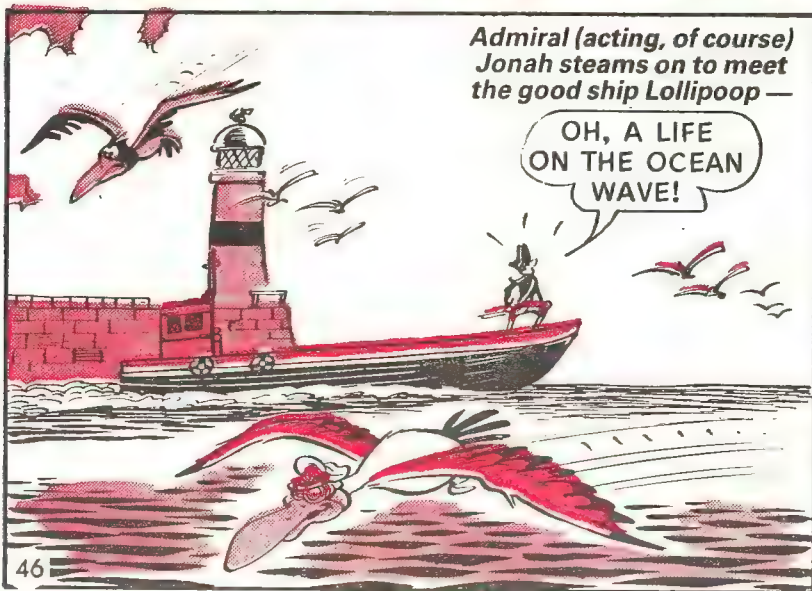
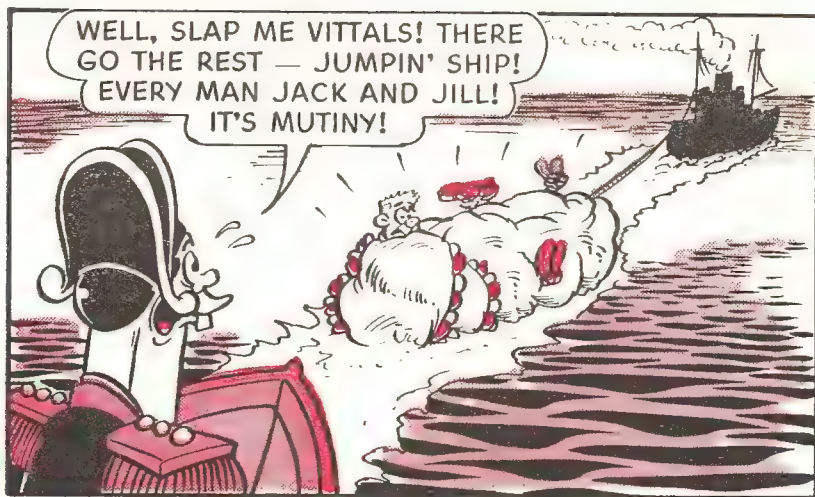


Guess who spoke too soon.
Correct! His Worshipfullness, His
Loud-mouthedness, the Mayor!

YEEKS!

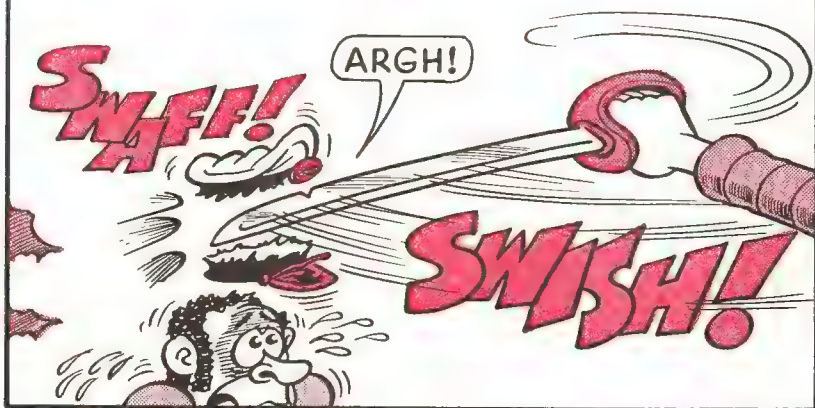


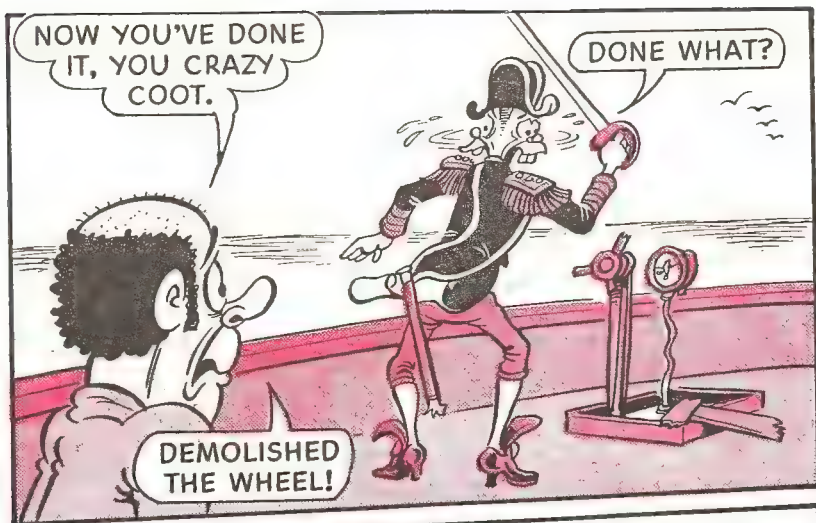


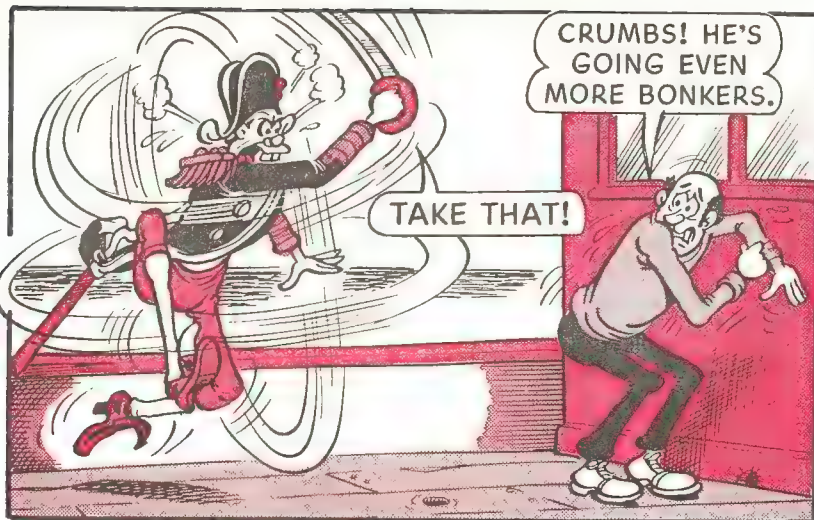


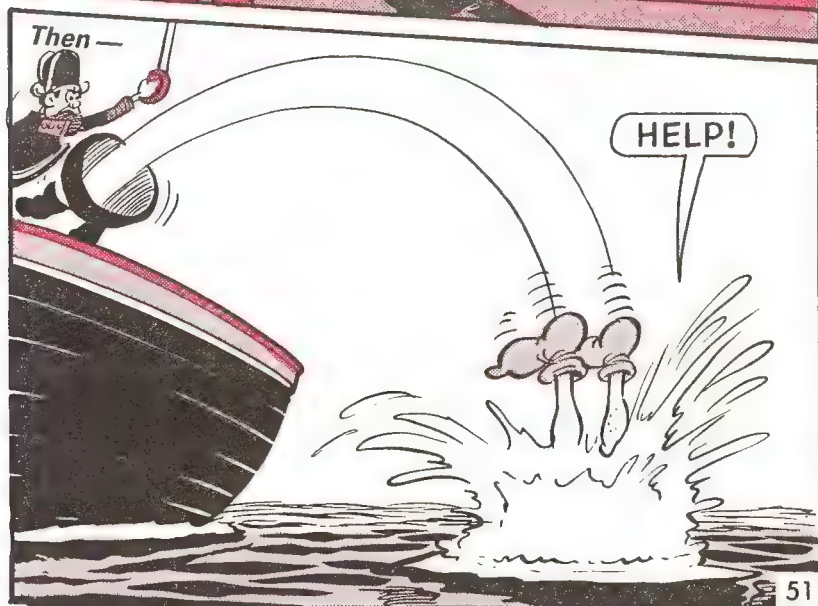


Suddenly —









THAT LEAVES ONLY ME, NOW —
ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE WELCOMING
PARTY. I'LL SAIL ON ALONE.

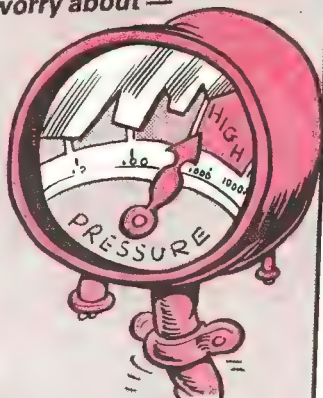


BUT THERE IS ONE TEENY-
WEENY PROBLEM ...
THERE'S NO STEERING
THINGYMA BOB.



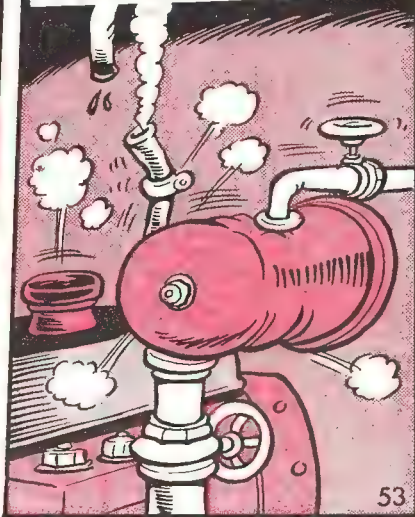


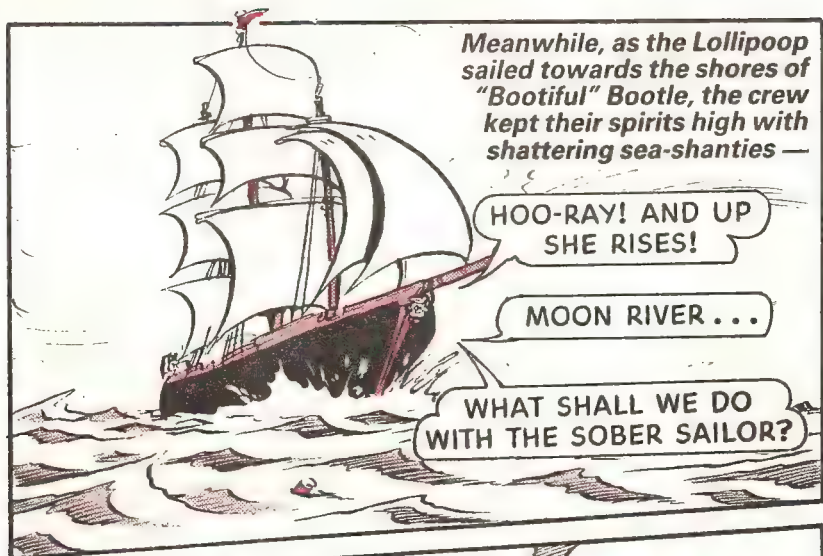
**But steering's not
all Jonah's got
to worry about —**



**A bad case of high steam
pressure — and it's
getting worse!**

**The boiler's getting
quite steamed up —**





Meanwhile, as the Lollipop sailed towards the shores of "Bootiful" Bootle, the crew kept their spirits high with shattering sea-shanties —

HOO-RAY! AND UP SHE RISES!

MOON RIVER ...

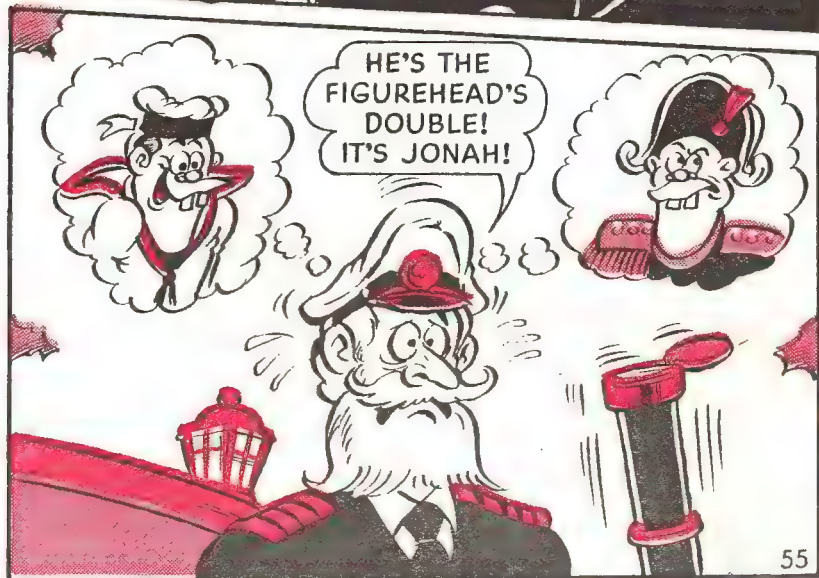
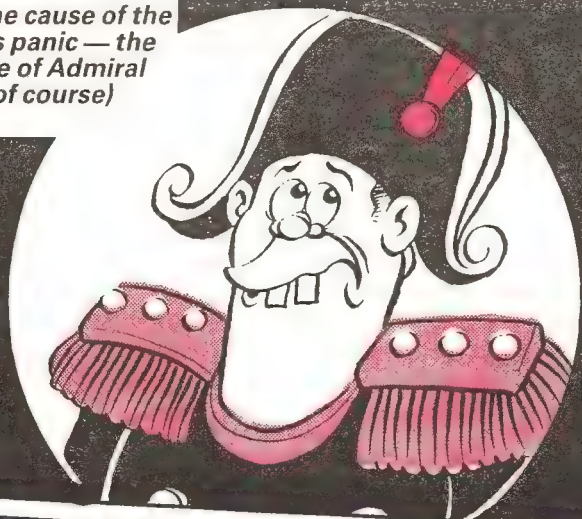
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE SOBER SAILOR?

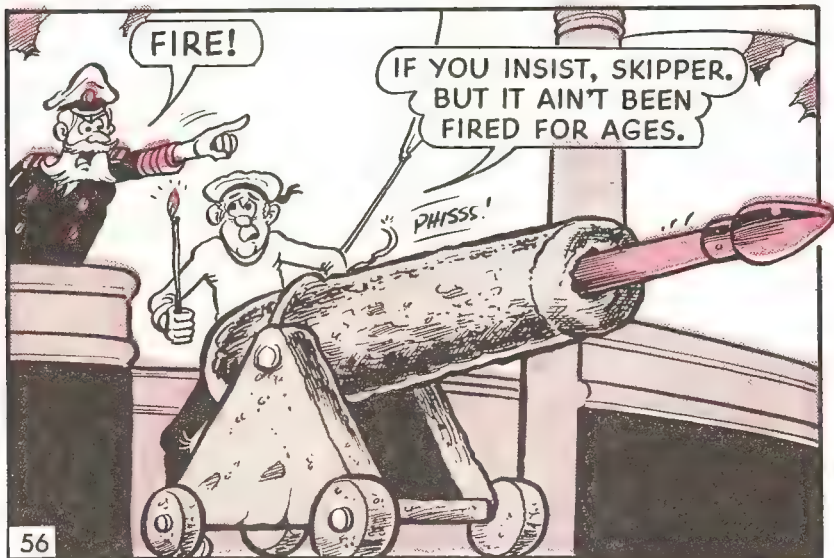
And, as the Lollipop's skipper scanned the horizon —



EMERGENCY STOP! I'VE SPOTTED A DISASTER APPROACHING ON THE PORT BOW.

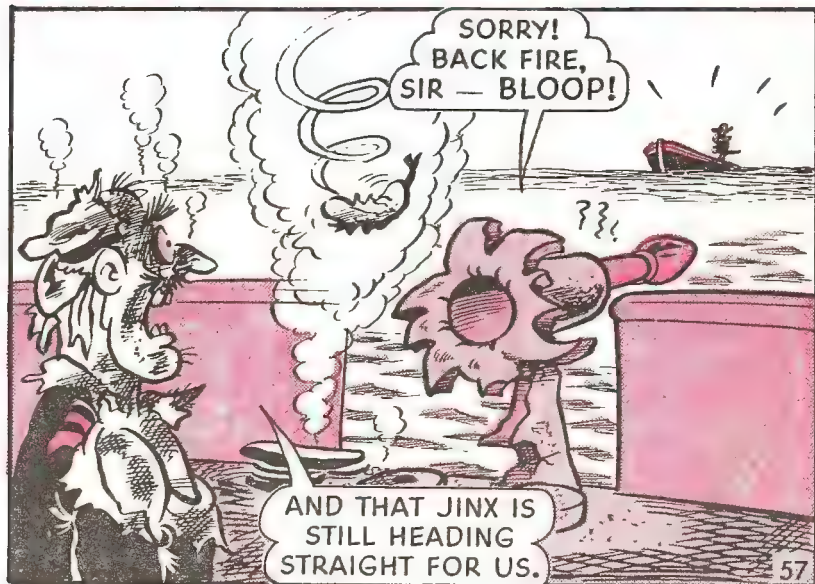
Here's the cause of the skipper's panic — the siren face of Admiral (acting, of course) Jonah!



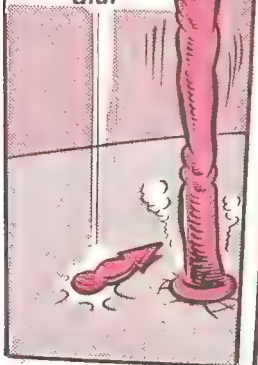


And —

KABOOM!



Just then, the
launch's steam
pressure needle
flies off the
dial —



One micro-second later —

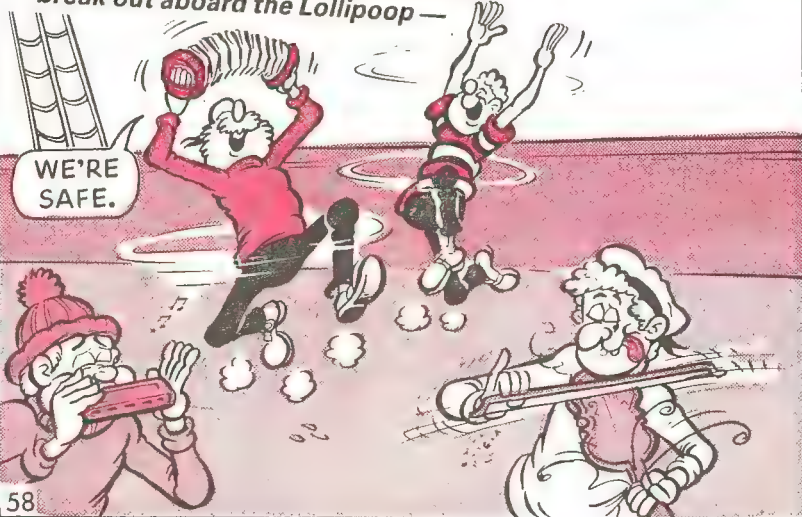


THAR SHE BLOWS!



SKIPPER! YOUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER! JONAH'S
GONE 'BYE-'BYES!

Jubilation, Jollification and Jamboree
break out aboard the Lollipop —



WE'RE
SAFE.

But —

CEASE THIS UNSEAMAN-LIKE
BEHAVIOUR — FORTHWITH!

SPOILSPORT!



Suddenly —

SQUISH!

WASSAT?



It's Jonah! You see, what goes up must come down!

LOOK OUT, BELOW! SPREAD OUT A SAFETY NET — A THICK MATTRESS — A DAMP SPONGE — ANYTHING!

IT'S A THUNDERBOLT, SKIPPER!






NO, IT'S NOT!
IT'S HIM!
JONAH!

PHEW! THAT WAS A
CLOSE SHAVE. HE
COULD'VE SUNK US.

ESPECIALLY IF
HE'D LANDED ON
US HEADFIRST!



MAN THE OARS.
LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE FAST.

WE DON'T WANT TO BE
AROUND WHEN HE COMES
TO THE SURFACE. X



IN, OUT!

IN, OUT!

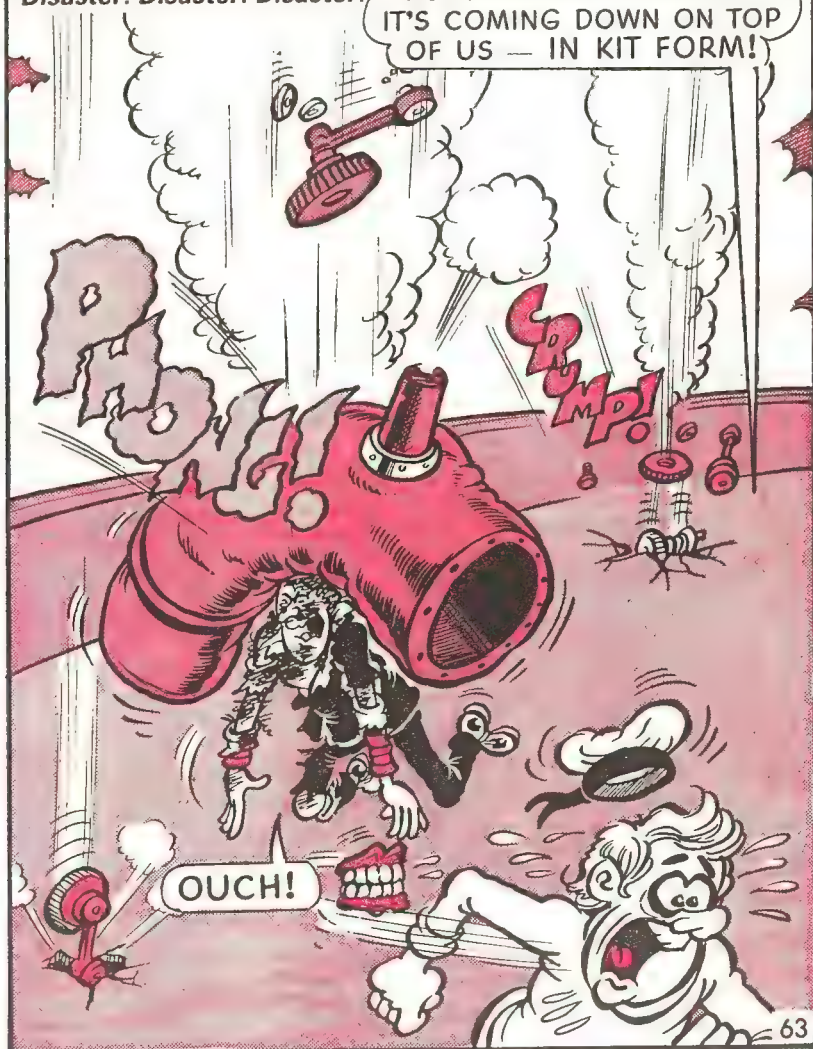
OUT, IN!

OUT, IN!

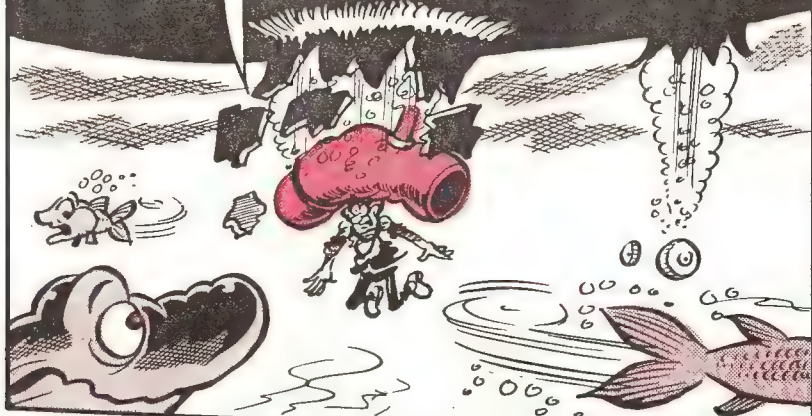
GET IT RIGHT,
MURPHY!

Disaster! Disaster! Disaster!

**RUN! IT'S THAT LAUNCH!
IT'S COMING DOWN ON TOP
OF US — IN KIT FORM!**



BOO-HOO-HOO! I'M
GOING DOWN WITHOUT
MY SHIP.

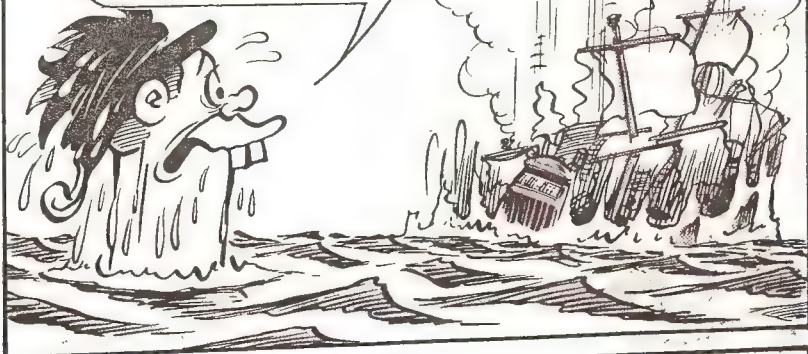


**Seconds later, you-know-who
(Admiral, acting, of course), surfaces —**



*—Just in time to see the second
sinking of the poor ship Lollipop!*

THAT'S FUNNY! I
DIDN'T KNOW THE LOLLIPOOP
WAS A SUBMARINE.



*Meanwhile, on shore, the impatient
crowd awaits the arrival of
their heroic vessel.*

WHAT'S HOLDING HER UP?

NOT A LOT, IF MY
WORST SUSPICIONS
ARE CORRECT.

LOOK! A TRAIL
OF BUBBLES. WHAT
IS IT?



*It's Jonah, shipmates! Jonah,
the face that sank a thousand ships —
and in one case sank
the same ship twice!*



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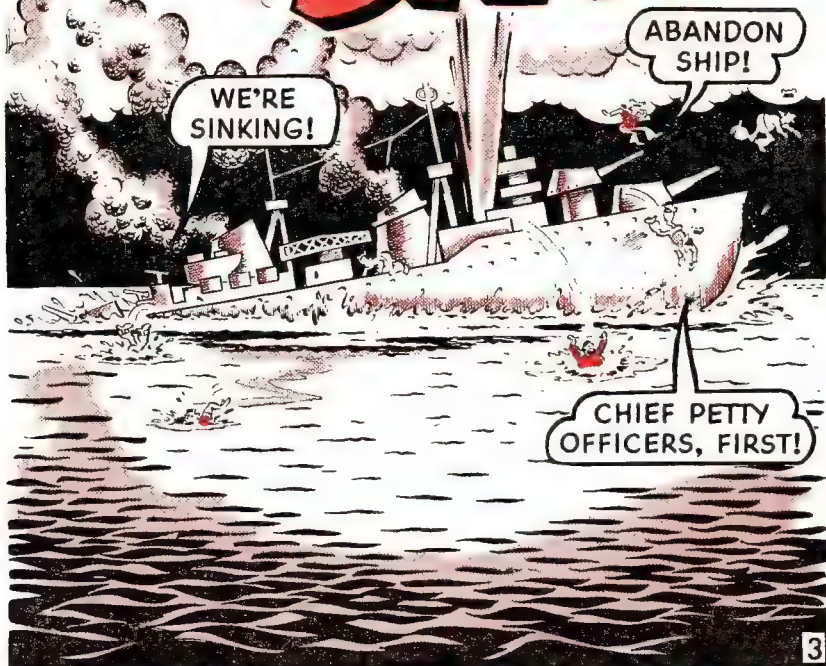
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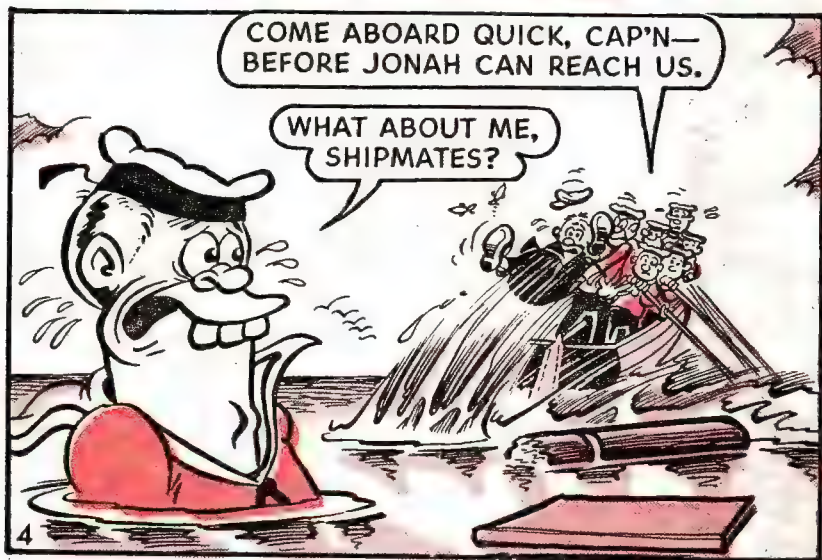
JONAH *in* DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!



01

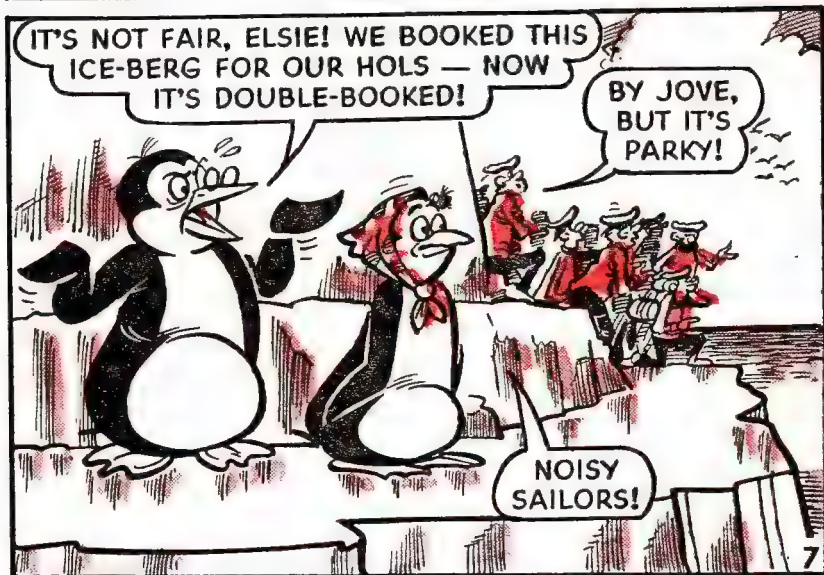
JONAH *in* "DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!"







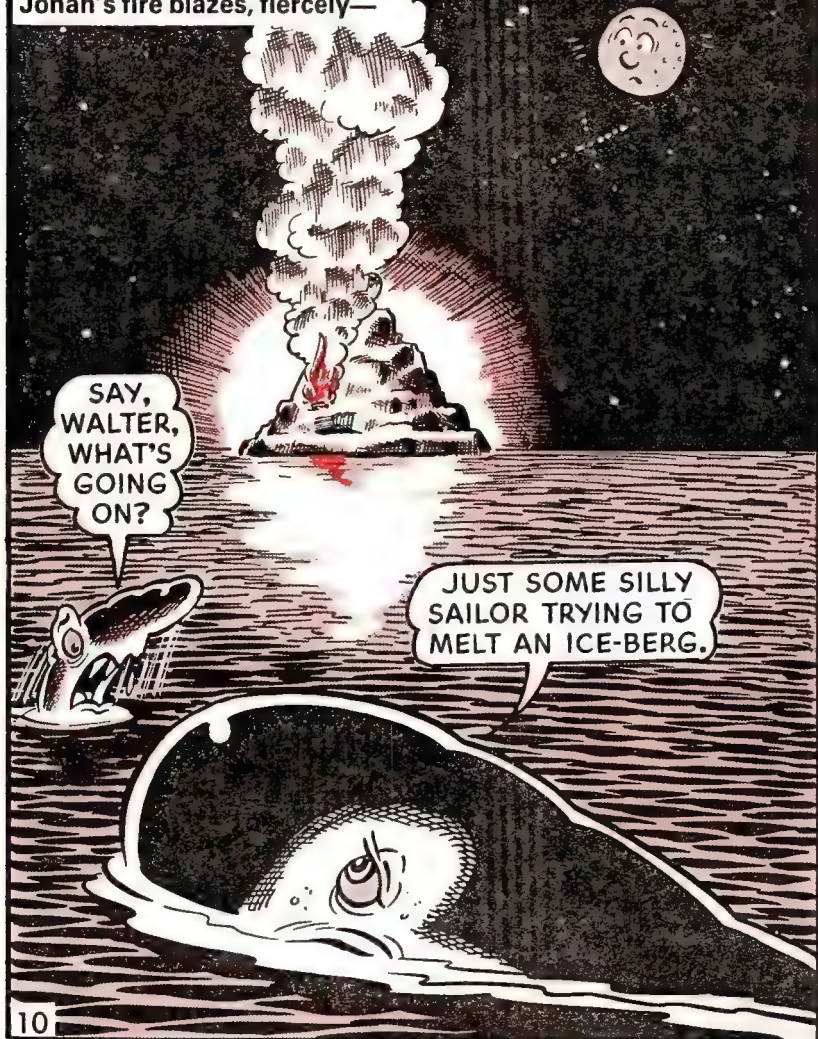








And all through the Antarctic night,
Jonah's fire blazes, fiercely—



SAY,
WALTER,
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

JUST SOME SILLY
SAILOR TRYING TO
MELT AN ICE-BERG.

And melt it he has—

FOOL!

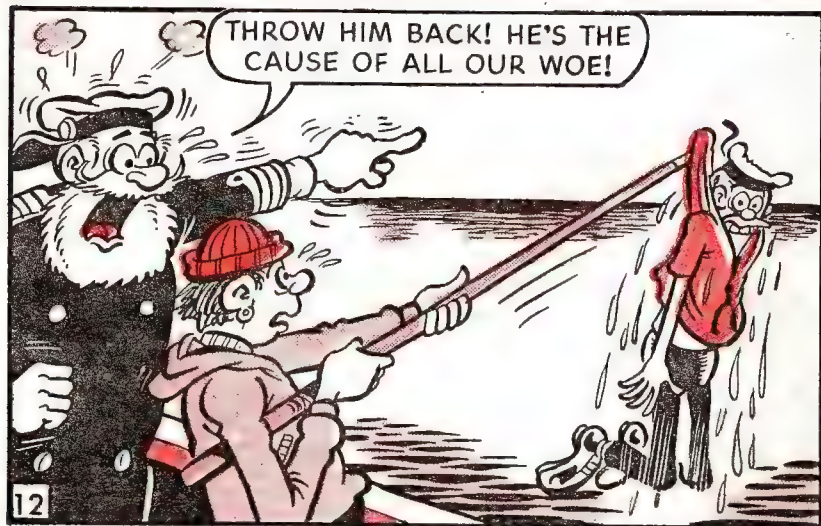
IDIOT!

NUTTER!

I WAS ONLY TRYING TO
KEEP WARM, LADS!

A few hours later—

STICK TO YOUR FLOES! SHIP
ON THE PORT BEAM!



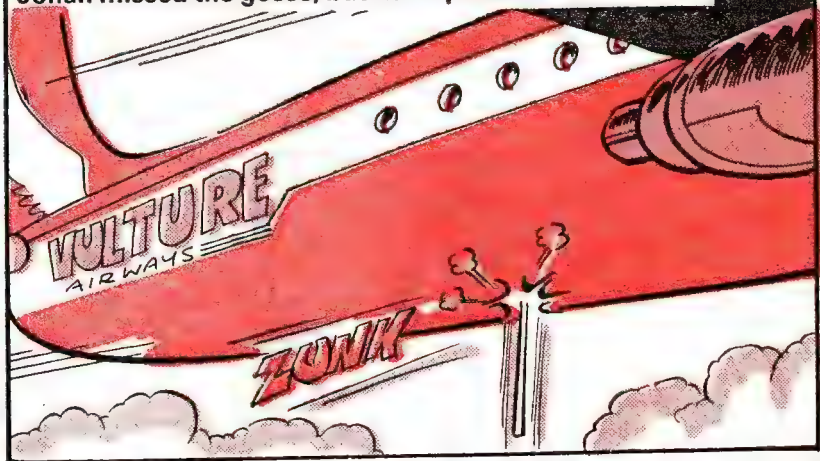








Jonah missed the geese, but he's "potted" an airliner!



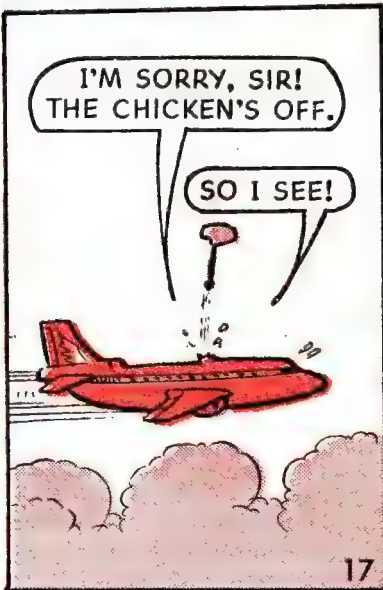
And inside—

YOUR CHICKEN,
SIR — OW!

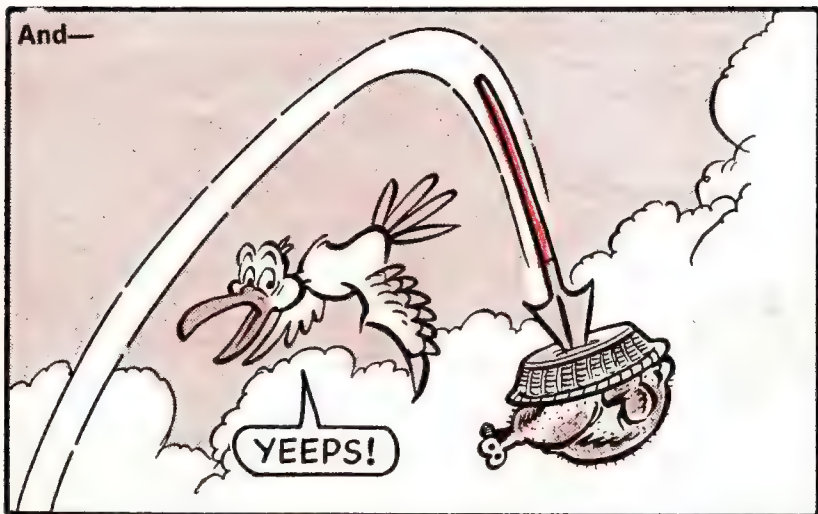


I'M SORRY, SIR!
THE CHICKEN'S OFF.

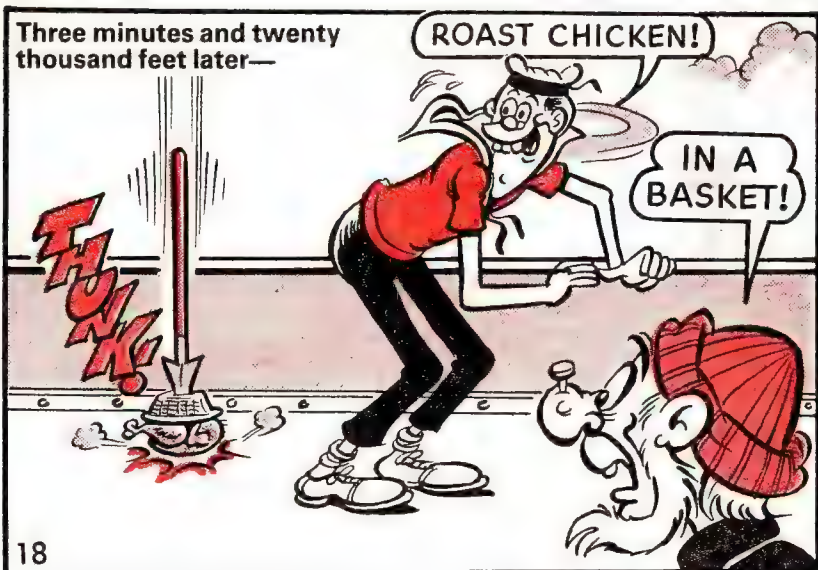
SO I SEE!

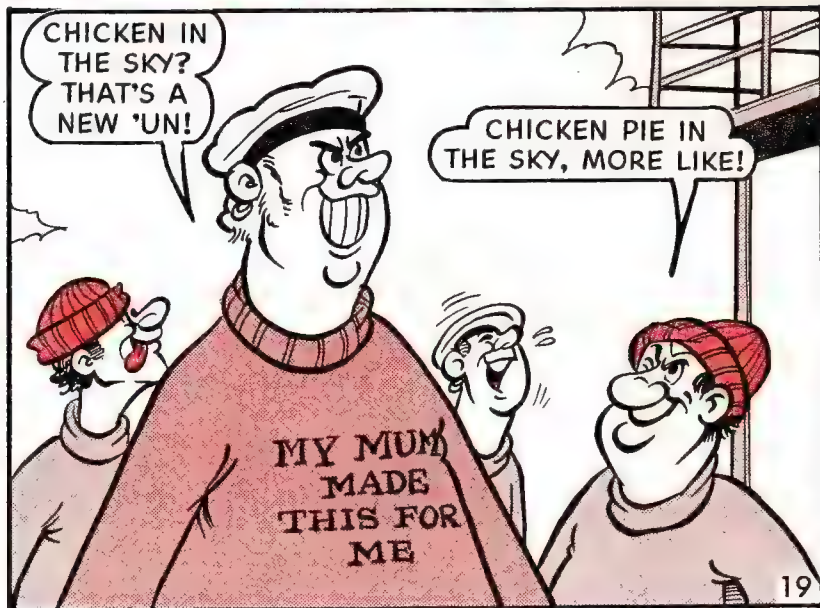


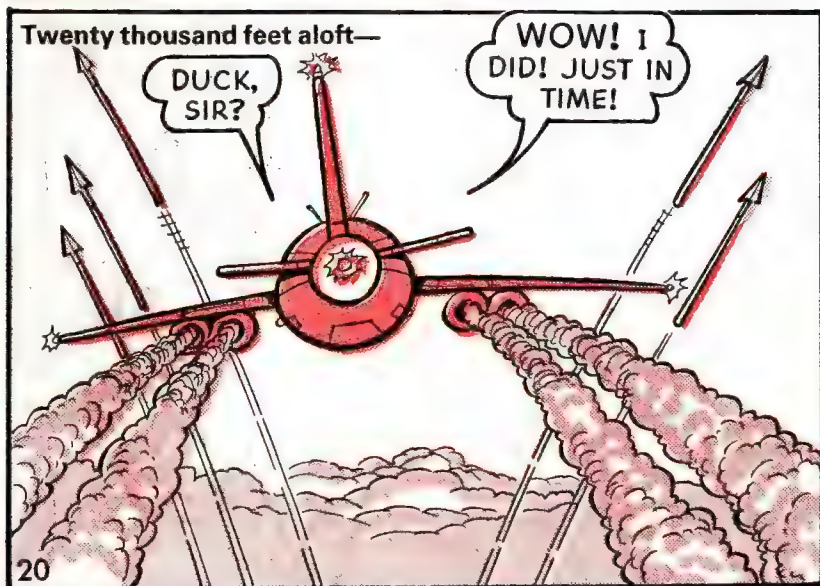
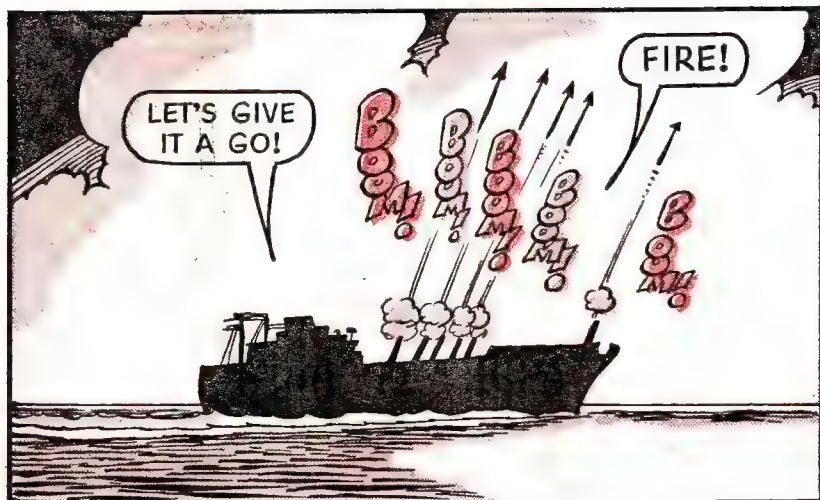
And—



Three minutes and twenty thousand feet later—







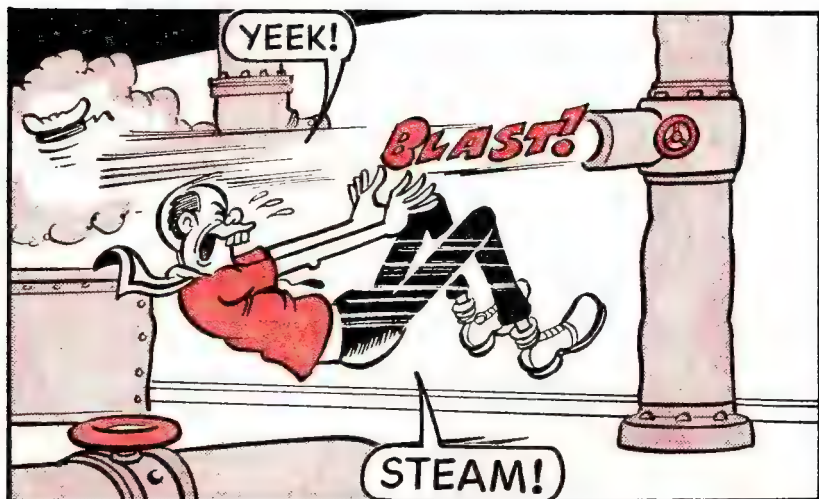
Meanwhile, Jonah's been given duties in the engine room—

PHEW! IT'S HOT
DOWN HERE!

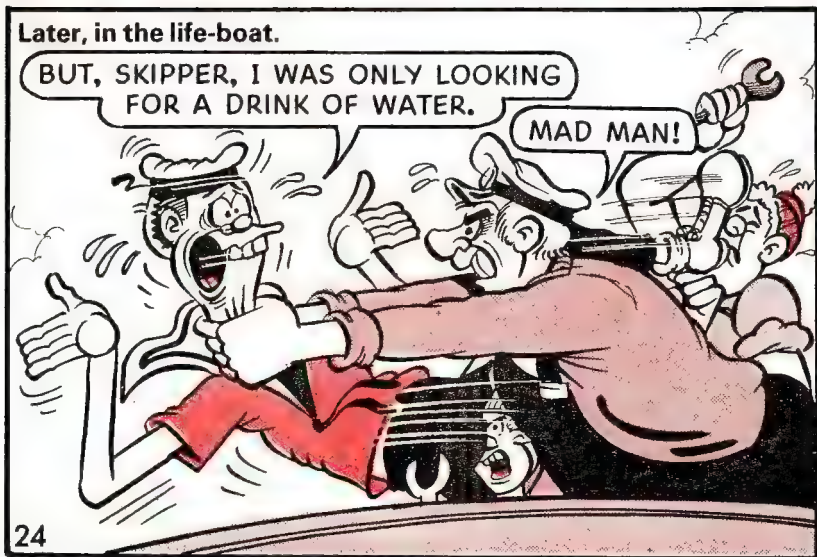
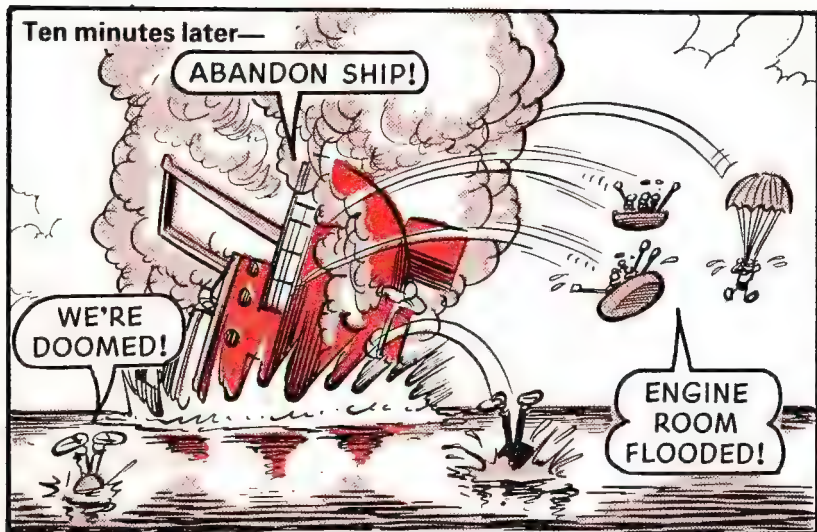


I COULD DO WITH A DRINK.
WHICH IS THE COLD TAP?











The crew are winched aboard—
all except you-know-who!

SHIVERING SCUTTLES!
THEY ALMOST WENT
WITHOUT ME.



Ashore, on a nearby island—

GOOD NEWS, LADS! WE CAN FLY OUT
OF HERE ON A PLANE THAT'S JUST
MADE AN EMERGENCY LANDING.

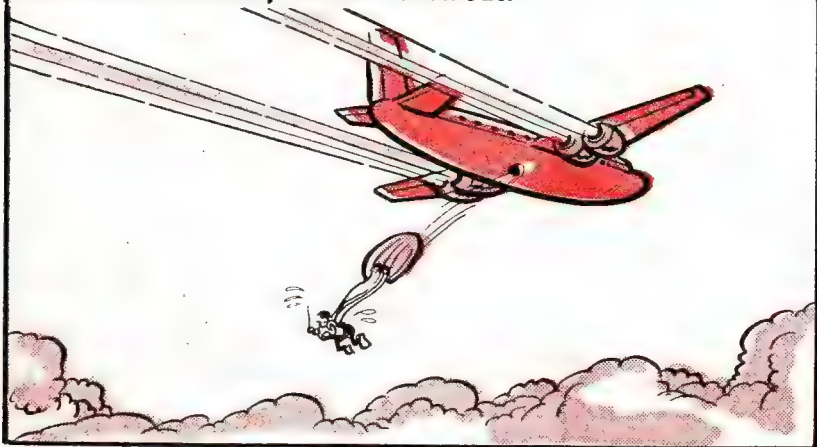






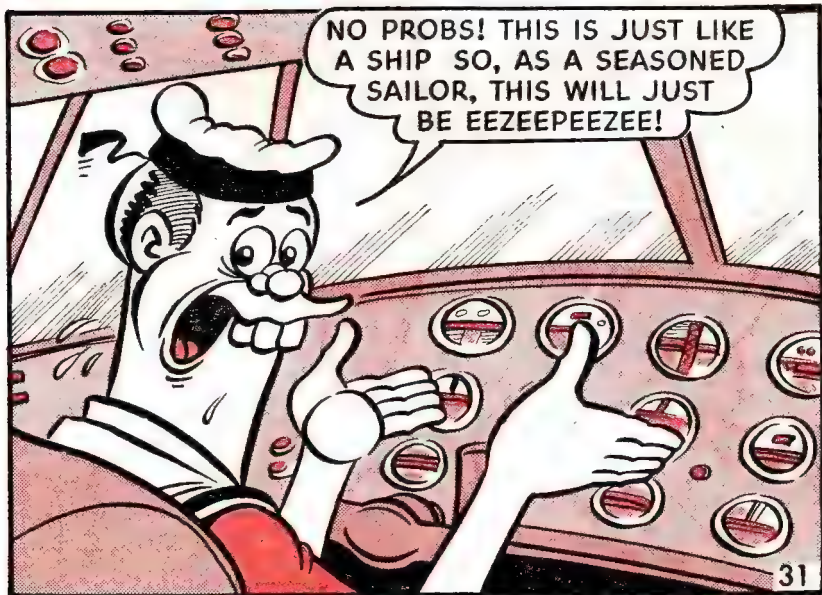


Goodness! Have they thrown Jonah out?



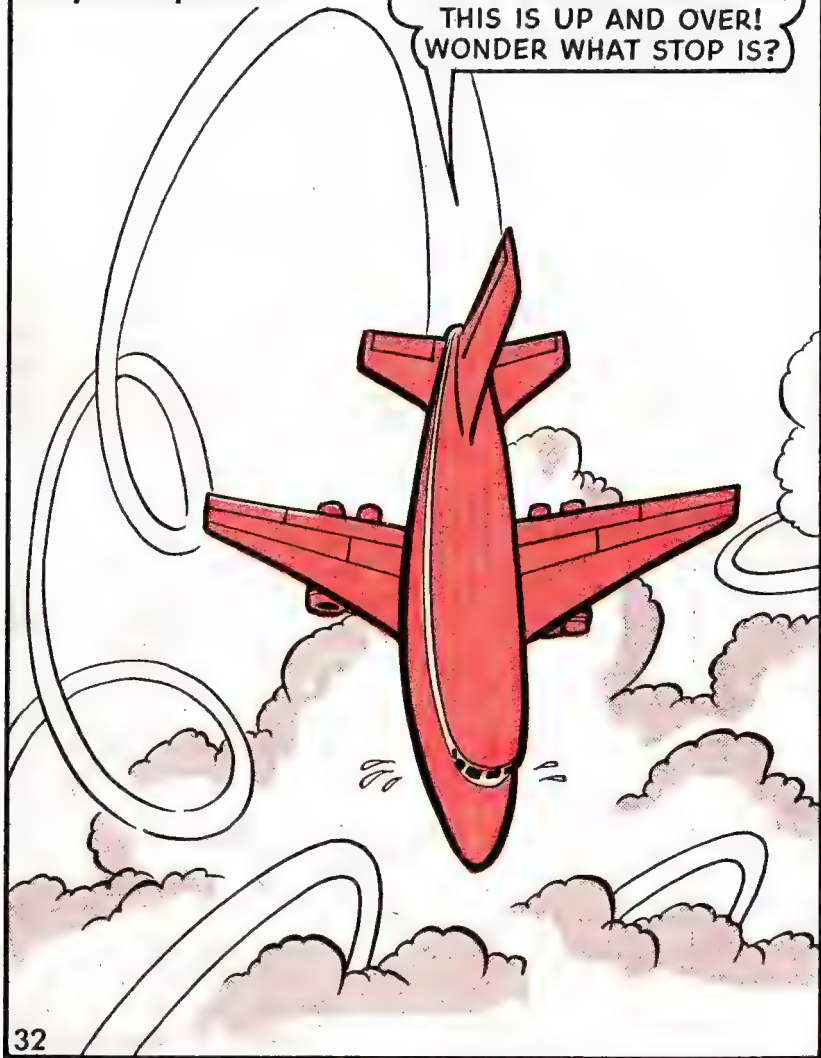
No! Everyone else has thrown themselves out!

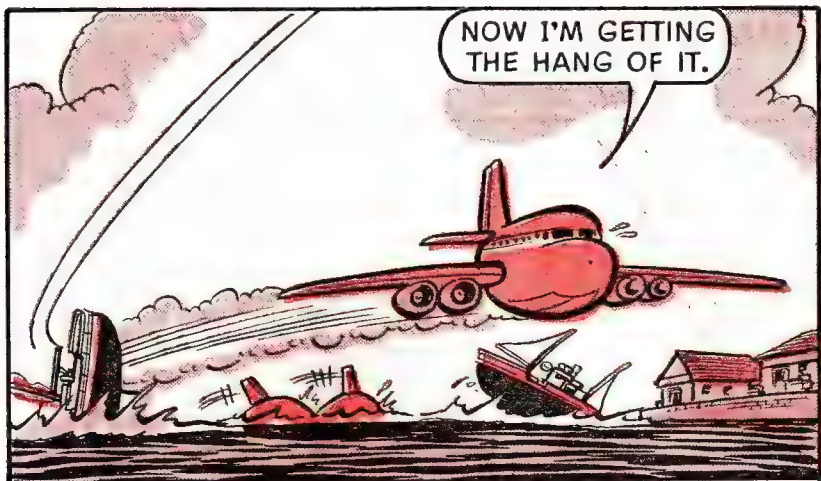




Very eezeeppeeze!

THAT'S DOWN! THAT'S UP!
THIS IS UP AND OVER!
WONDER WHAT STOP IS?





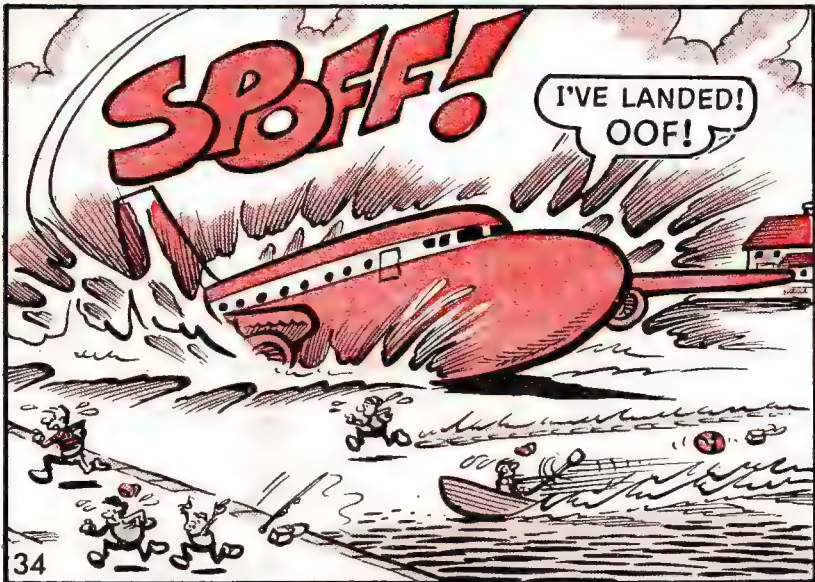
MAY DAY! S.O.S. PERMISSION
TO DOCK — ER — LAND! I'M
COMING DOWN ANYWAY! SO THERE!

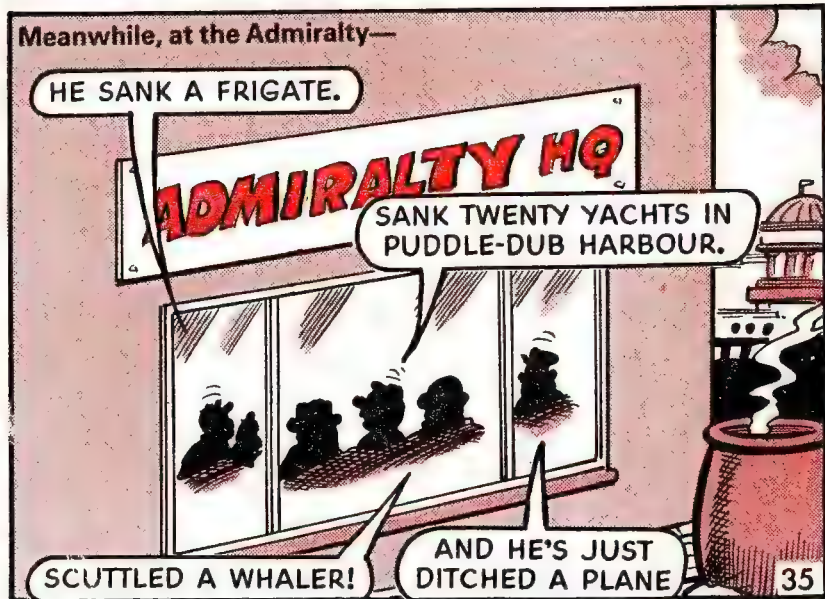
VROOM!

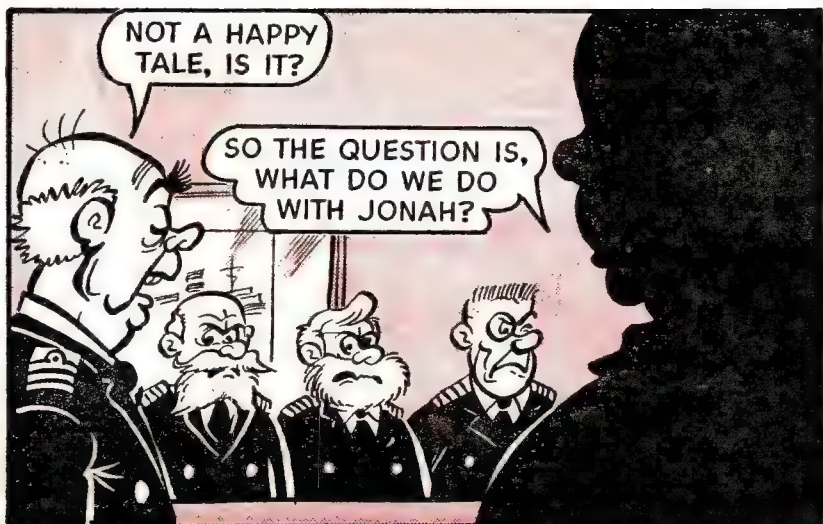


SPOFF!

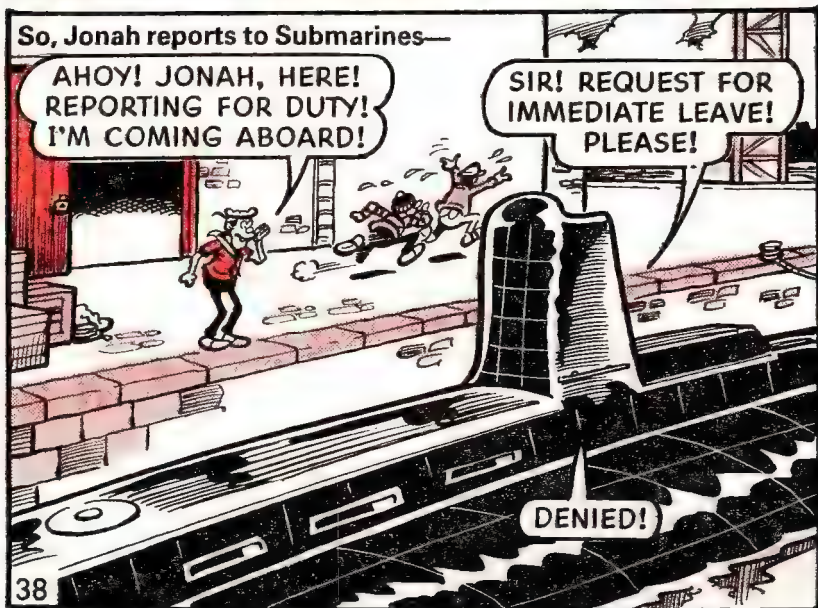
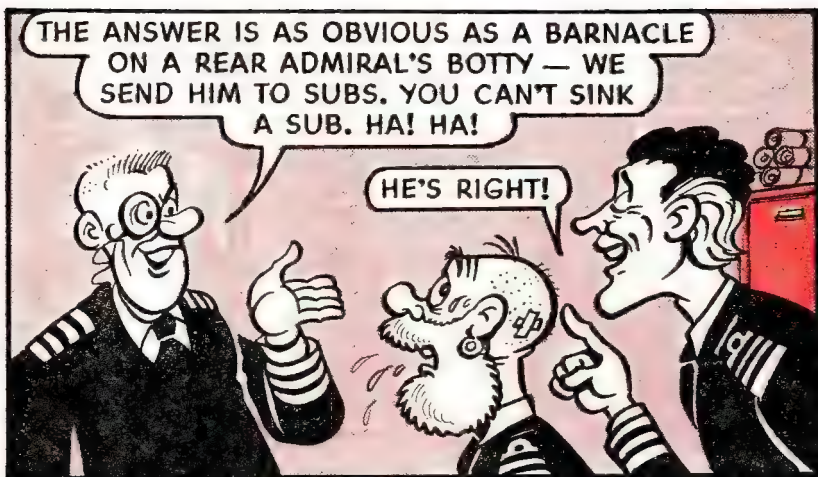
I'VE LANDED!
OOF!



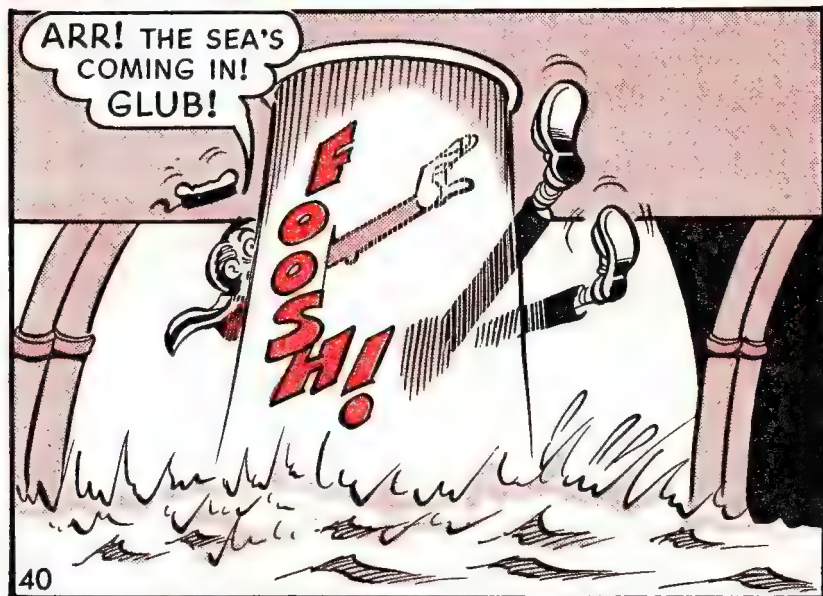


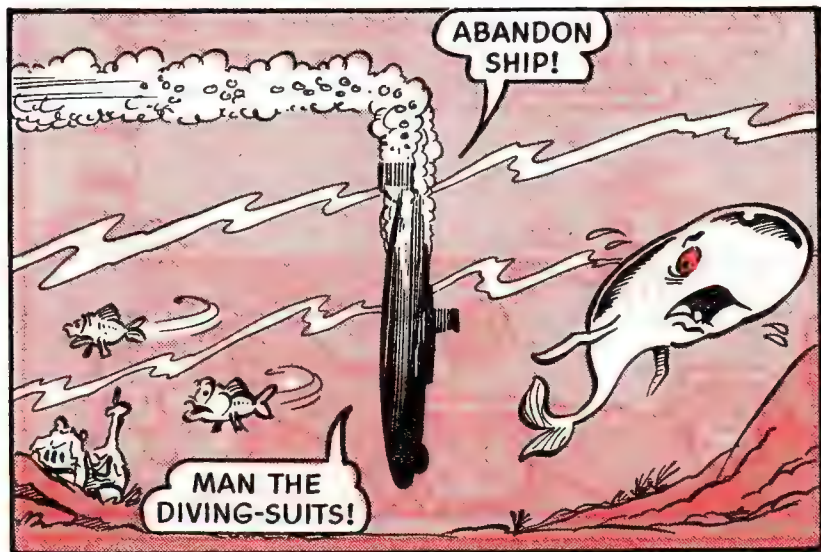














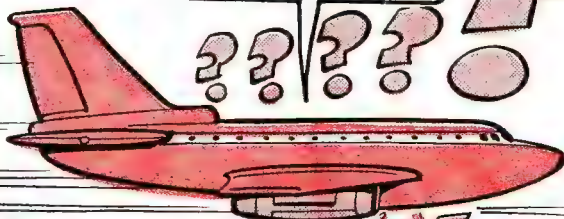


Thirty thousand feet above,
it's Vulture Airways again!

YOUR DUCK, SIR!

?? ? ?

?



WHERE?

THUNK!



ZZNKK!

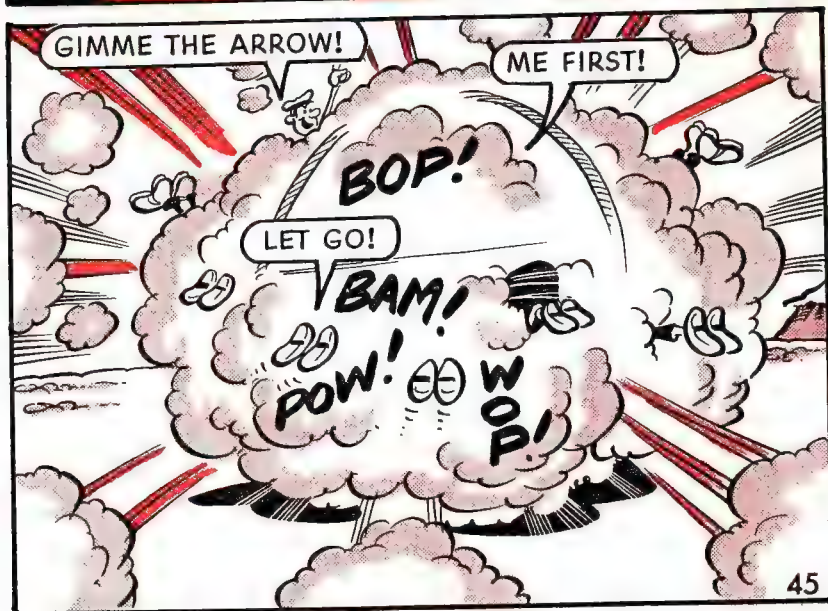
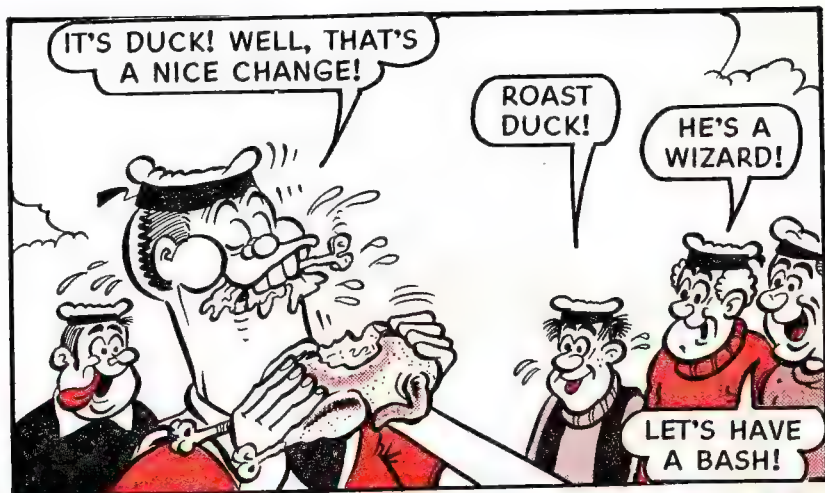
YOW!

And—

WHAT A
SHOT, EH?



FWHUP!



Meanwhile on a nearby beach—

WHERE'S MY DUCK, STEWARDESS?

SORRY, SIR —
IT'S OFF WHILE WE
DO AN EMERGENCY LANDING
FOR REPAIRS.

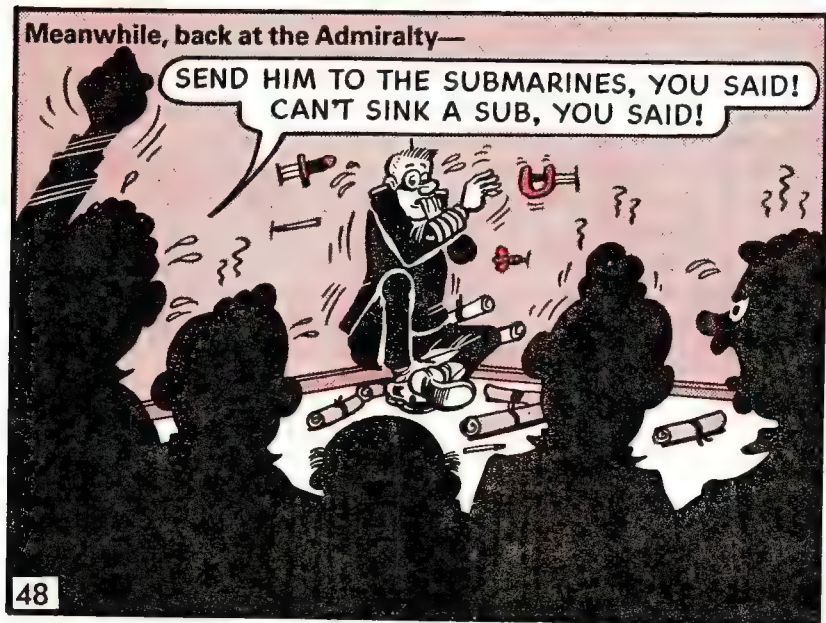
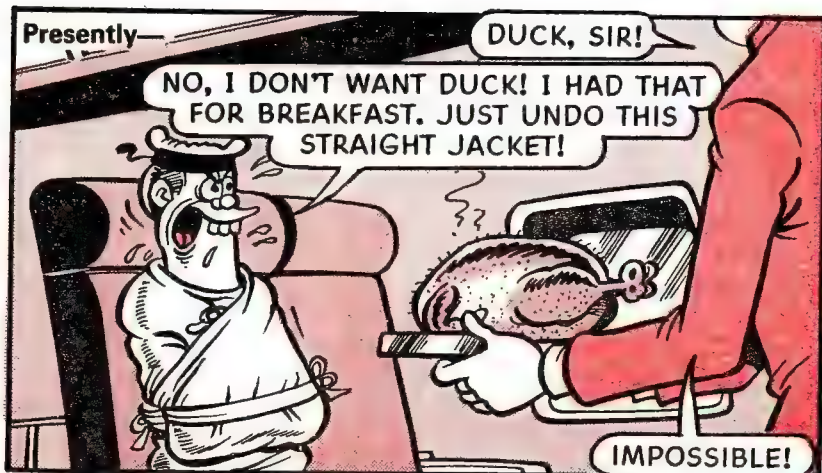
SCREECH!

The airliner's captain meets
the sub's commander—

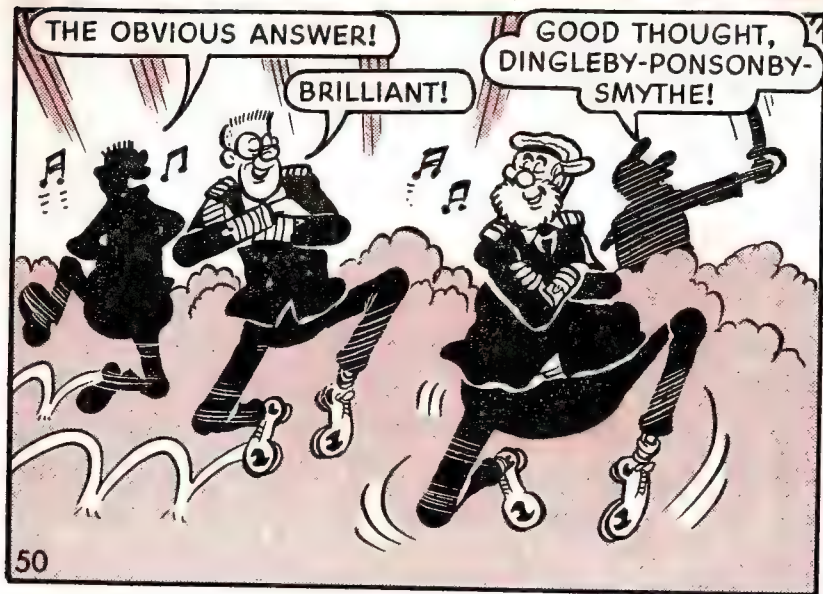
SURE, WE CAN GIVE YOU A LIFT, ONCE
WE'VE REPAIRED OUR FUSELAGE.

OH, OH!
IT'S THAT
PILOT
AGAIN!









And so, it came to pass, that Jonah duly reported to H.M.S. Lazy Hammock—

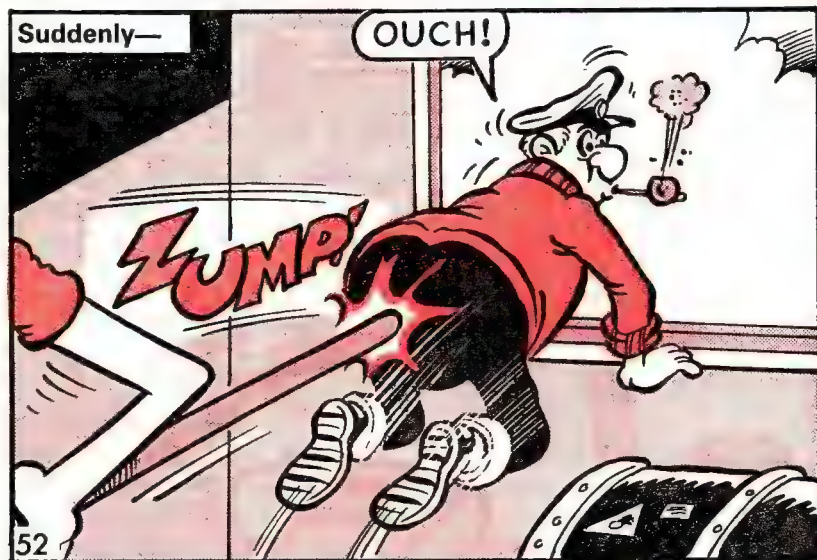
IT'S AN OLD SALTS' HOME! I'VE BEEN SPECIALLY PICKED FOR THIS DUTY.

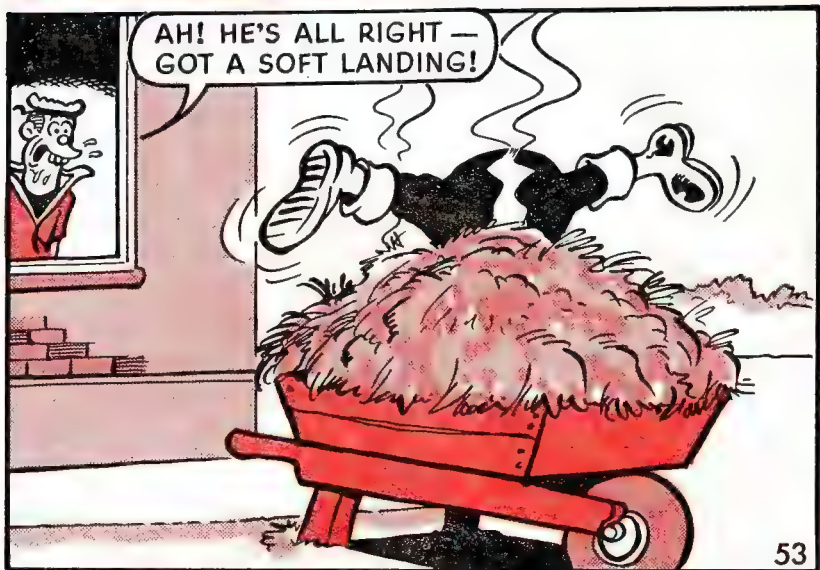
HMS
LAZY HAMMOCK
OLD
SALTS'
HOME

JONAH, REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR.

NOW HEAR THIS, WHATEVER YOU DO — DON'T! ASK ME FIRST!

JONAH
DANGER





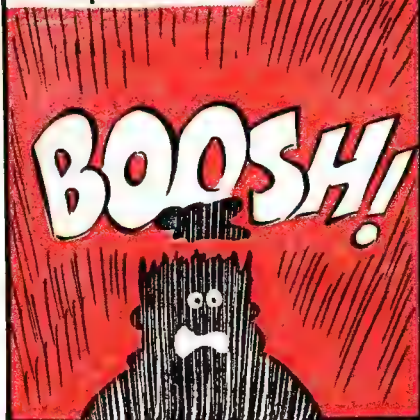




Ahoy, Cap'n! Lift your foot!



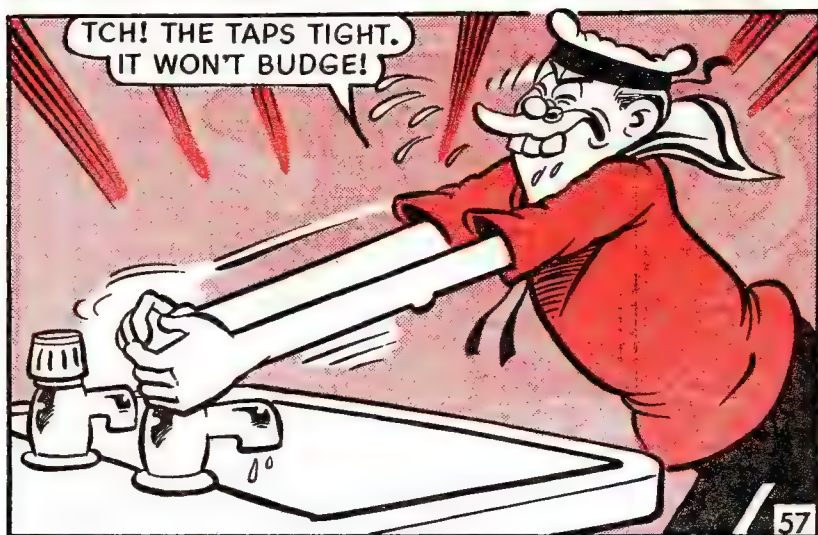
Too late! The hose
has exploded!

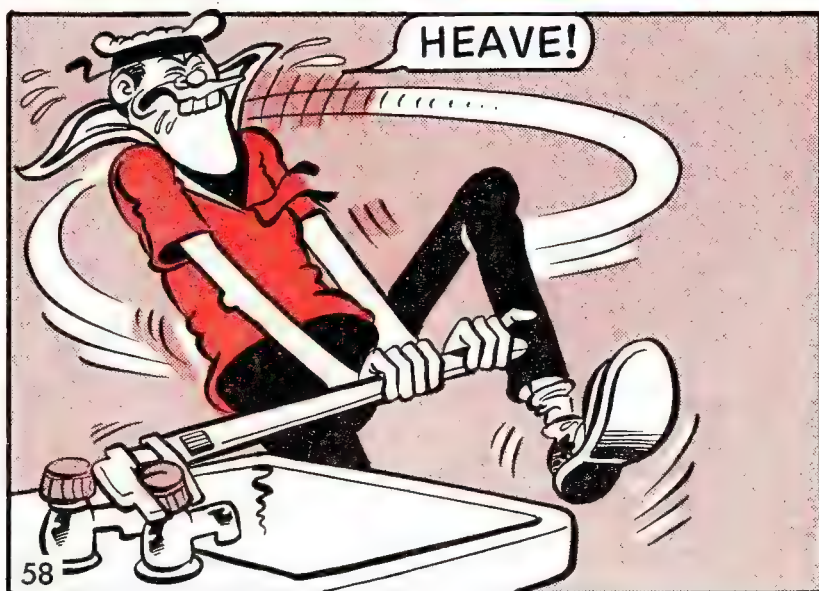


I SAY! THAT WAS A BIT OF LUCK!
WE'VE BEEN SENT INDOORS JUST
BEFORE THE RAIN CAME ON!

GRR!











Back at the Admiralty—

COULDN'T SINK AN OLD SALTS'
HOME, EH? WELL, HE DID!

BYE!

I ACCEPT
RESPONSIBILITY!
I'LL DO THE HONOURABLE
THING!



Then up speaks the office charlady.

YOU KNOW, WE HAD ONE JUST LIKE HIM IN OUR FAMILY. RAVING NUTTER! THOUGHT HE WAS NAPOLEON! WE CURED HIM.

YES?

HOW?



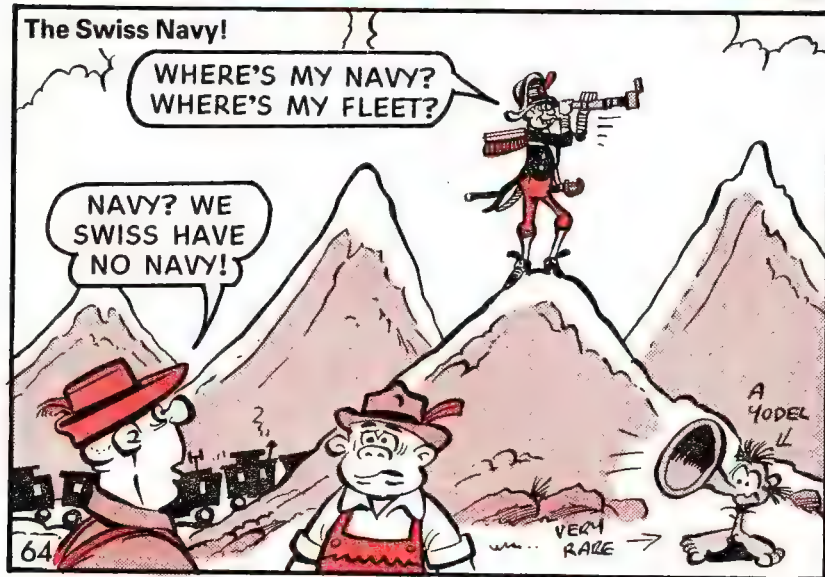
WHISPER!
WHISPER!

INDEED!



And so, a few days later, an airmail for Jonah—





Presently—

I'M HERE TO TAKE CHARGE OF
THE NAVY, SO IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE!

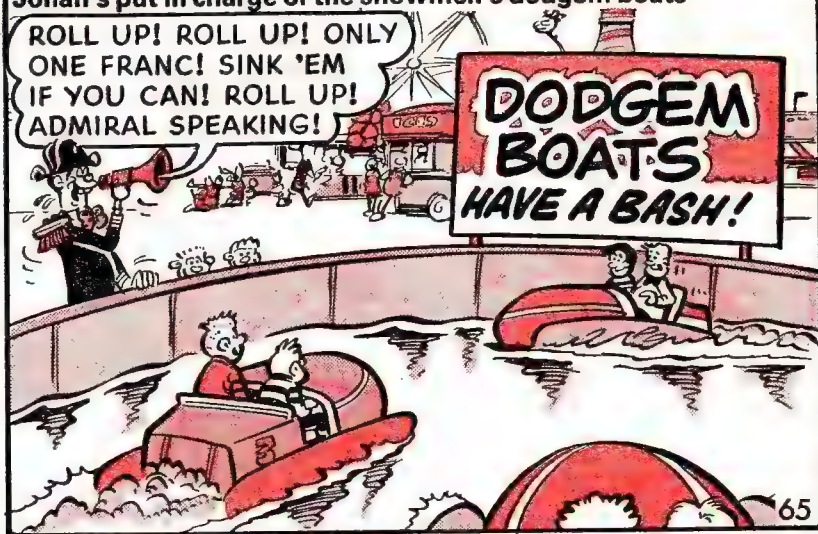
NAVAL BLOKE, ARE YOU? JUST
THE CHAP WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



Jonah's put in charge of the showmen's dodgem boats—

ROLL UP! ROLL UP! ONLY
ONE FRANC! SINK 'EM
IF YOU CAN! ROLL UP!
ADMIRAL SPEAKING!

**DODGEM
BOATS
HAVE A BASH!**



Back at the Admiralty—

WE'VE GOT RID OF JONAH!

HOORAY!



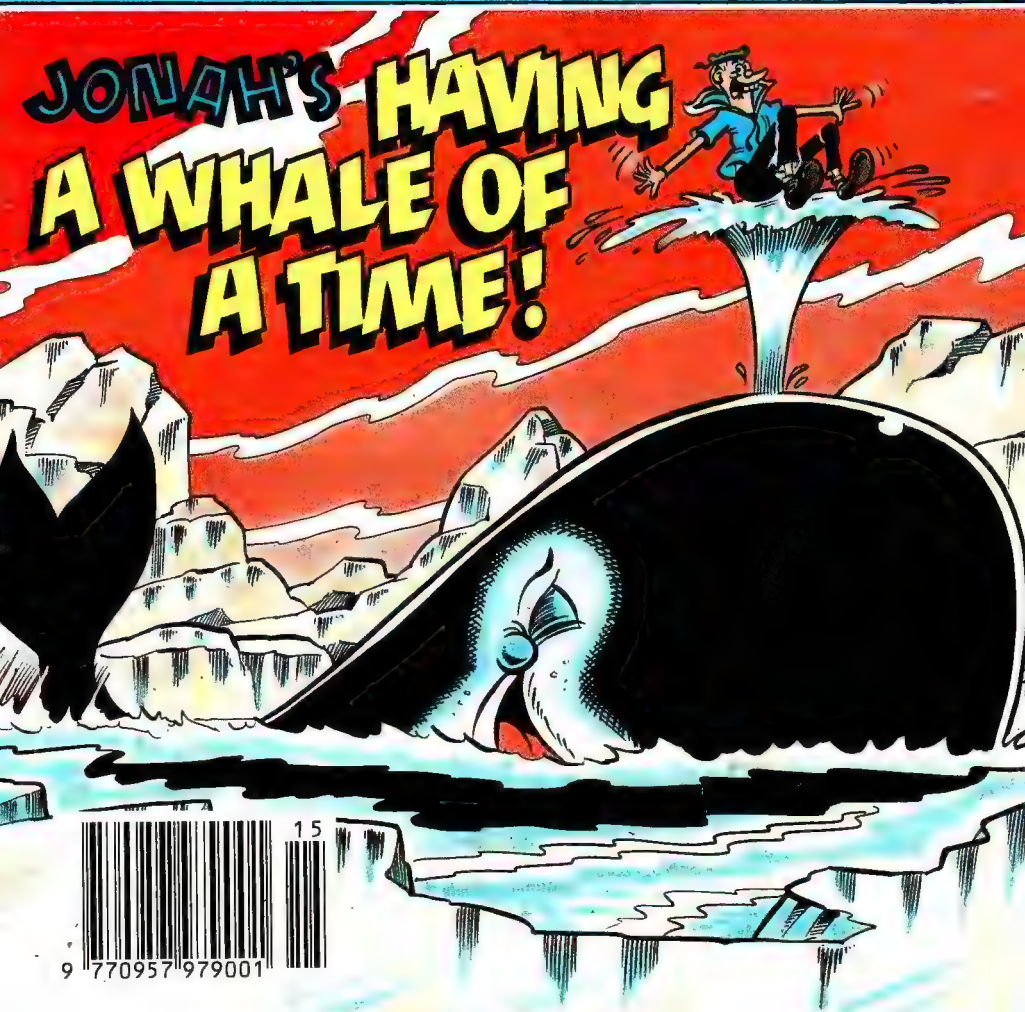
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BEANO

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32p

JONAH'S HAVING
A WHALE OF
A TIME!



9 770957 979001

"HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME!"

Jonah, Jinx and Terror
of all Seafaring Souls
is ashore helping
at his Dad's shop—

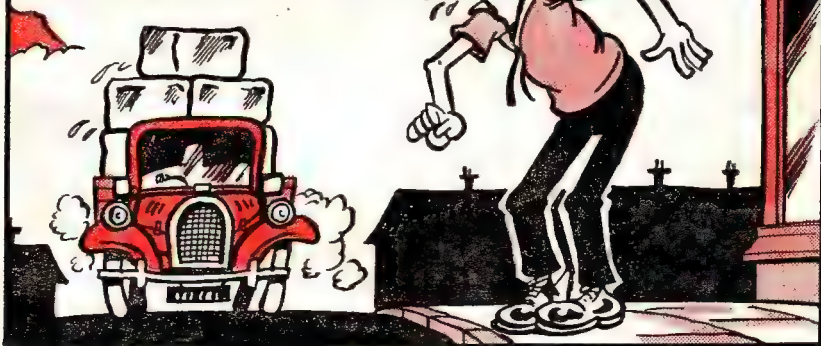
JONAH &
FISHMONGER

I HOPE DAD'S NEW SUPPLY
OF ICE ARRIVES BEFORE
HIS FISH GO OFF. IT'S
A PROPER SCORCHER TODAY.



Suddenly—

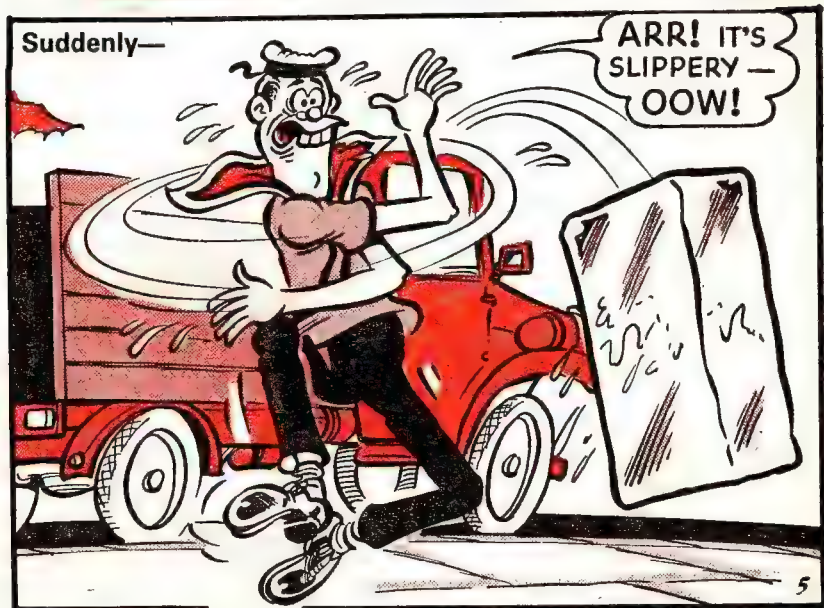
OH, GOOD! THE ICE-MAN
COMETH. I'LL GIVE HIM A
HAND TO UNLOAD.

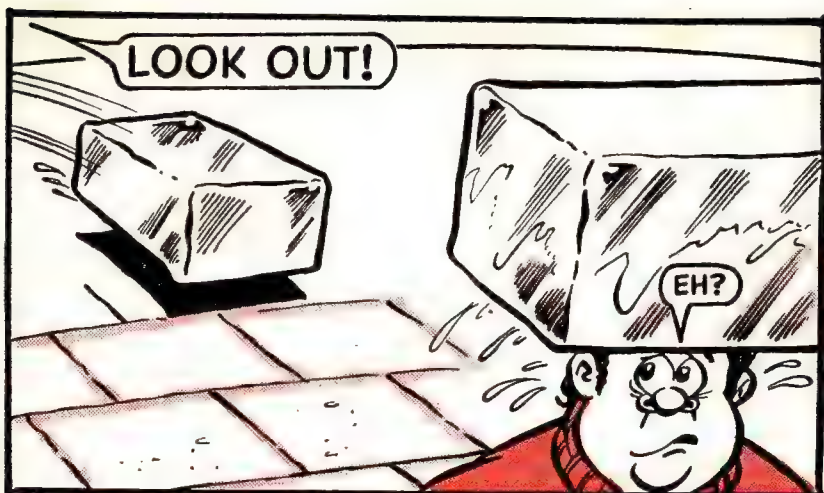


I CAN ONLY SPARE YOUR
DAD TWO BLOCKS.

BRR! IT'S
FREEZING!



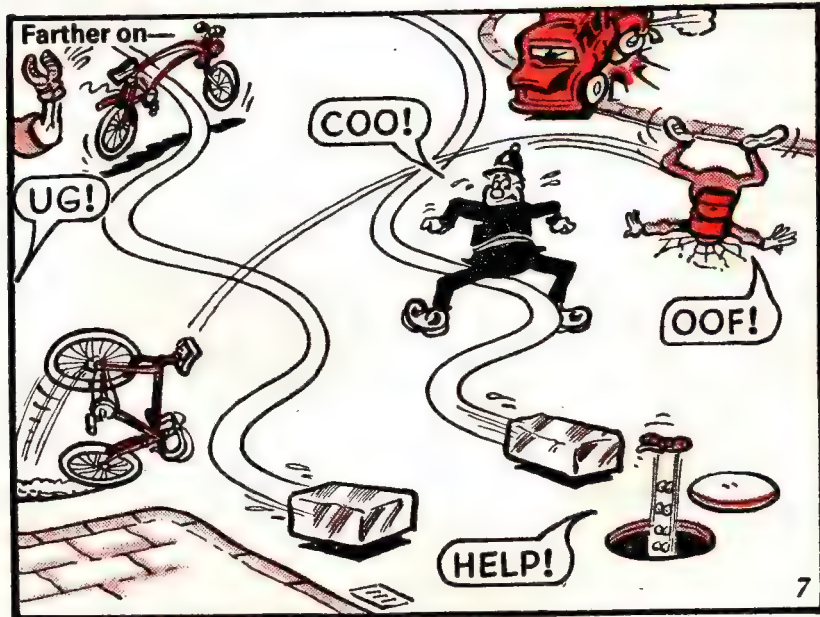




But it doesn't miss everyone!



Farther on—



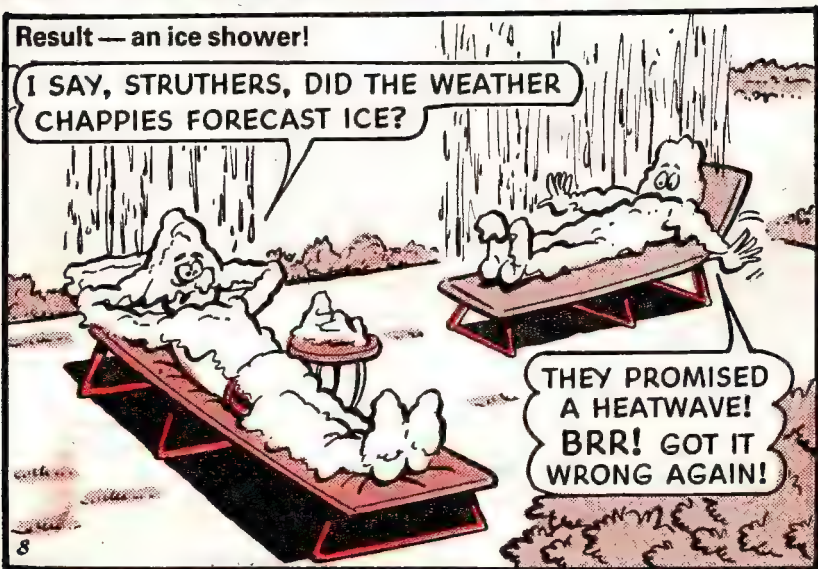
Finally — the ice blocks shatter
against a lamp-post.

**KRUMP!
CRASH!**

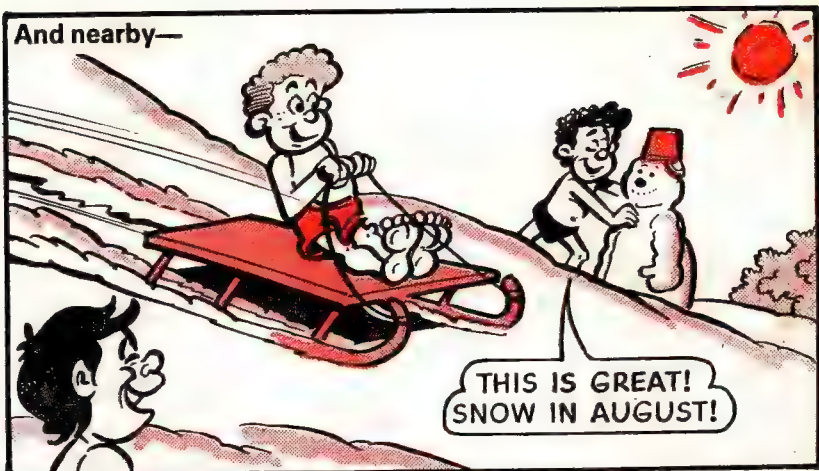


Result — an ice shower!

I SAY, STRUTHERS, DID THE WEATHER
CHAPPIES FORECAST ICE?



And nearby—

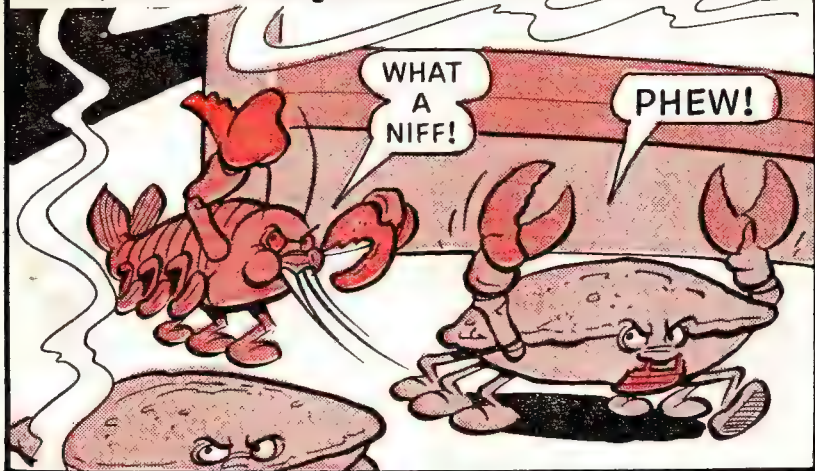


But not everyone is jumping with joy—



Dad is dancing with rage!

Indeed, the heat's rotting the fish—



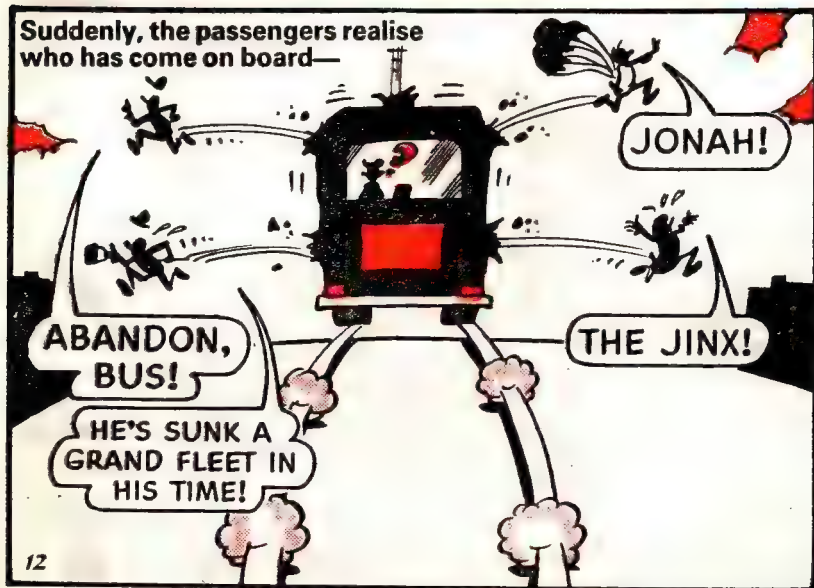
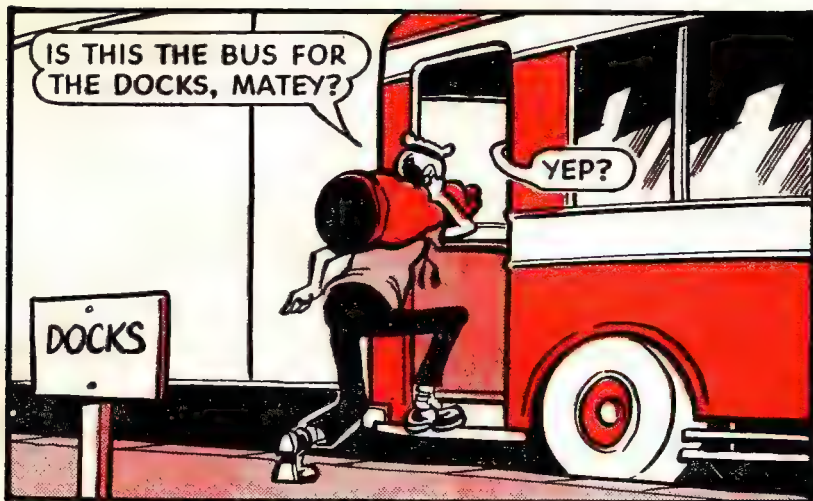
Meantime—

YOU STUPID OAF! CAN'T YOU
NEVER EVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT?
THE CATS HAVE RUN OFF
WITH MY STOCK.

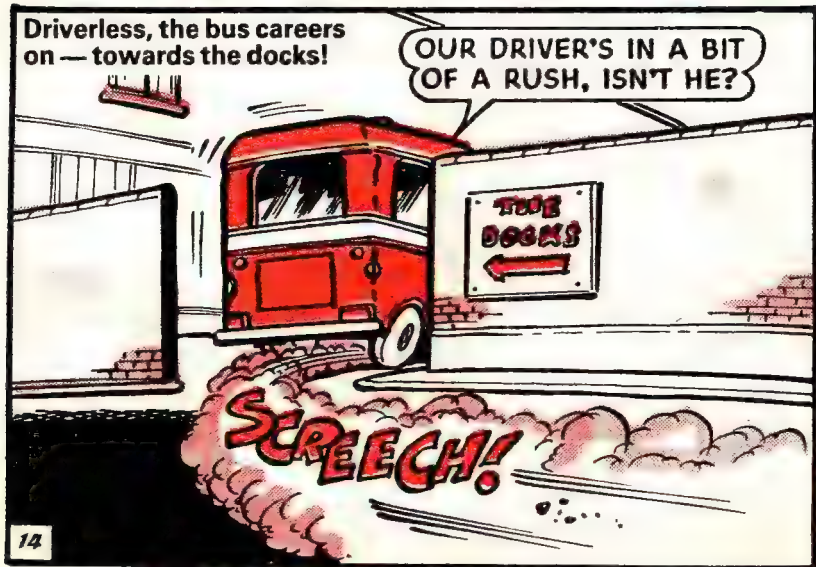


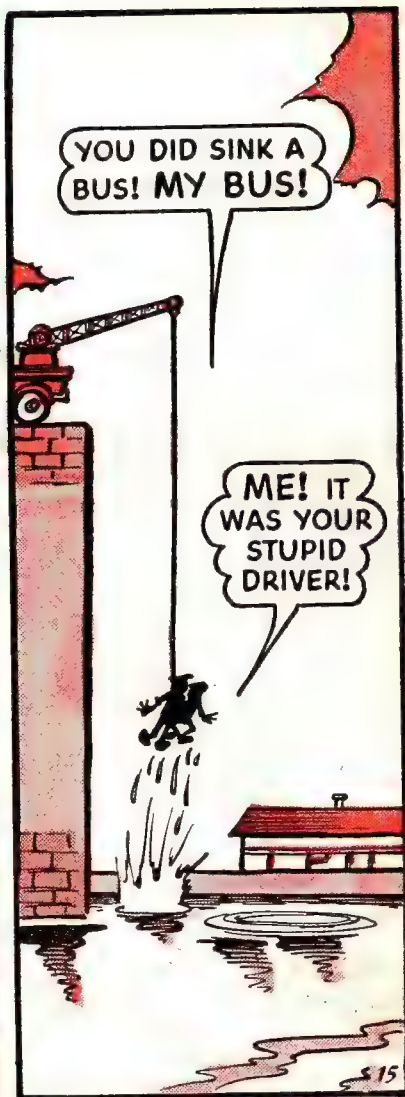
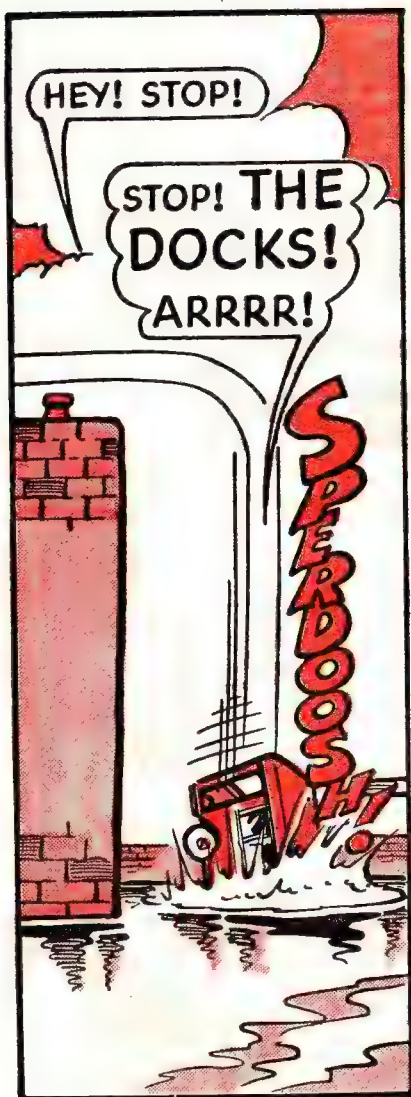
I'M RUNNING AWAY TO SEA. I GET THE
BLAME FOR
EVERYTHING!





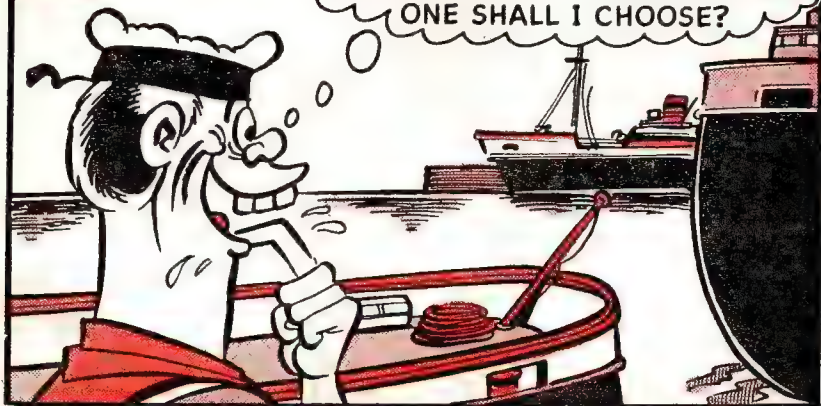




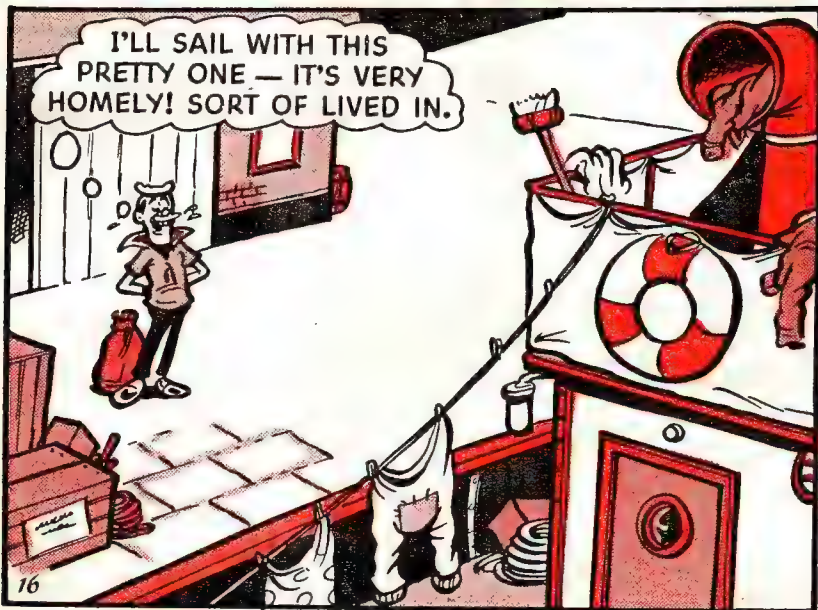


One quick dry, later—

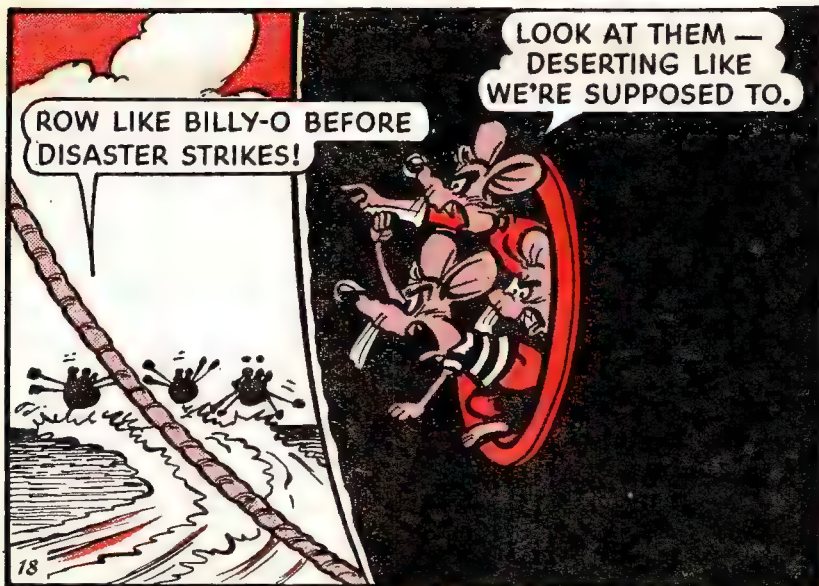
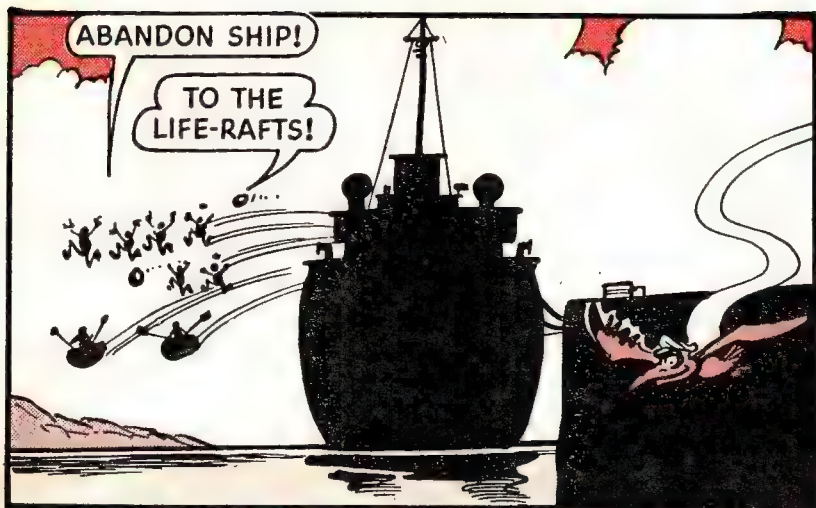
LOTS OF SHIPS ... WHICH LUCKY
ONE SHALL I CHOOSE?



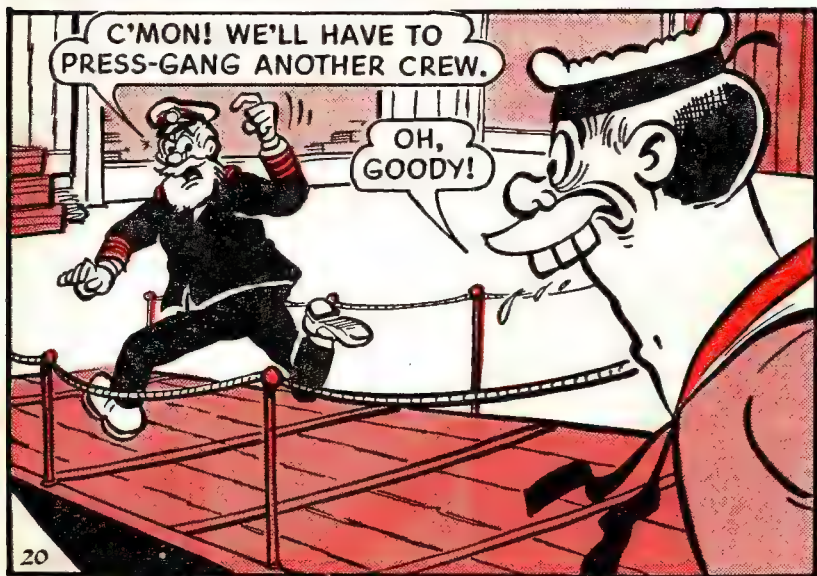
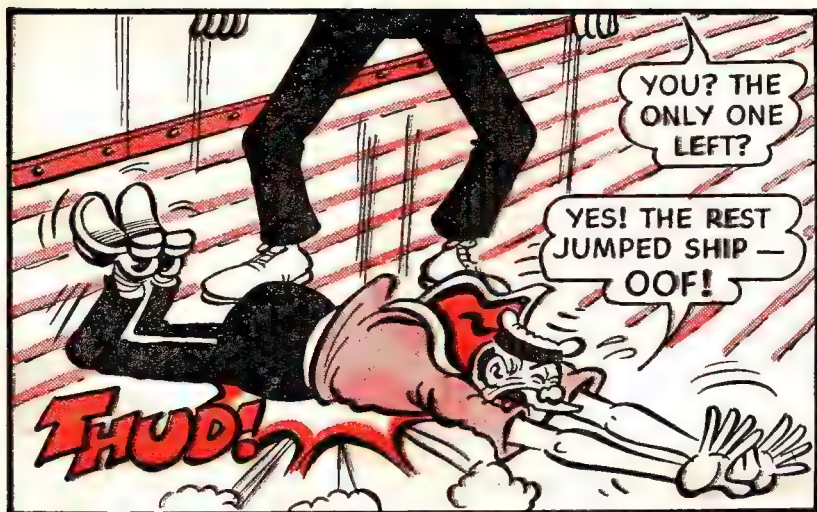
I'LL SAIL WITH THIS
PRETTY ONE — IT'S VERY
HOMELY! SORT OF LIVED IN.

















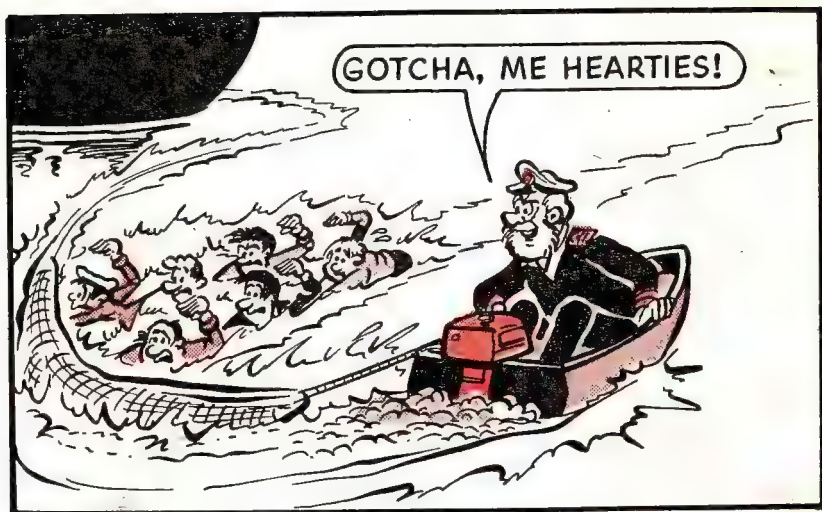


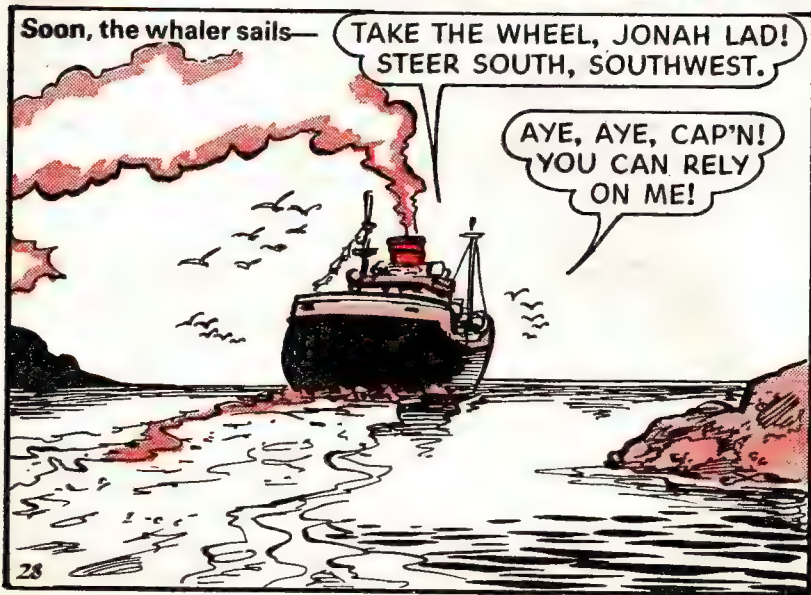
HO! HO! THIS LOT DON'T LIKE ME.
I'VE BEEN SHIPWRECKED WITH THEM BEFORE!

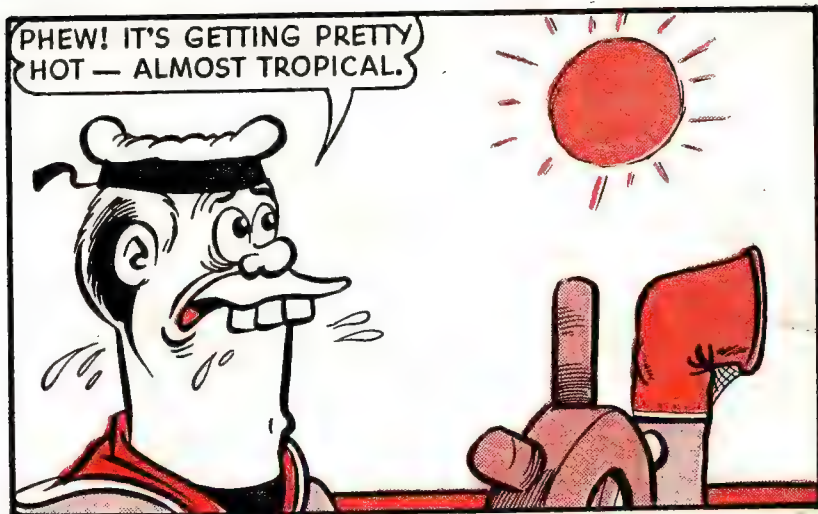


THEY THINK THEY'RE ESCAPING — NOT SO! JUST
WAIT — YOU'LL SEE. CAP'N BE WAITIN'!









Blithely but blindly, Jonah steers through a flotilla of coasters — leaving a trail of doom!

KRUMP!

IS THAT HELMSMAN BLIND?

HARD A-PORT!

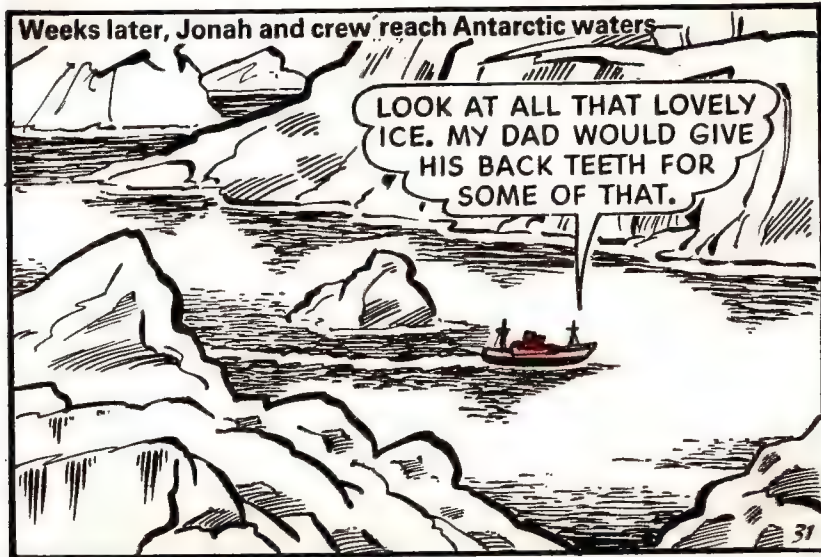
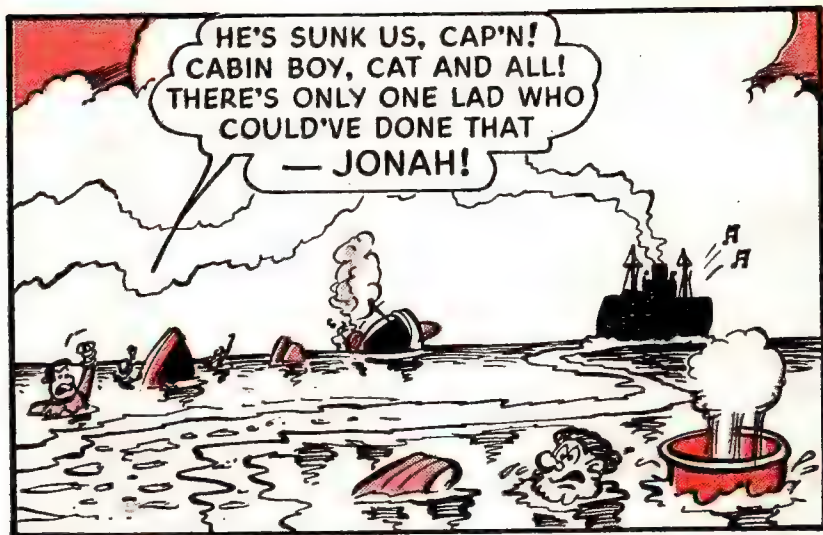
CRASH!

KRUNEH!

HARD A-STARBOARD!
EEK!

CHUNG!

EEH! SPLIT
AMIDSHIPS!



But not everyone on board is as enthusiastic about ice as Jonah-

LOOK HERE, CAP'N, WE'RE NOT DRESSED
FOR THIS WHALING CAPER. WE'RE
DRESSED FOR THE MED. WE'RE
ALL GETTING CHILBLAINS!



FEELING A BIT CHILLY,
EH? THAT'S NO PROBLEM!
LET'S DANCE A
HORNPIPE!

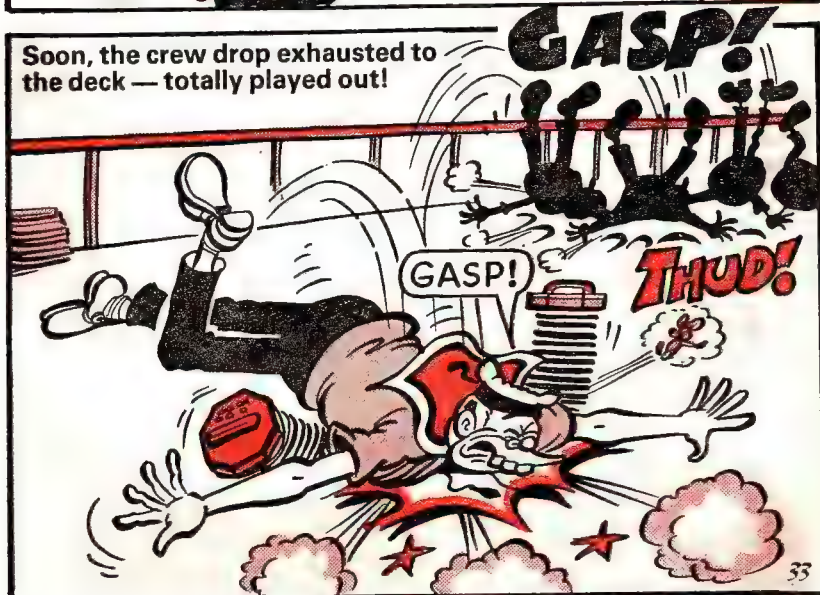
IT'S GOOD
FOR THE
CIRCULATION!
MUSIC, JONAH!



I'LL BET YOU LOT DIDN'T KNOW I COULD
PLAY THE CONCERTINA. A PROPER VIRTUOSO!
CONSERVATORY TRAINED!

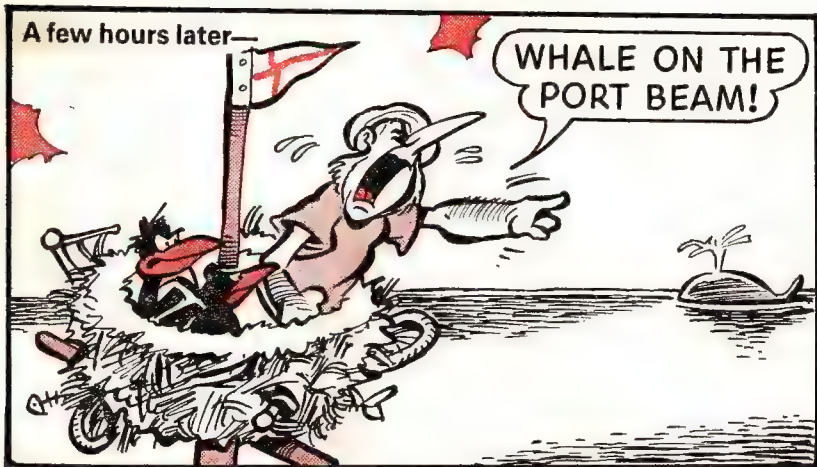


Soon, the crew drop exhausted to
the deck — totally played out!

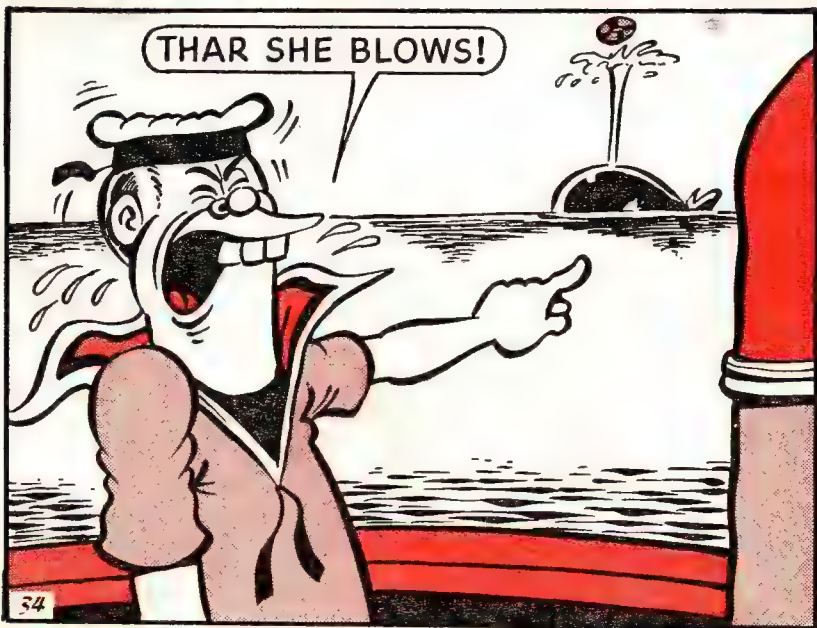


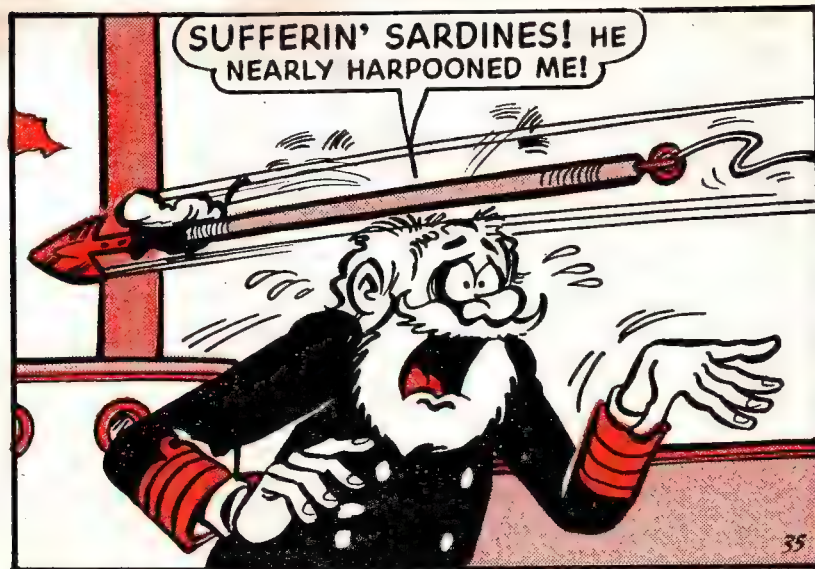
A few hours later—

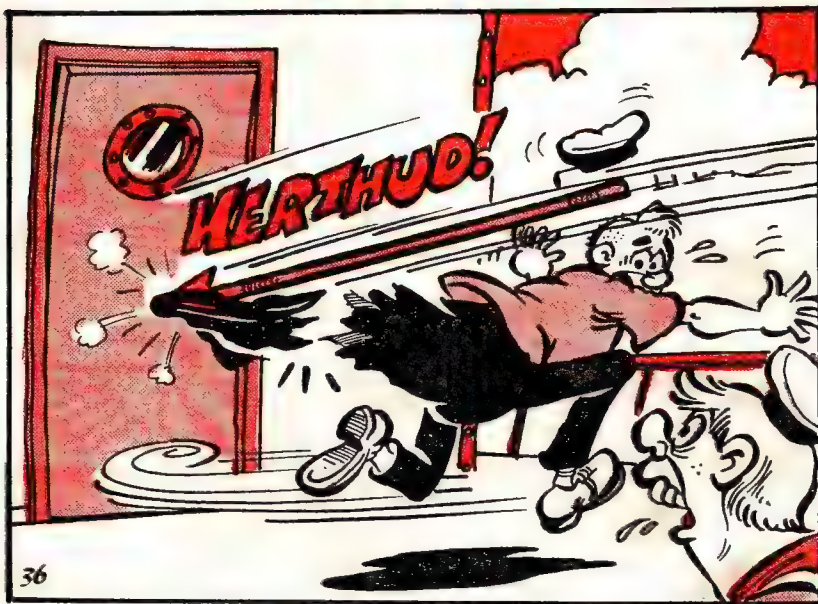
WHALE ON THE
PORT BEAM!

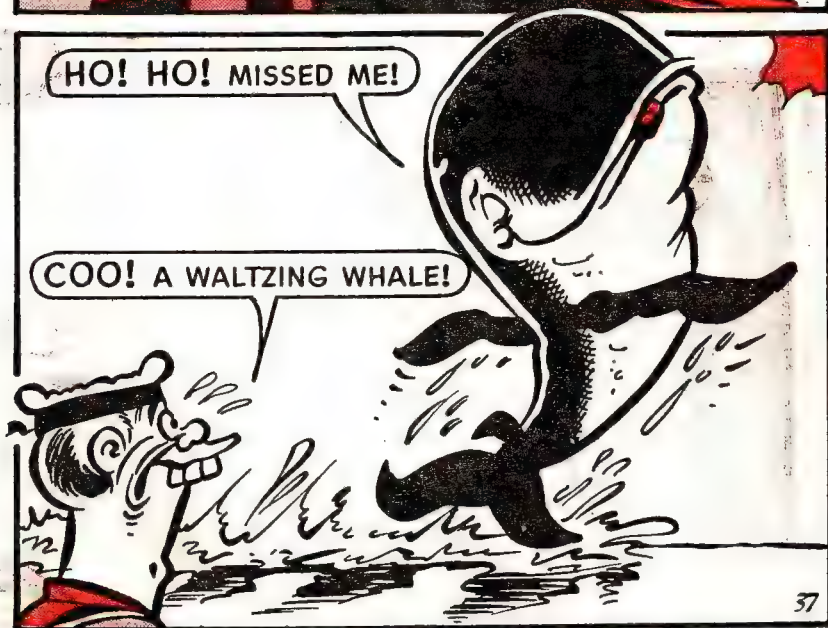


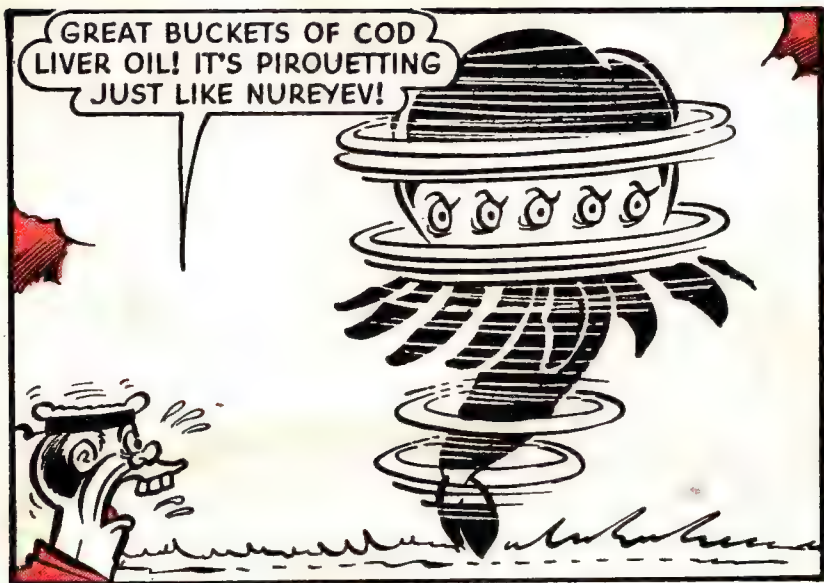
THAR SHE BLOWS!











Suddenly—

IT'S EIGHT BELLS!
SUPPER-TIME AT
LAST.



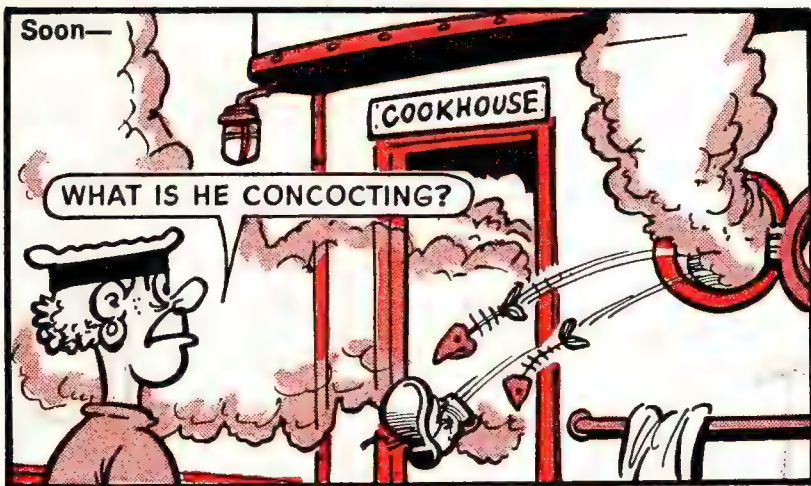
But there's no supper ready—

COOKIE'S GOT THE
COLLYWOBBLES.



DON'T PANIC! I'LL TAKE OVER —
I'M A GREAT COOK. COR-DUNG BLUE.

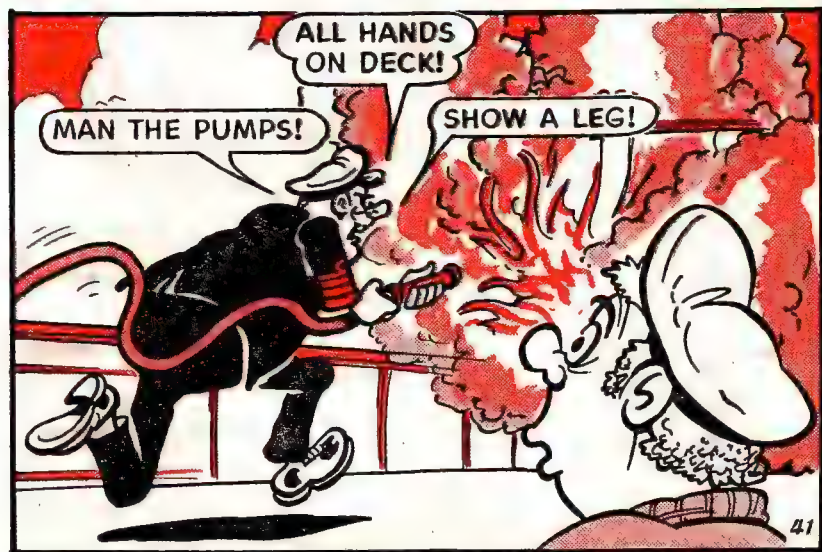
Soon—

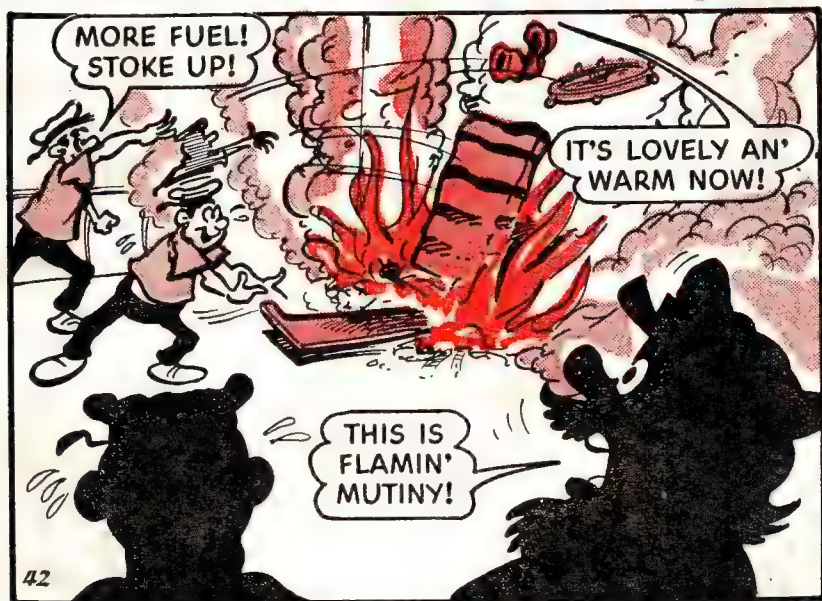
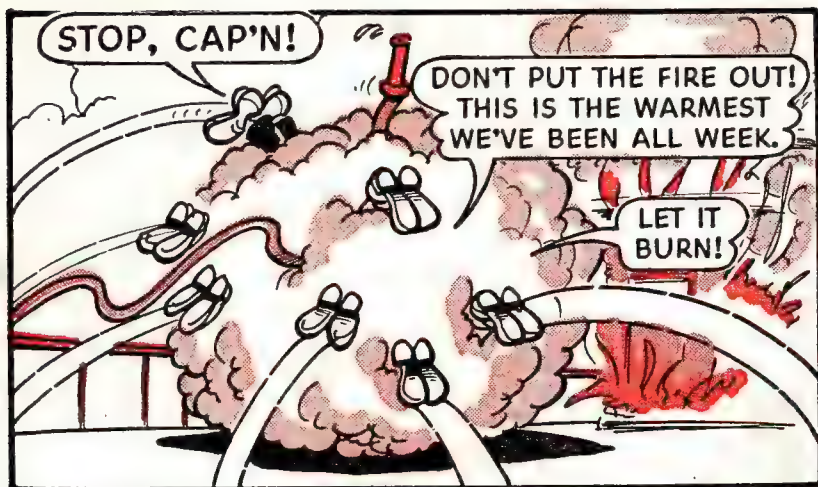


A SHIP'S COOK'S THE MOST IMPORTANT
JOB ON BOARD SHIP, SO I'LL GIVE 'EM
A PIPIN' HOT SUPPER!
PHEW! IT'S HOT IN HERE!



No wonder! The chip
pan's on fire!

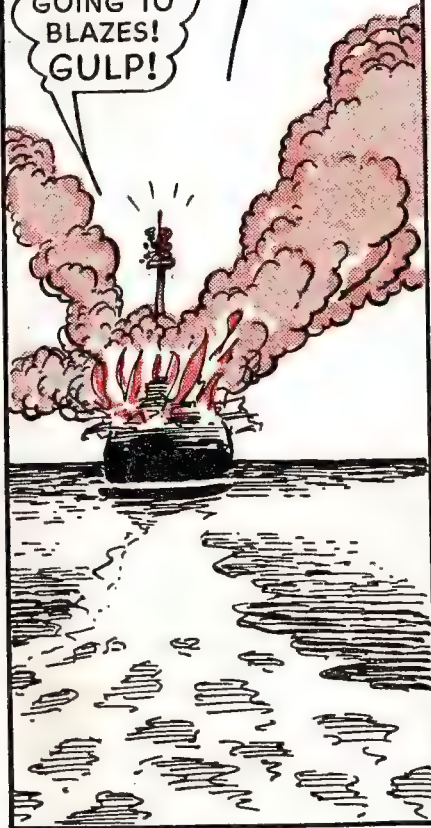




And soon the ship's
ablaze from stem
to stern—

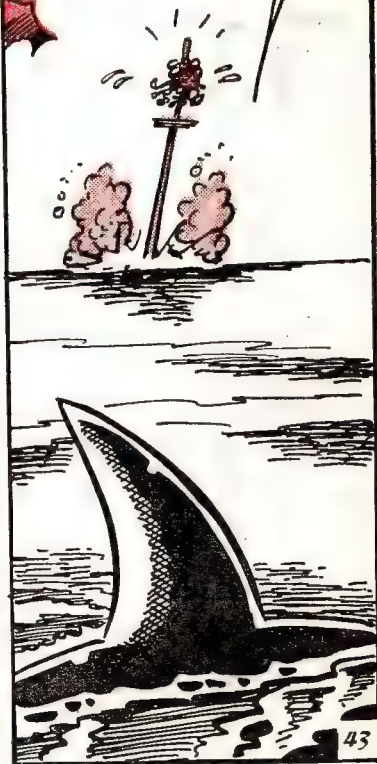
I THINK WE'VE
GONE TOO FAR!

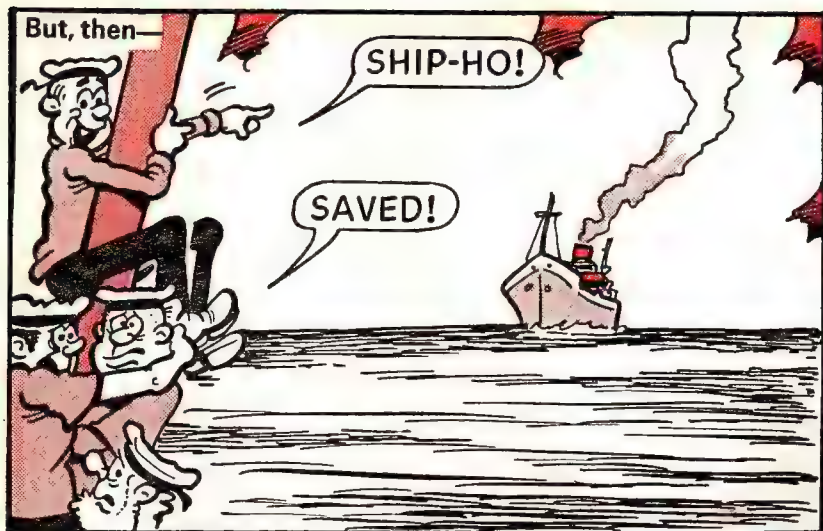
WE'RE ALL
GOING TO
BLAZES!
GULP!



WE'RE
DOOMED!

UP THE MAST
WITHOUT A
PADDLE!

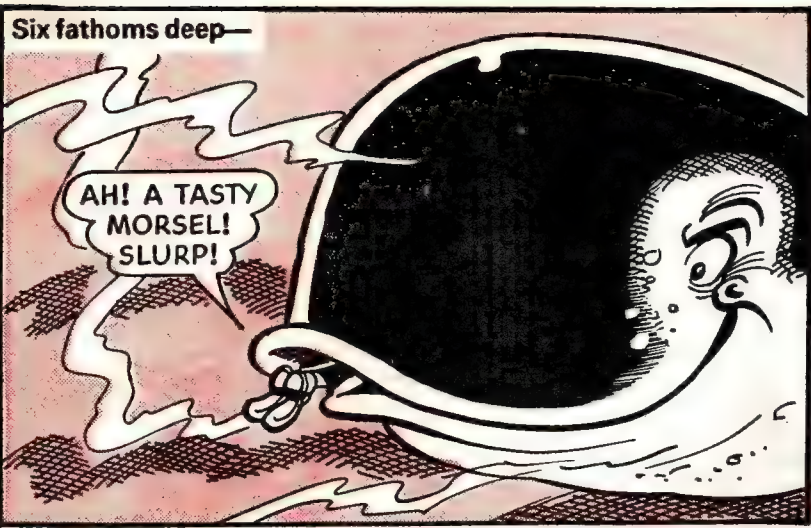




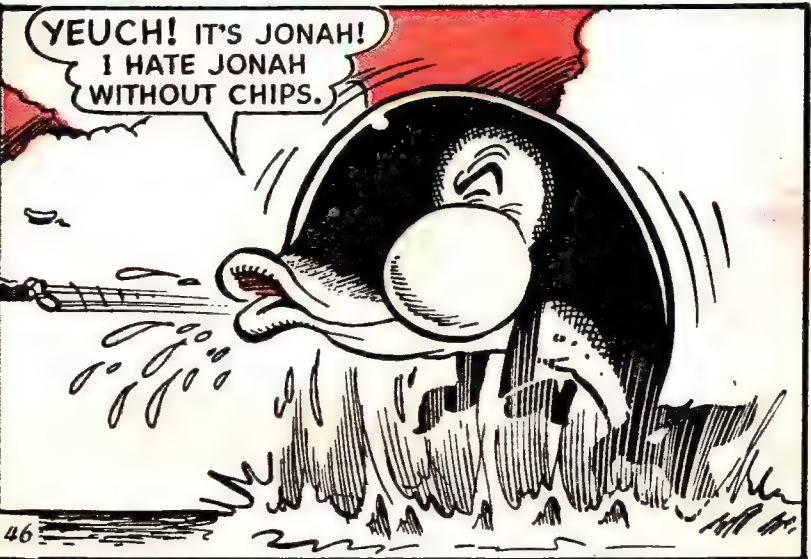


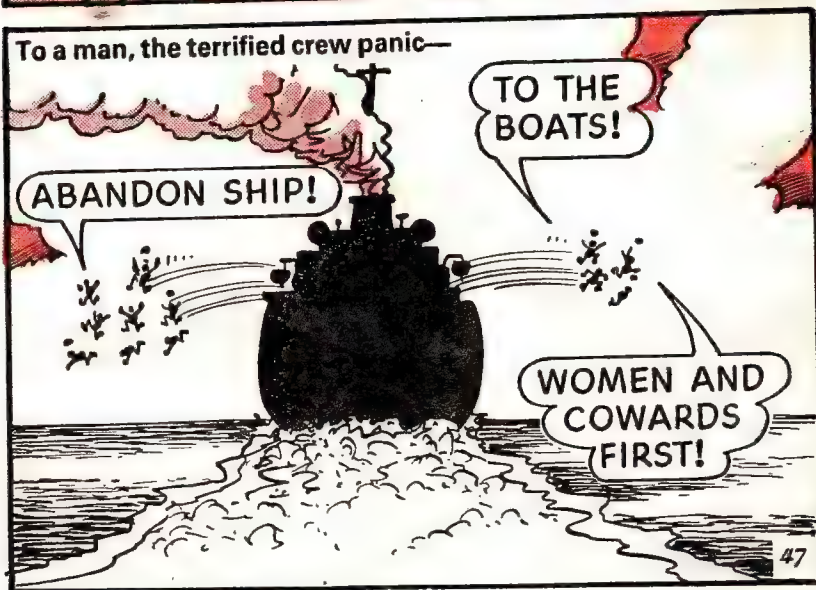
Six fathoms deep—

AH! A TASTY
MORSEL!
SLURP!



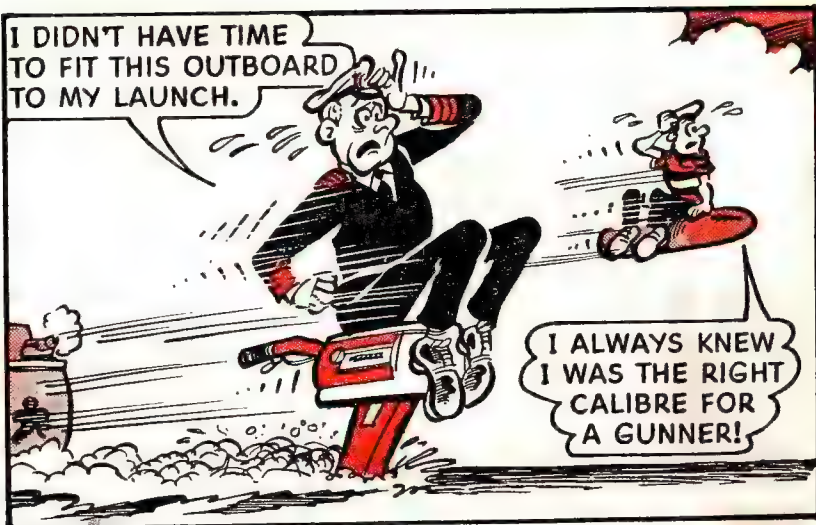
YEUCH! IT'S JONAH!
I HATE JONAH
WITHOUT CHIPS.







I DIDN'T HAVE TIME
TO FIT THIS OUTBOARD
TO MY LAUNCH.

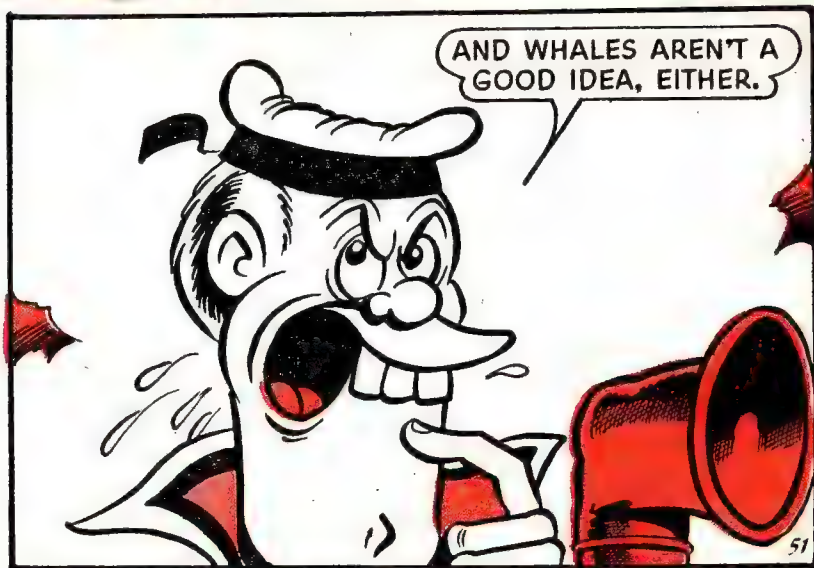
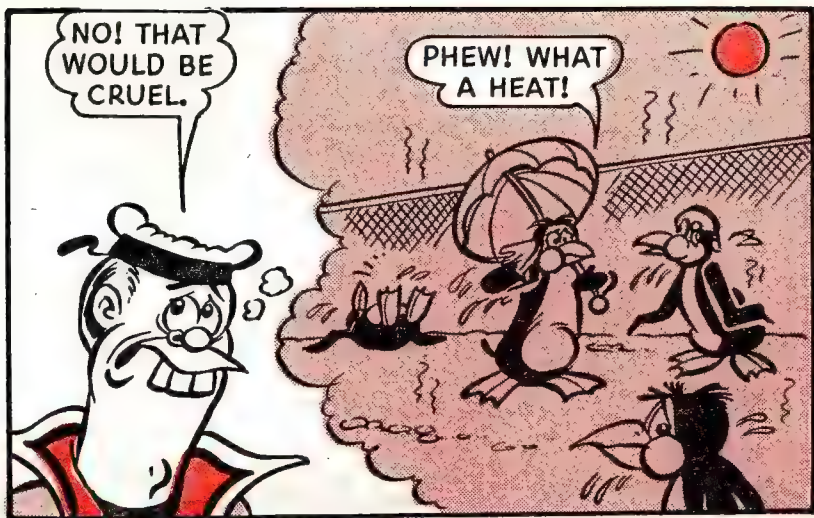


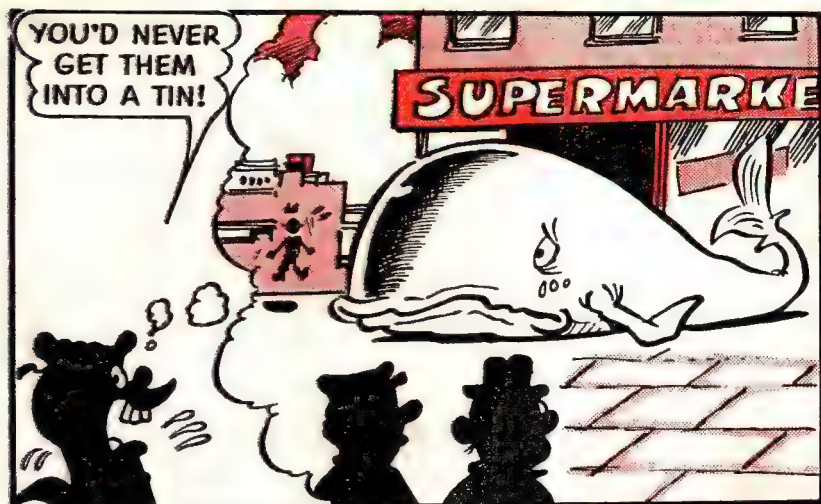
I ALWAYS KNEW
I WAS THE RIGHT
CALIBRE FOR
A GUNNER!

THEY'VE ALL GONE — IN A RUSH! THE
SHIP'S NOT SINKING? WHAT A FUNNY CREW!





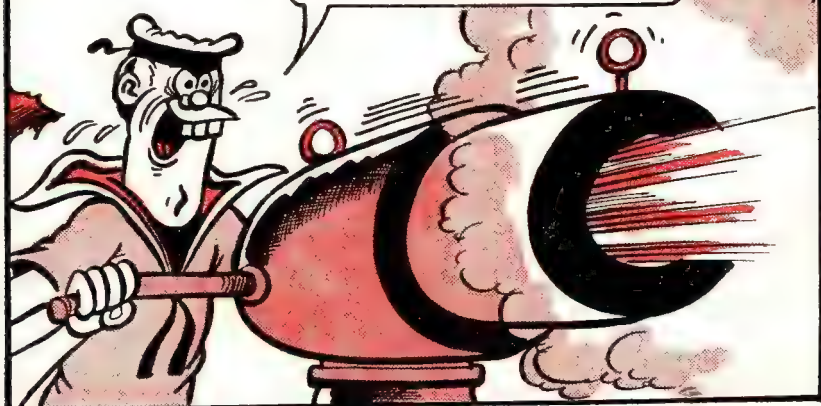




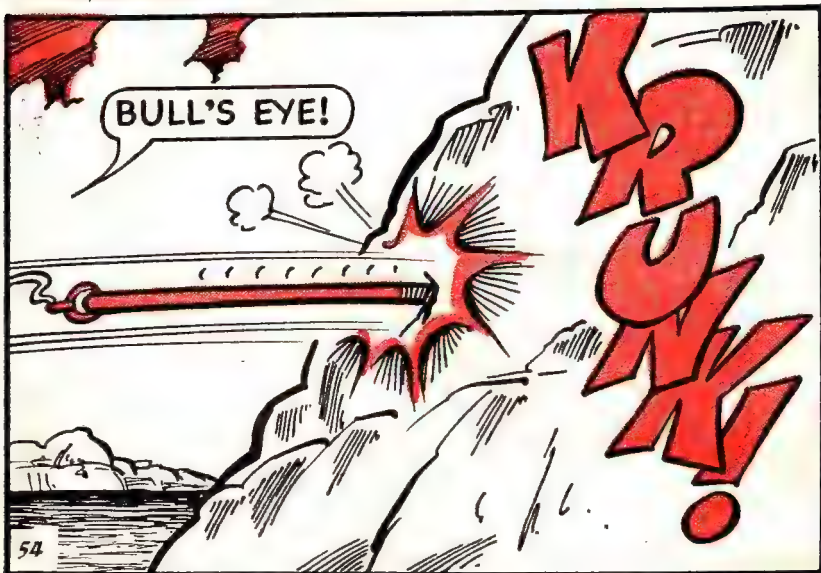


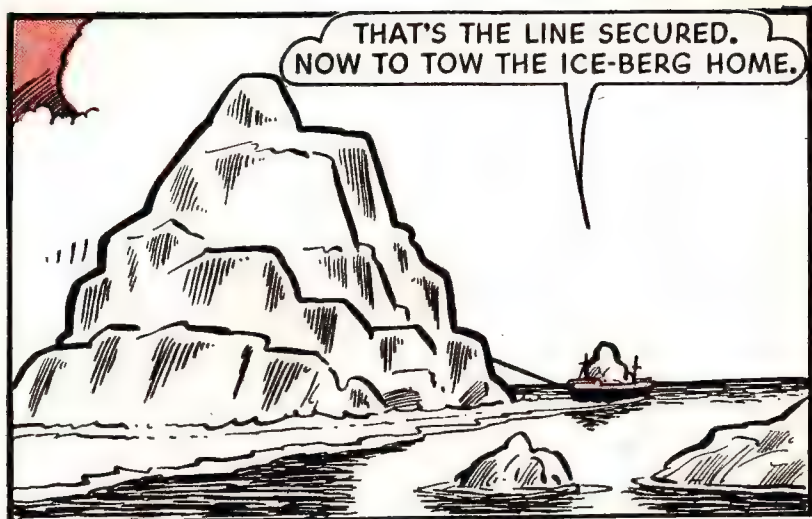
Presently—

BUT WHY TAKE HOME JUST A BOATLOAD
OF ICE WHEN I CAN TAKE HOME
AN ICE-BERG, AS WELL?



BULL'S EYE!





And—



Then, astern—

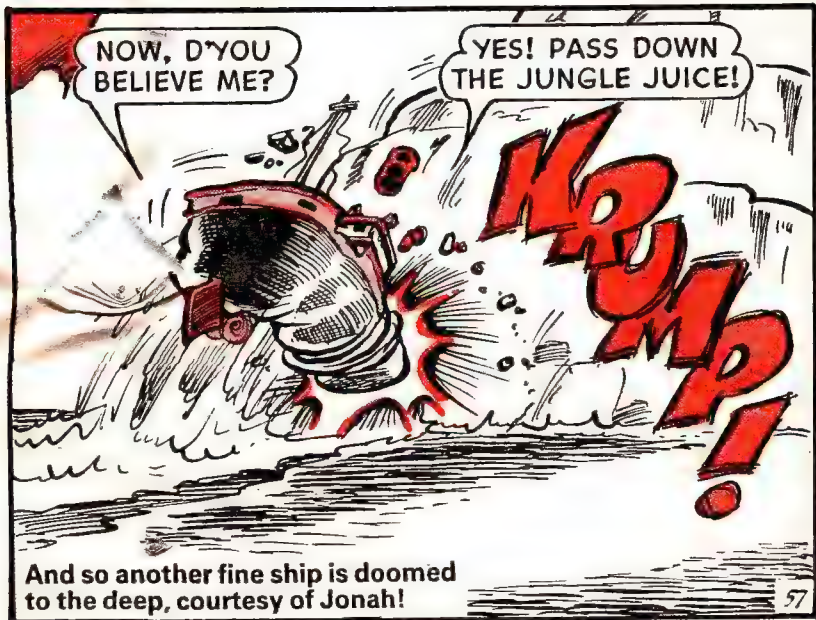
CAP'N! CAP'N! ICE-BERG
ON THE PORT BOW!

WHAT? IN THE TROPICS! HAVE
YOU BEEN AT THE JUNGLE
JUICE AGAIN, LOOKOUT?



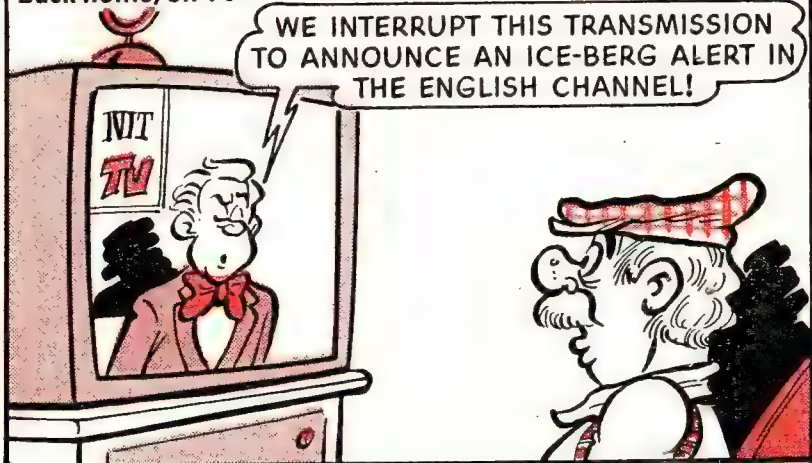
NOW, D'YOU
BELIEVE ME?

YES! PASS DOWN
THE JUNGLE JUICE!



And so another fine ship is doomed
to the deep, courtesy of Jonah!

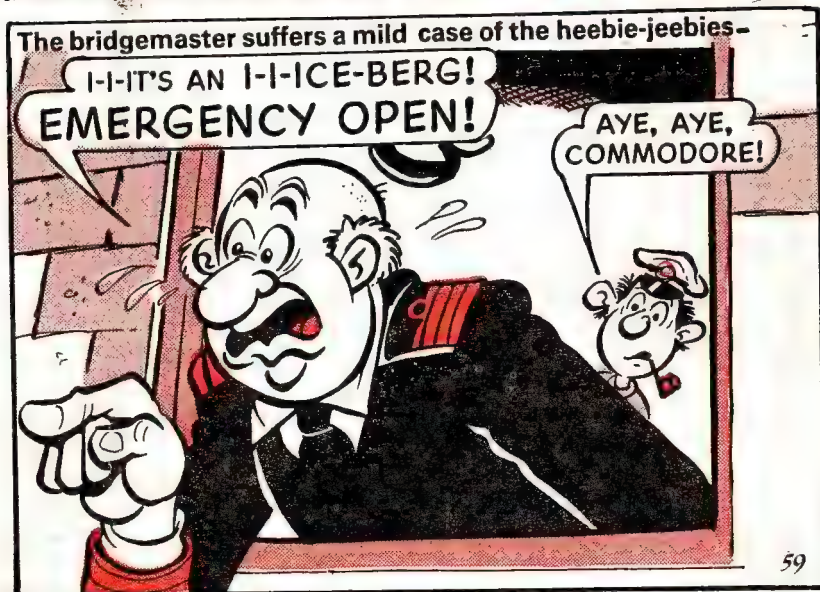
Back home, on TV—



Off Portland Bill—



Another half dozen ships meet their fate at the hands of Jonah!



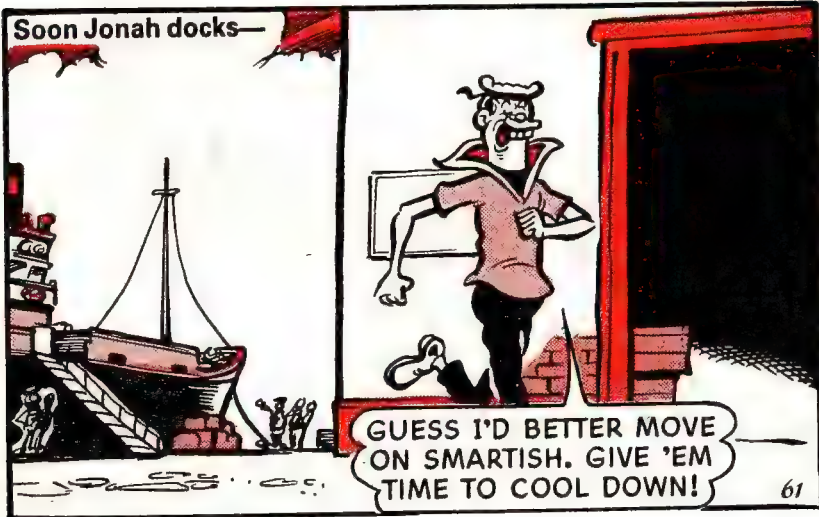
The bridge opens. The ice-berg is saved. Pity about the people!

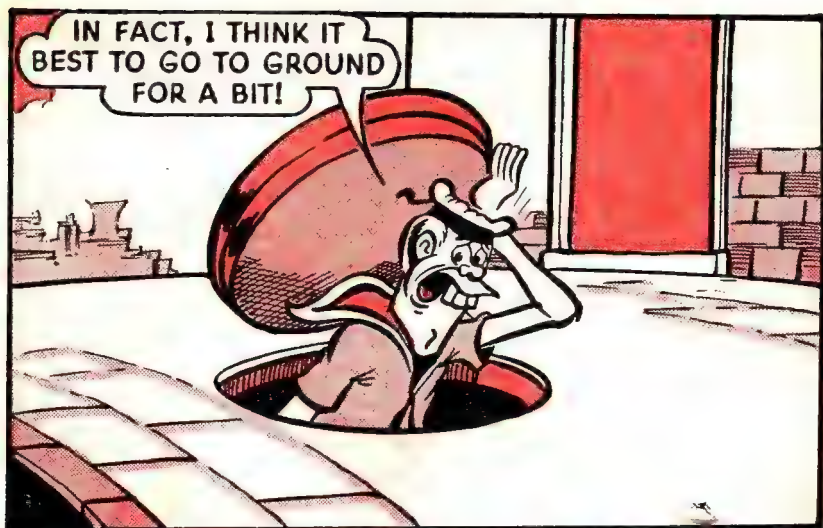


NOW TO TELL DAD THE GOOD NEWS —
OH, OH! I SEEM TO HAVE PICKED
UP SOME EXTRA CARGO. WILD BUNCH, I'D SAY.



Soon Jonah docks—





Jonah tells dad all
about his icefall—

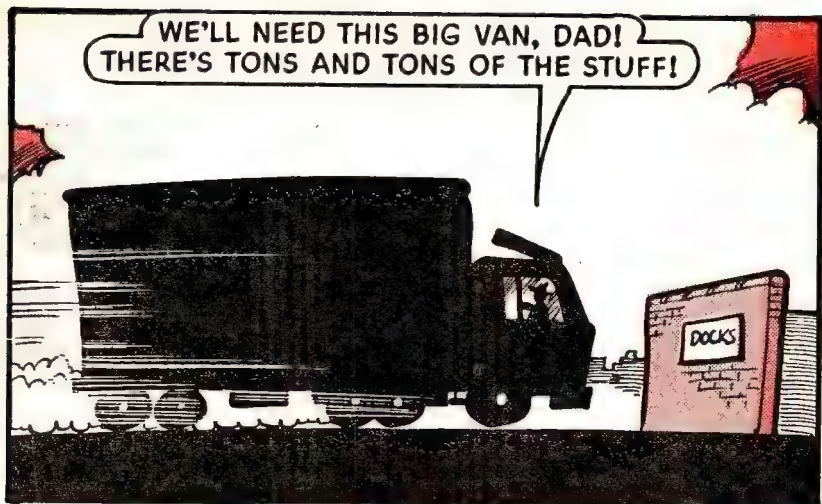
COME, DAD! I'VE GOT
A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF
ICE FOR YOU!

LOOK! THE SHOP'S BEEN
LEFT UNATTENDED.

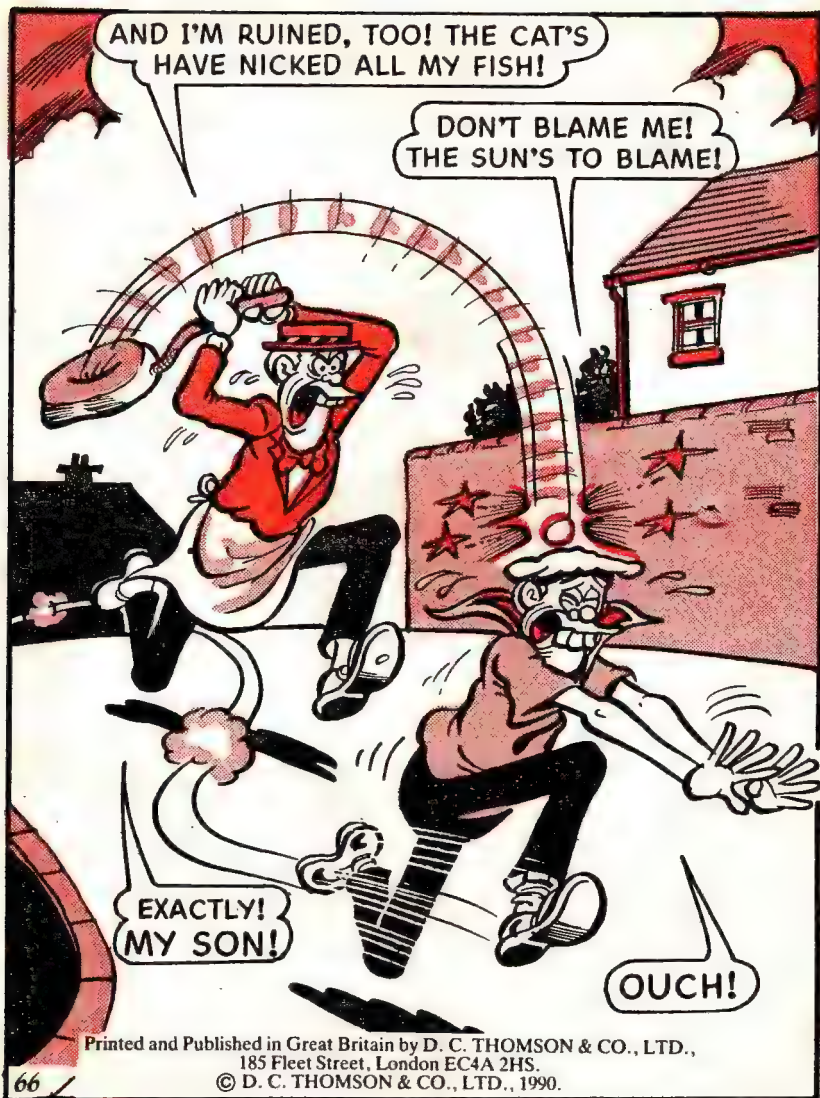
PURRFECT!

YIPPEE!

WHILE THE FISHMONGER'S
AWAY THE CATS WILL PLAY!







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185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

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The **JONAH** *in* **GRUEL SEA!**



9 770957 979018

JONAH *in* **THE GRUEL SEA!**

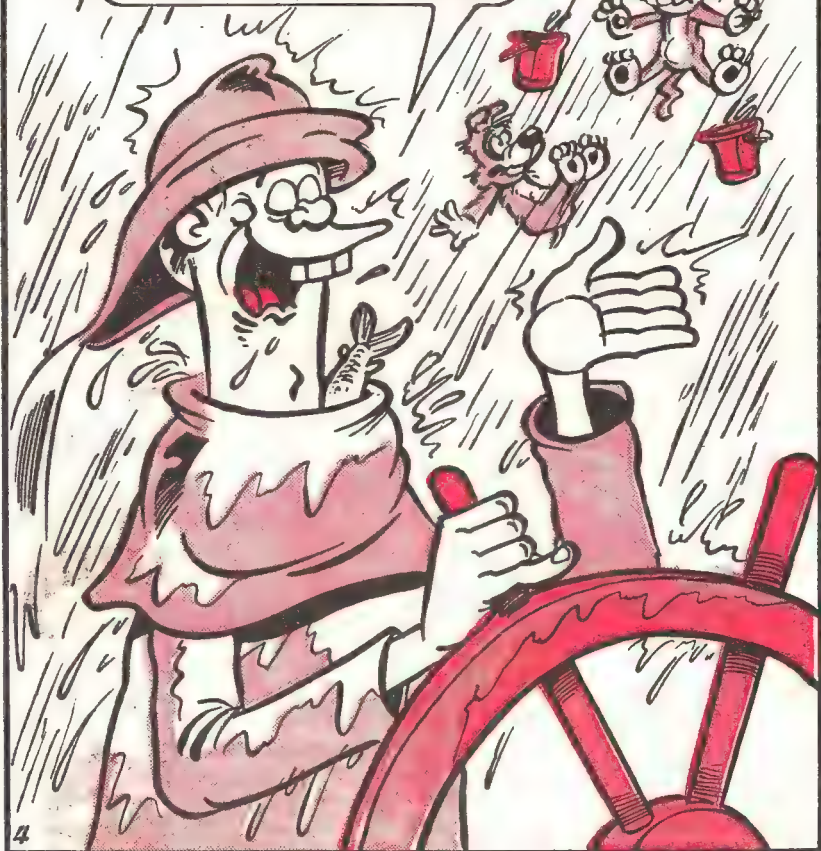
It's 1942, in mid-Atlantic, and an Allied convoy is buffeting its way through choppy seas when —



THAT SHIP'S OUT OF CONTROL! IS
THE CAPTAIN MAD? HASN'T HE
GOT ANYONE AT THE WHEEL?

**Is the Captain mad? Worse!
He's crackers! He's left
Jonah at the wheel!**

**I TOLD THE SKIPPER TO LEAVE THE
DRIVING TO ME. I'M A DAB HAND —
DONE IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES — ON THE
DUCK POND, BACK HOME!**



The crew aboard a ship in Jonah's path do their emergency drill —



Down below —



Suddenly —

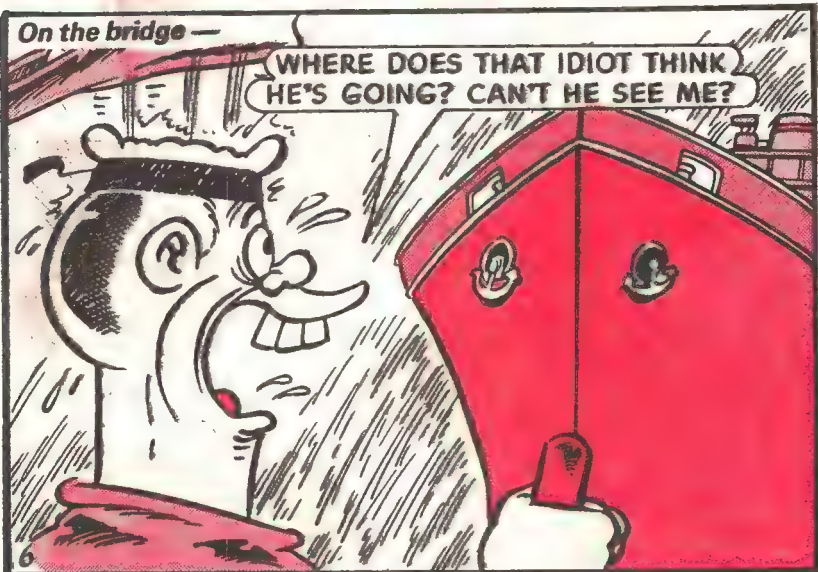
BLARE!

WASSAT?



On the bridge —

WHERE DOES THAT IDIOT THINK
HE'S GOING? CAN'T HE SEE ME?



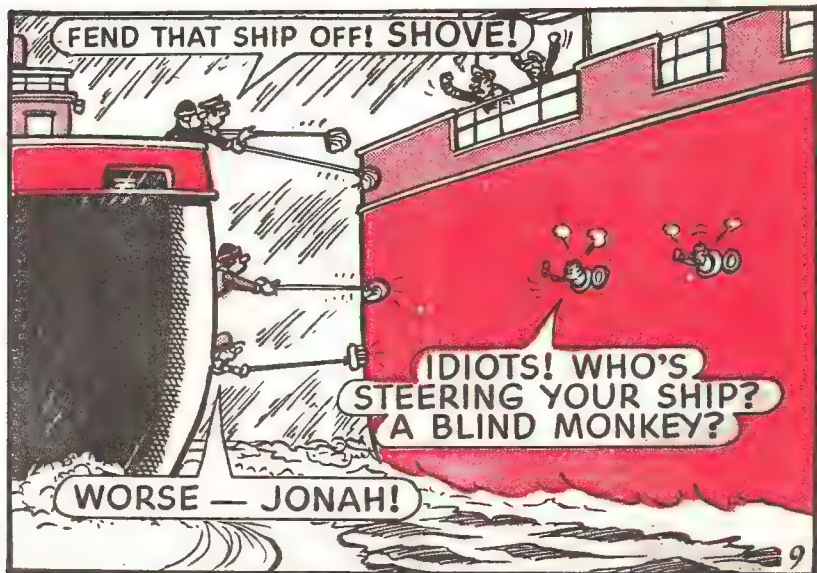


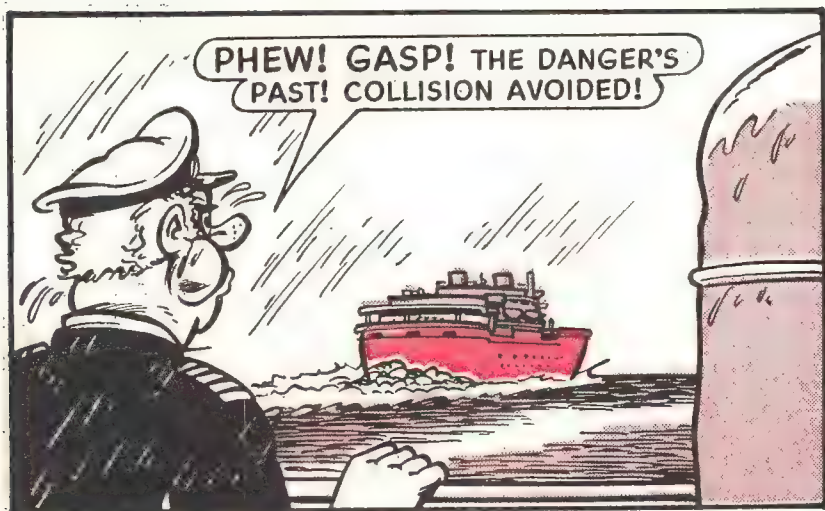
Jonah spins the wheel and —

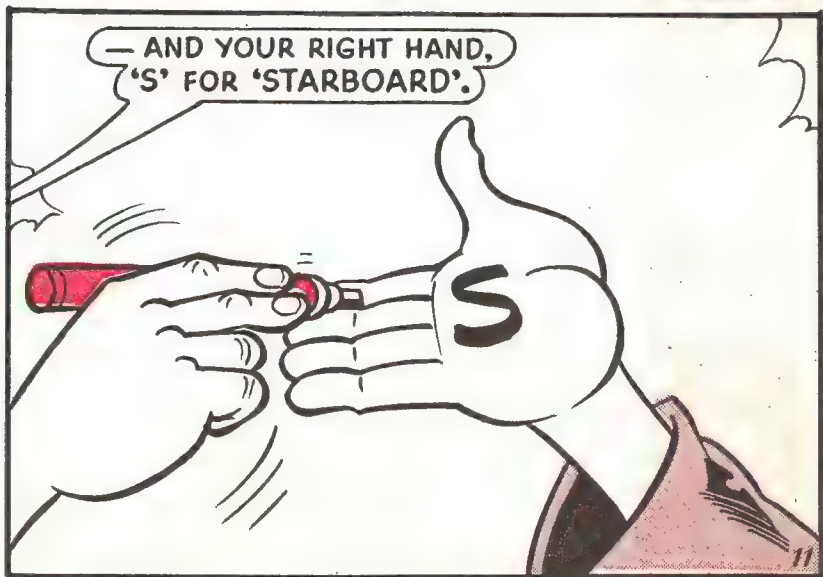
PHEW! WE'VE AVOIDED
A COLLISION — JUST IN
THE NICK OF TIME.

C-C-CAPTAIN! THERE'S
AN IDIOT HEADING
TOWARDS US!

ARR!







AND TO MAKE EVERYTHING WATERTIGHT
AND FOOL-PROOF, 'A' FOR AMIDSHIPS'
ON YOUR BROW!



HO! HO! THAT
SPELLS 'SAP'!

JONAH'S A SAP ALL RIGHT!
A FIRST-CLASS SAP!



Soon —

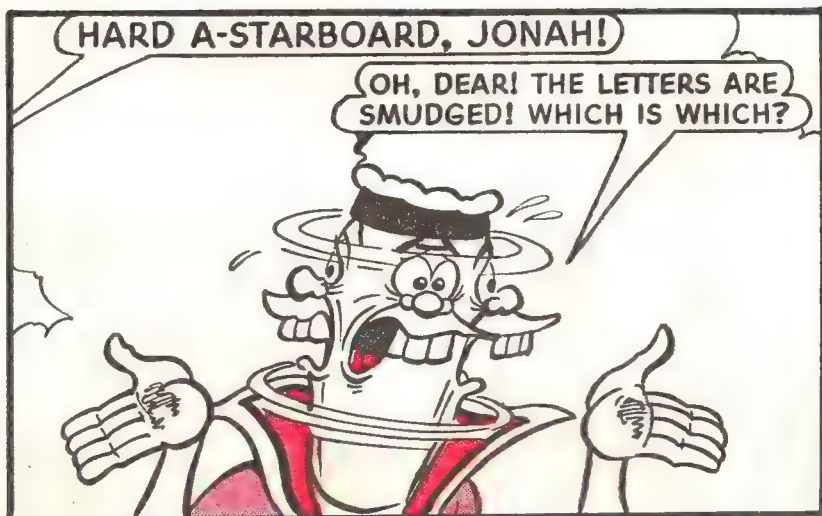
I GET THE IMPRESSION
THE CAPTAIN'S LOST
CONFIDENCE IN ME.



Then —

HARD A-STARBOARD!
MINE AHEAD!



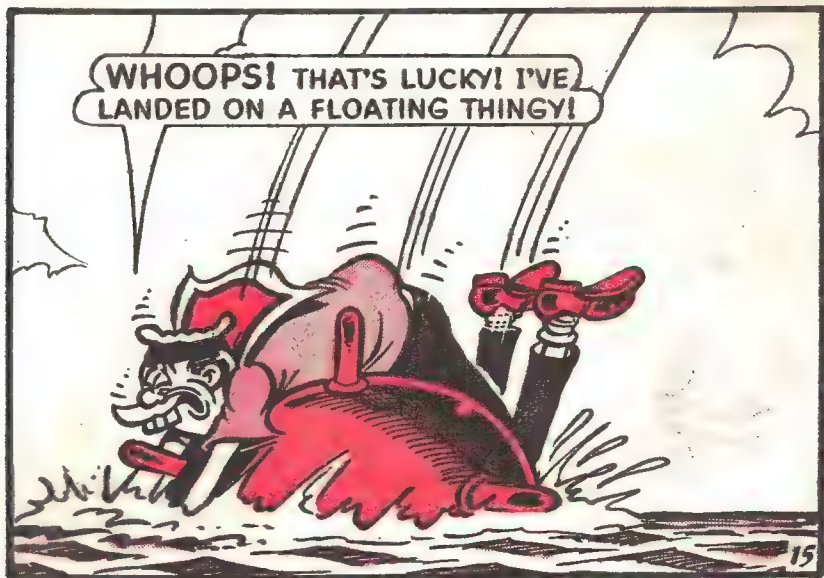


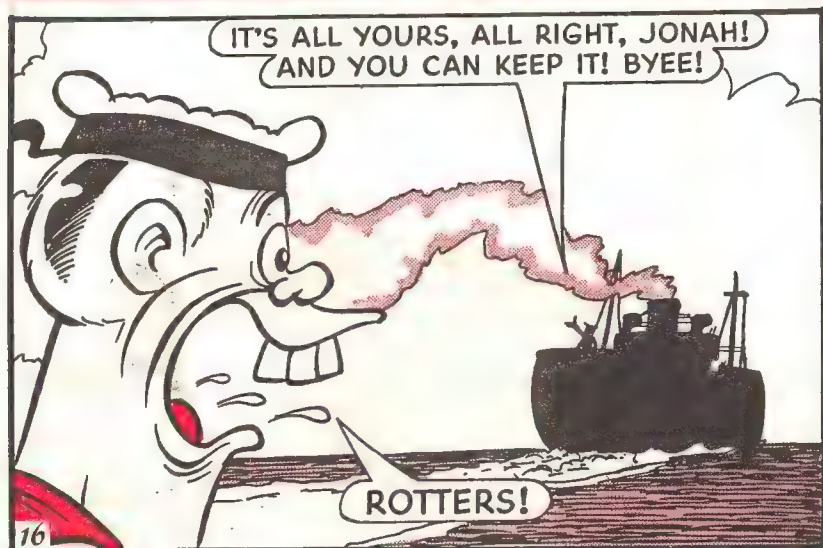
Jonah falls overboard —

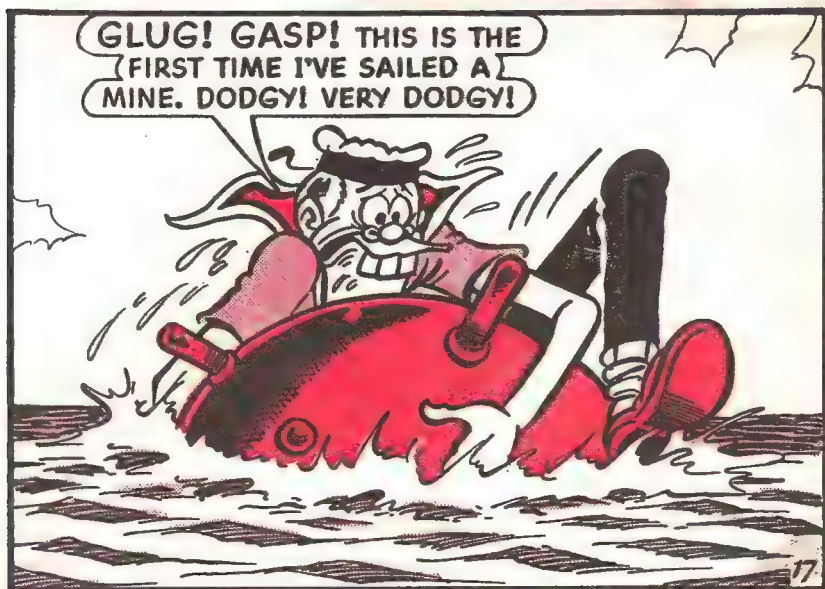
EEK!



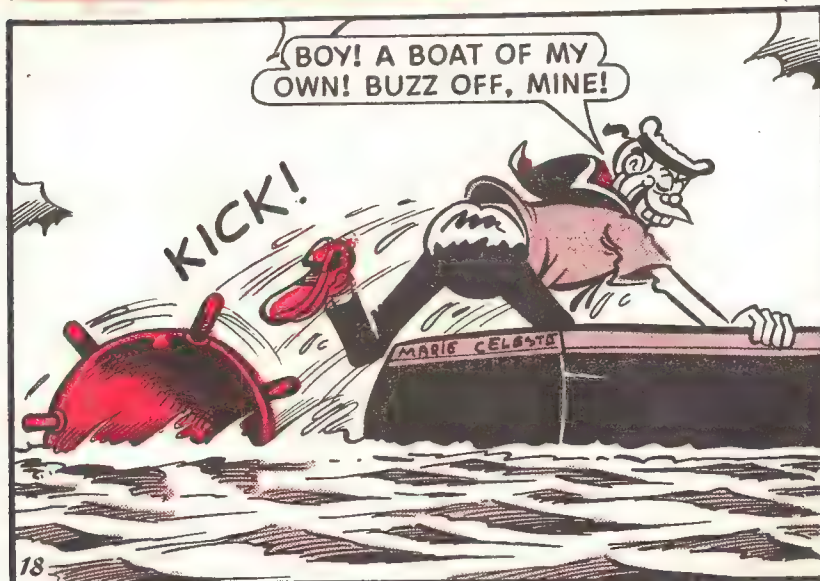
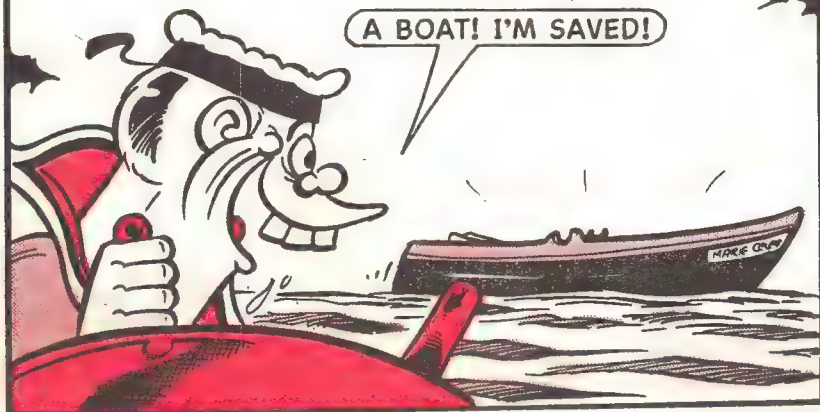
WHOOPS! THAT'S LUCKY! I'VE
LANDED ON A FLOATING THINGY!



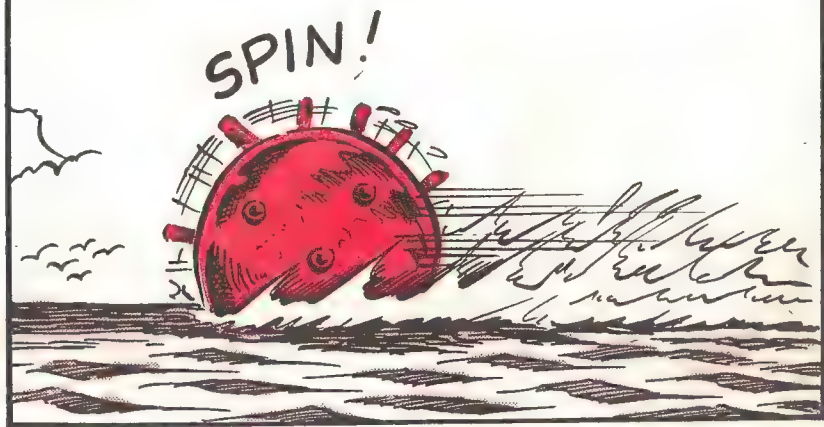




Later —

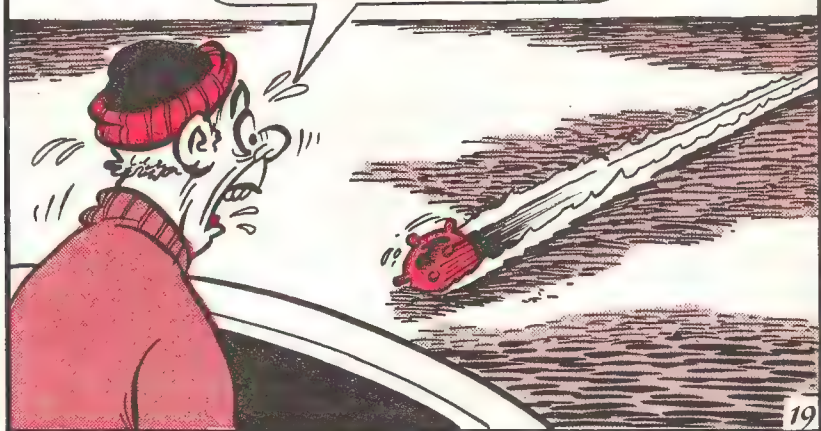


The mine spins across the water —



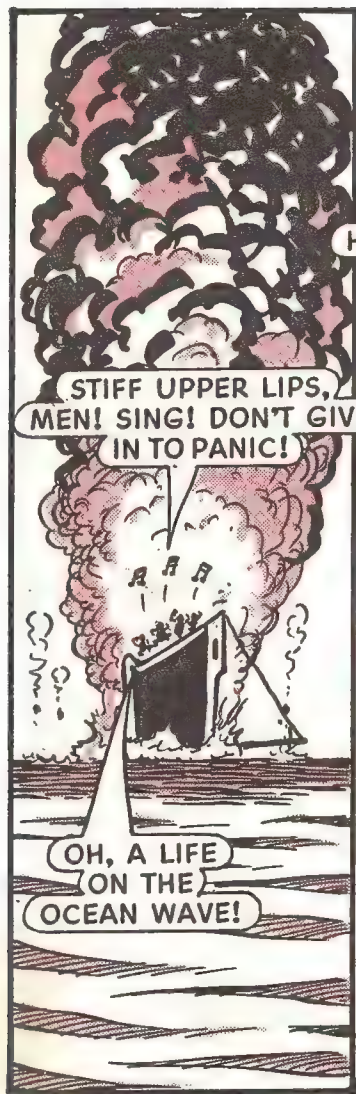
Fifty cable-lengths away —

CHRISTOPHER McCOLUMBUS! THAT MINE! IT'S
COMING STRAIGHT AT US!



32 micro-seconds later —





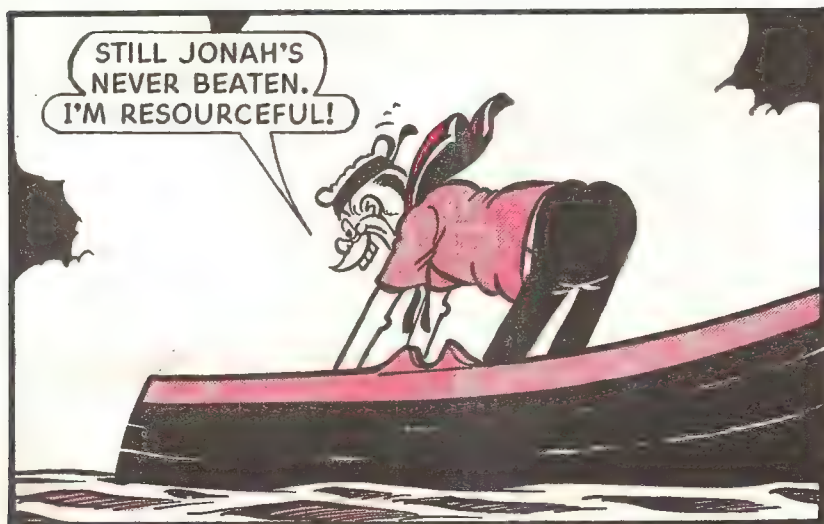
STIFF UPPER LIPS,
MEN! SING! DON'T GIVE
IN TO PANIC!

OH, A LIFE
ON THE
OCEAN WAVE!

Meanwhile —

THE CAPTAIN'S 'S' AND 'P'
HAVE TOTALLY GONE NOW. AND
I'M ALL AT SEA. I DON'T
KNOW MY MID-SHIPS FROM
TOPSAIL!





Presently —

HELLO, CAPTAIN! HAVING A SWIM?

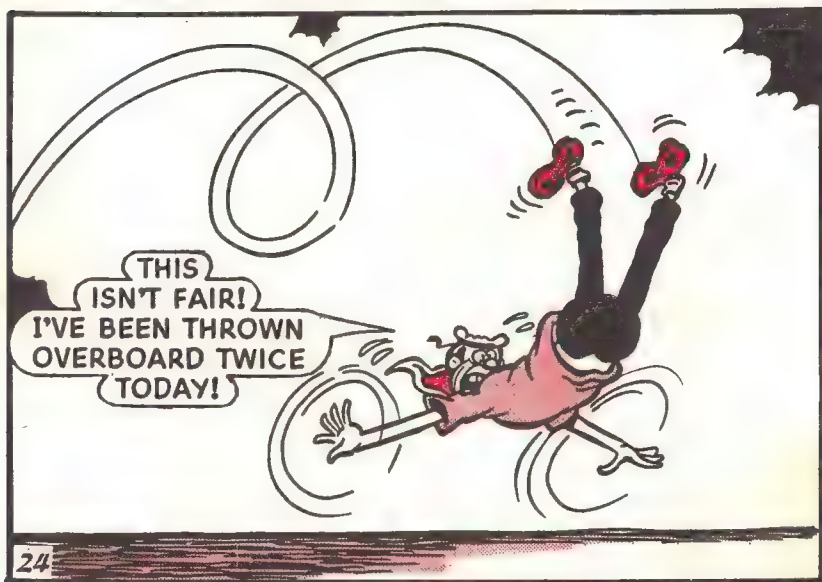
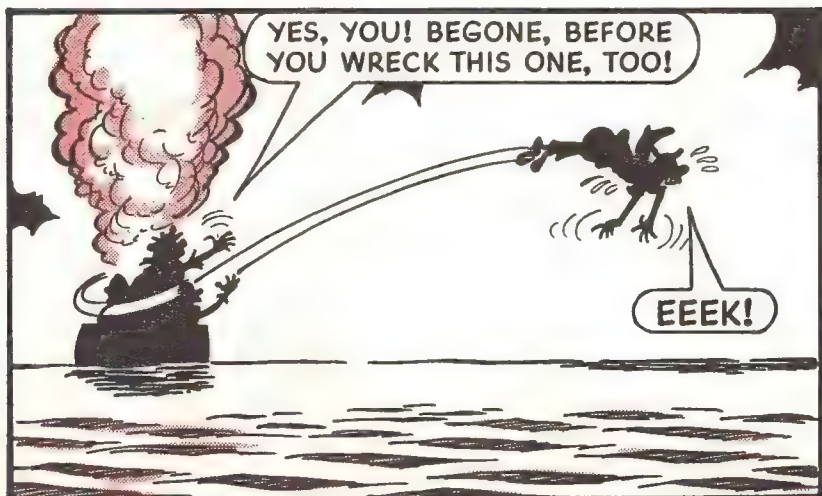


NO, I'M NOT HAVING A SWIM, YOU SHIP-WRECKER

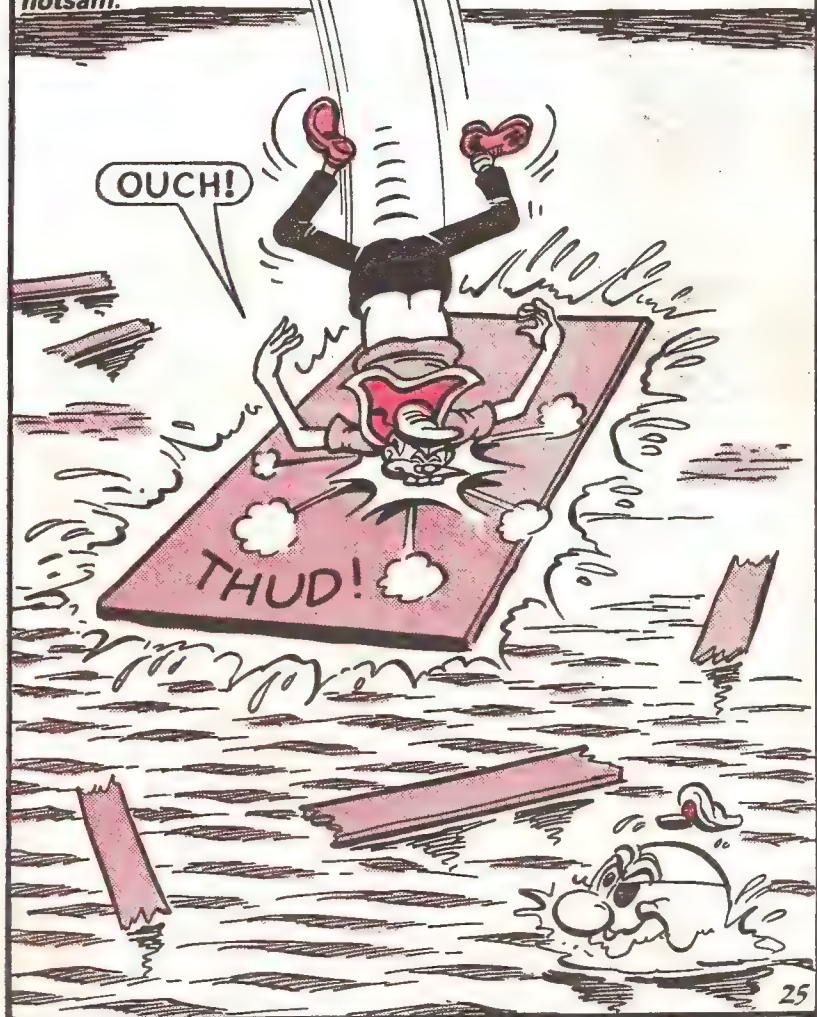
GRR!
JONAH
THE
JINX.



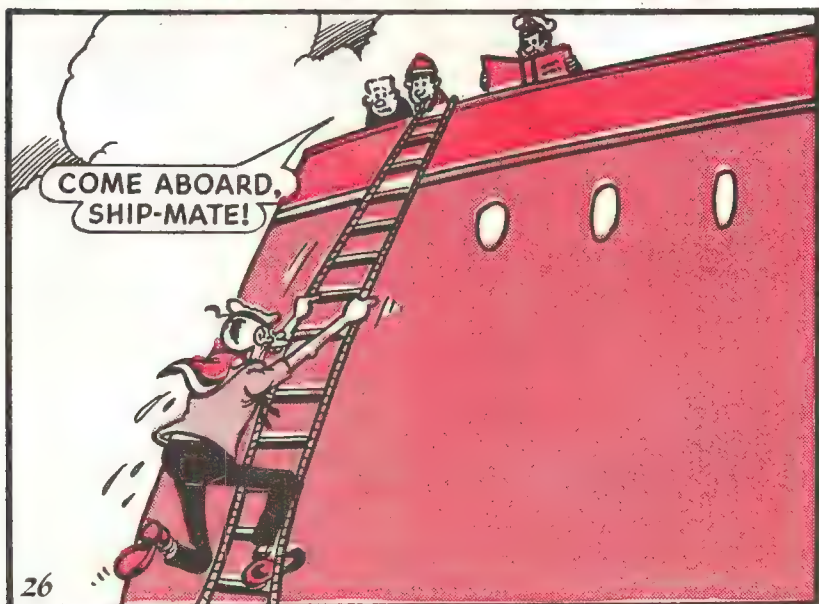
SHIP-WRECKER? ME?



**Jonah lands on a
solid piece of
flotsam.**



Hours later, adrift on the ship's door, when —



**By chance, the ship's captain chanced
to be glancing through his favourite book —**

**OH, NO! IT
CAN'T BE, CAN IT?**



YES, IT IS! JONAH!

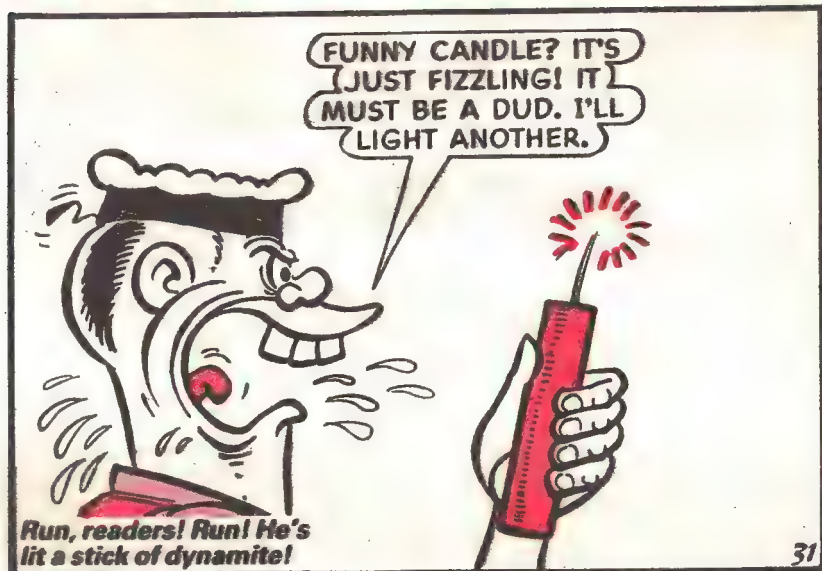


WE'VE PICKED UP THE JINX OF
THE SEVEN SEAS! CLAP HIM IN IRONS!









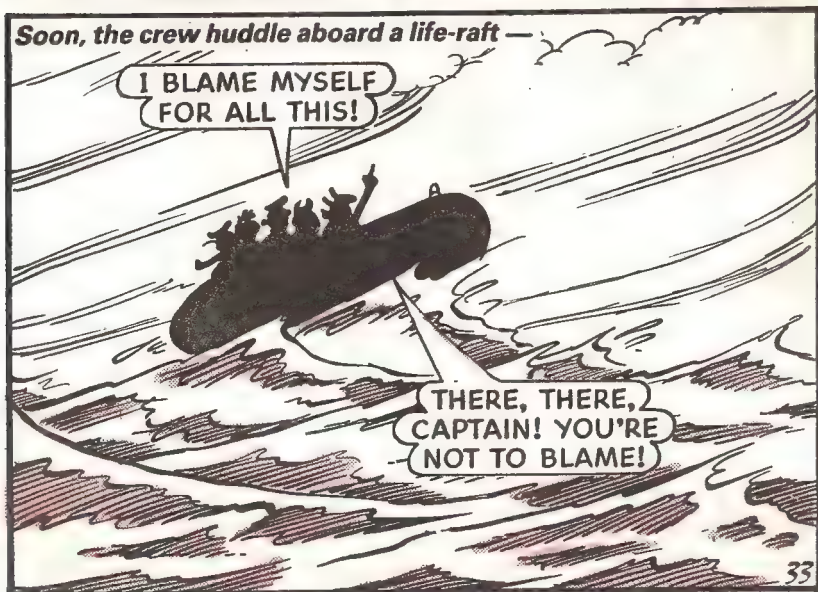
One short fuze later —

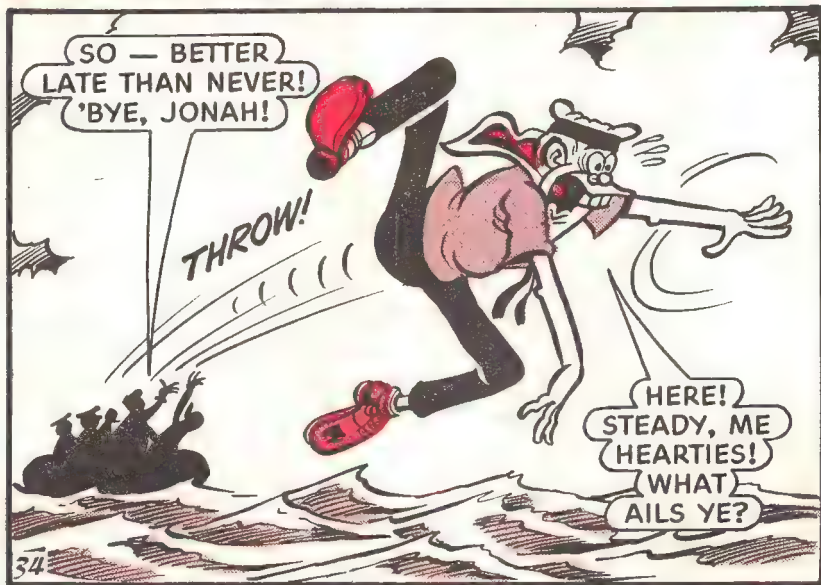


ARR! MY CANDLE'S EXPLODED!

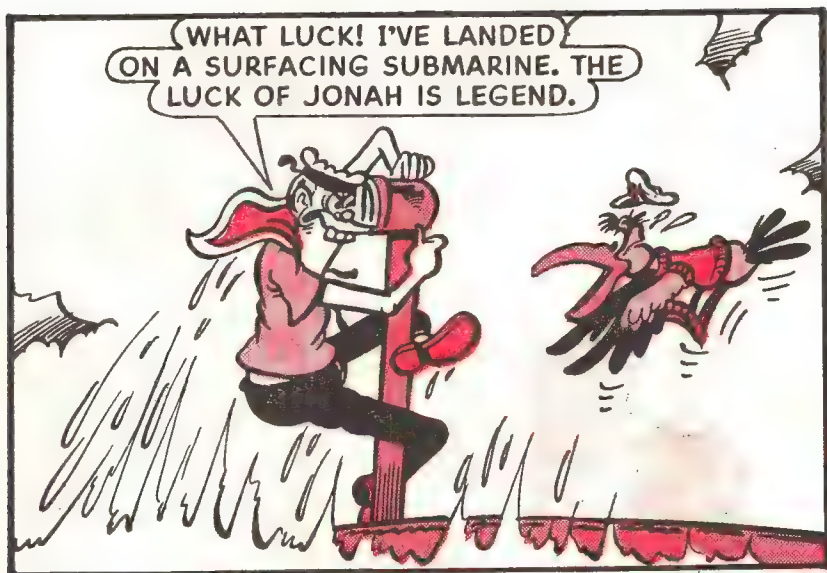


Soon, the crew huddle aboard a life-raft —













And —





Later, a passing ship spots
the sunk sub's crew —

AHOY! COME ABOARD! THIS IS
THE CAPTAIN OF THE TARTAN TOORIE
SHOUTING!



WE SURRENDER!

WE SEEK
ASYLUM FROM
THAT MAD BRITISHER,
JONAH! HE
SANK US.



SO, YE SANK A JERRY U-BOAT
SINGLE-HANDED, EH? YER A BONNIE
FECHTER, JONAH LAD! WELL DONE!

IT WAS
NOTHING!



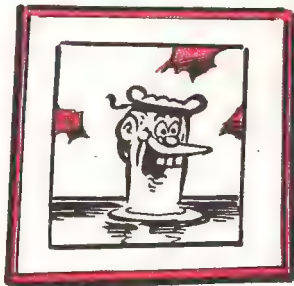
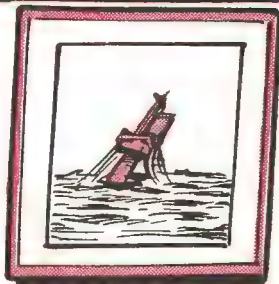
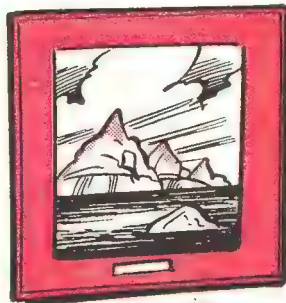
*The S.S. Tartan Toorie, is about to sail
into the history books, dear
readers, so let's follow
in her wake!*



... WELL, I'LL TELL YE, JONAH,
WE'RE ON COURSE TO PICK UP A
CARGO O' OATMEAL. WE MUST MAK' SURE OOR
SODJERS GET THEIR PORRIDGE.

Meanwhile, at the Admiralty —

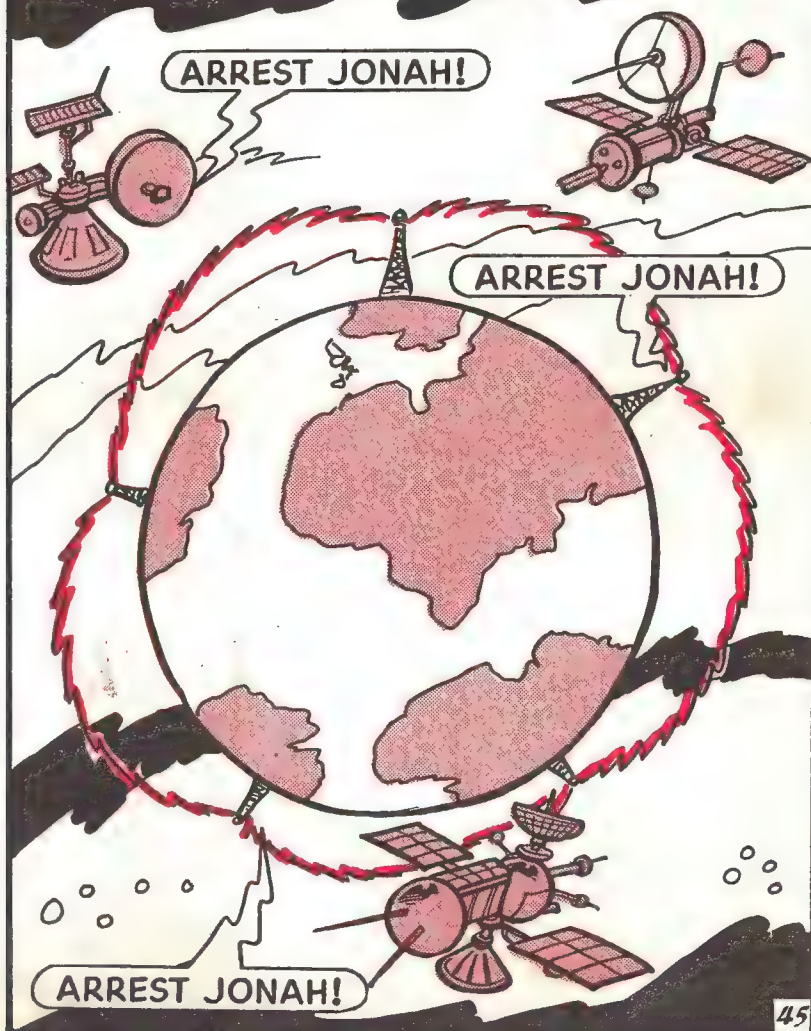
DANGER TO MARINERS



GENTLEMEN, YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE. I
HAVE TOP-SECRET INFORMATION TO IMPART.



Messages are flashed around the world —



Alas, the S.S. Tartan Toorie's wireless
operator's a bag-pipe fanatic —

ARREST JONAH!

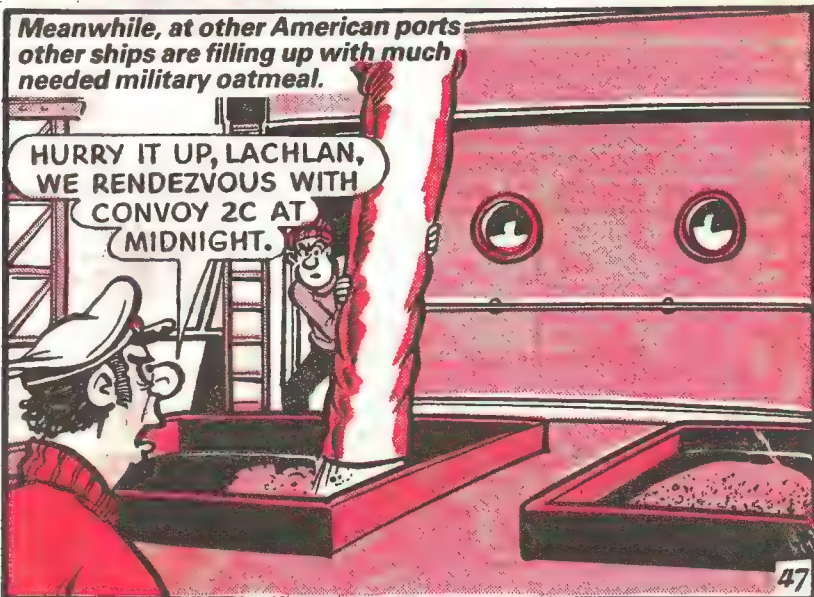


HOOCH!

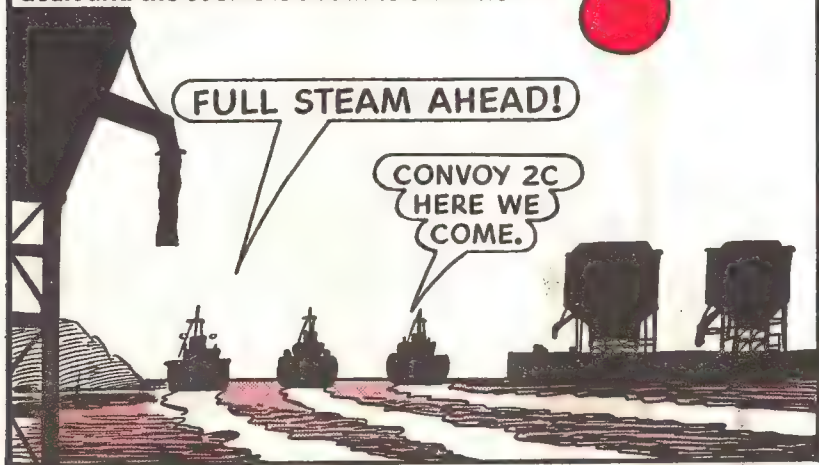
And so the Tartan Toorie sets sail
with 10,000 tons of best oatmeal —
and a Jinx!

**NEXT STOP GLESCA,
CHIEFIE, SO STEP ON IT.**



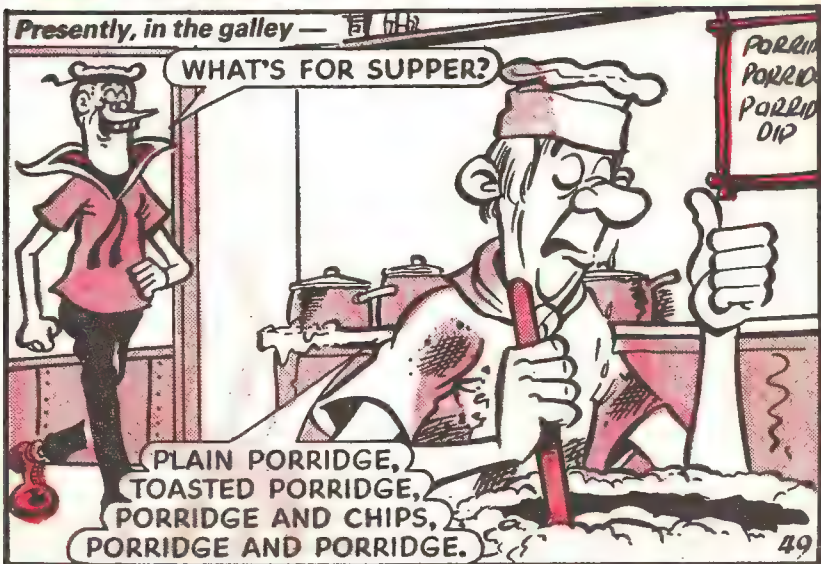


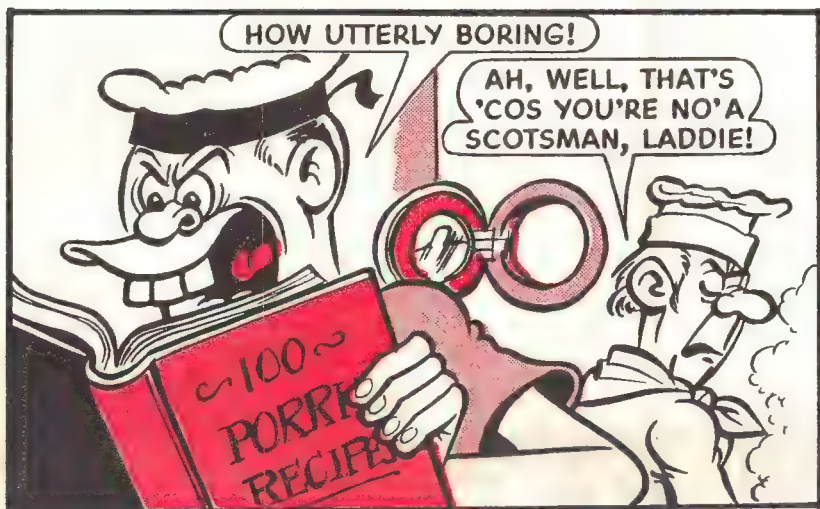
And so the die is cast, the cards are dealt and the cookie is about to crumble —



And not fifty jolly nautical miles away —







Outside —

THIS IS THE CAPTAIN'S
FAVOURITE — PORRIDGE
MARYLAND!

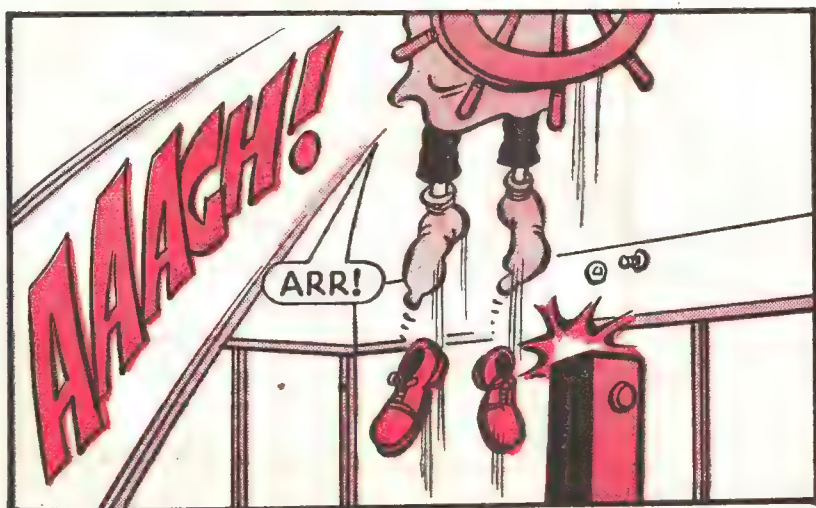
BAM!

OUCH!

And —

I TOOK OVER FROM McNIPPY. HE'S
AWAY PRACTISIN' HIS CABER TOSSIN'.

SIZZLE!



**The Tartan Toorie, minus its helmsman,
begins a crazy zig-zag course —**



Which takes it through the convoy —

COO! HE'S JUST MISSED US.

FULL ASTERN!

**LOOK OUT! SOME
DRUNKEN SAILORS
AT THE WHEEL!**

**HARD
A-STARBOARD!**

**HARD
A-PORT!**

And —

KERUMPH!



The convoy meets in a devastating crash! —

And one by one slips
to a watery grave —

FLUSH!



One by one the sailors surface —

GASP! THE SEA'S ALL PORRIDGE!

WHAT D'YOU EXPECT?
{YE SANK SEVEN
PORRIDGE BOATS.

NOT FORGETTING TWO
POWDERED MILK TANKERS,
YOU JINX!

ULK!

Soon, the porridge stiffens —

HMM! IT'S QUITE FIRM!

BIT TOO STODGY FOR MY TASTE.

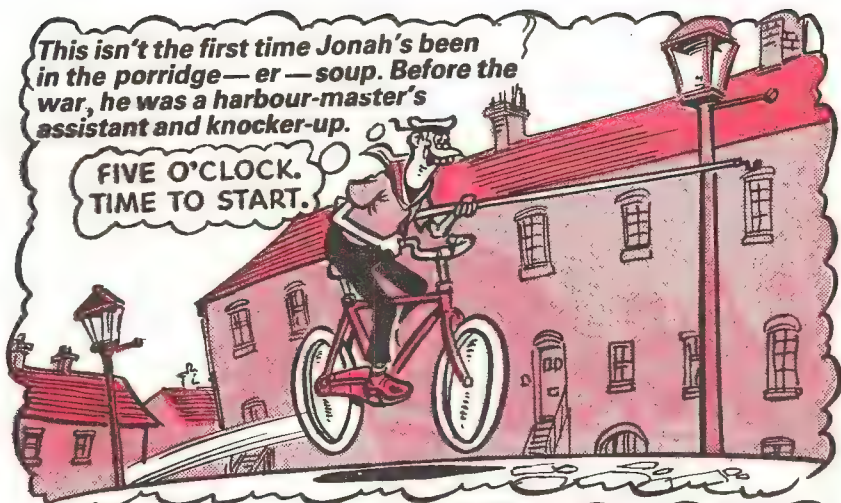


ACTUALLY IT'S NO'
TOO BAD — A BIT
SALTY, MAYBE.



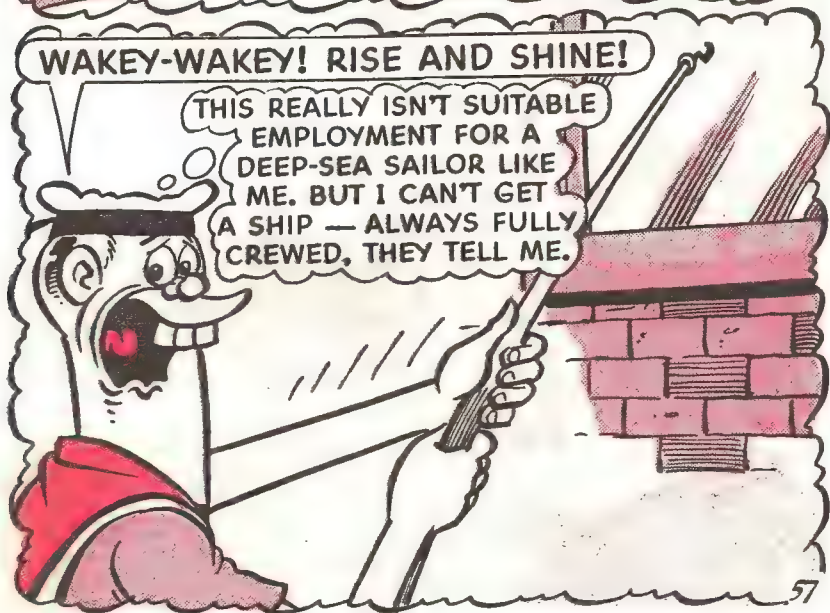
This isn't the first time Jonah's been in the porridge— er — soup. Before the war, he was a harbour-master's assistant and knocker-up.

**FIVE O'CLOCK.
TIME TO START.**



WAKY-WAKY! RISE AND SHINE!

**THIS REALLY ISN'T SUITABLE
EMPLOYMENT FOR A
DEEP-SEA SAILOR LIKE
ME. BUT I CAN'T GET
A SHIP — ALWAYS FULLY
CREWED, THEY TELL ME.**



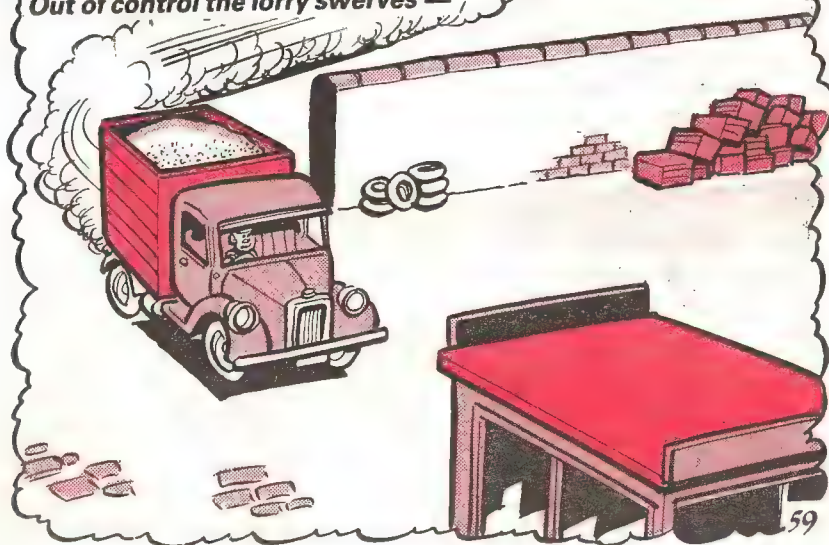


Two streets away —

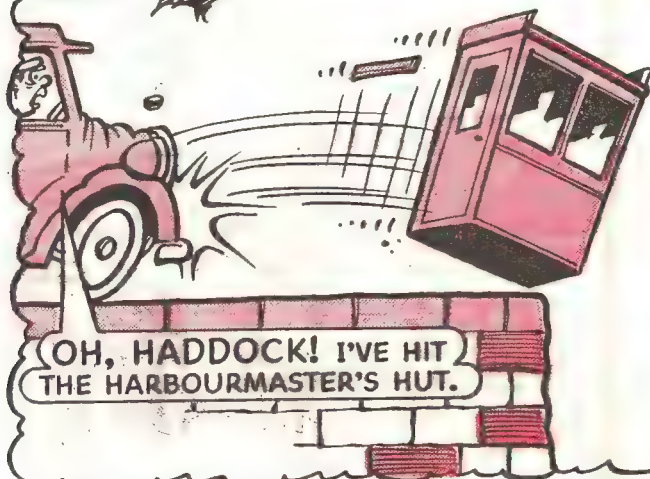
WONDER WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST
AT THE 'INN-ON-THE-DOCKS' TODAY?



Out of control the lorry swerves —



And —



HARBOURMASTER'S
HUT OVERBOARD!



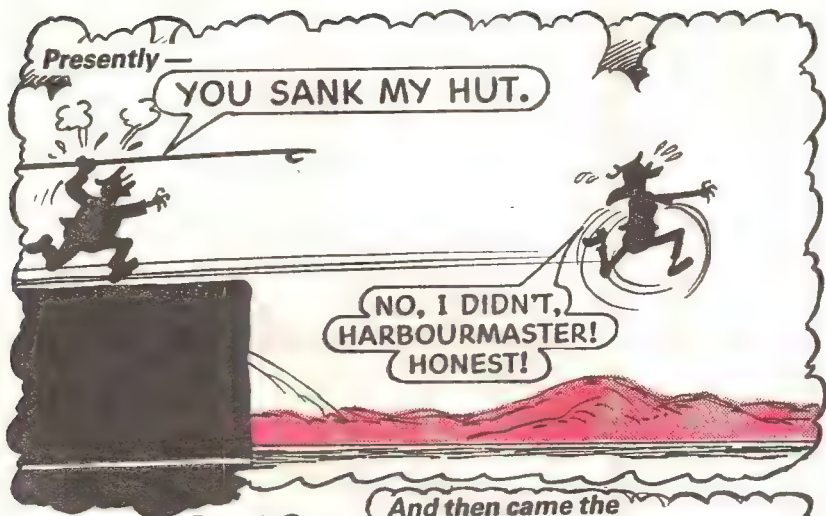
Next — the lorry —

THE BRAKES WON'T
HOLD — ARR!

SPEEDOFF!

THAT'S A LORRY LOAD OF
POWDERED SOUP THAT'S GONE
INTO THE DOCK.

WHAT'S HE SHOUTING
FOR — A SPOON?



Enough of the nostalgia -
forward to 1942 in
mid-Atlantic —

WE HAFF
BRITISHER PLANE
IN OUR SIGHTS.
SURFACE.



MAN DER GUN!



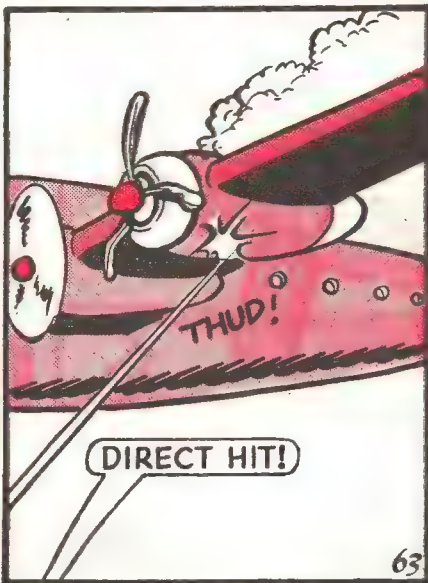
FIRE!

BANG!



THUD!

DIRECT HIT!

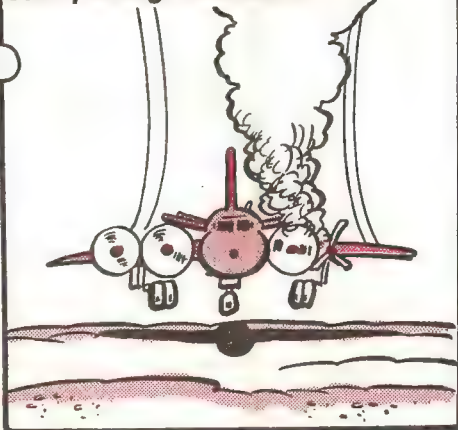


The stricken aircraft loses height.

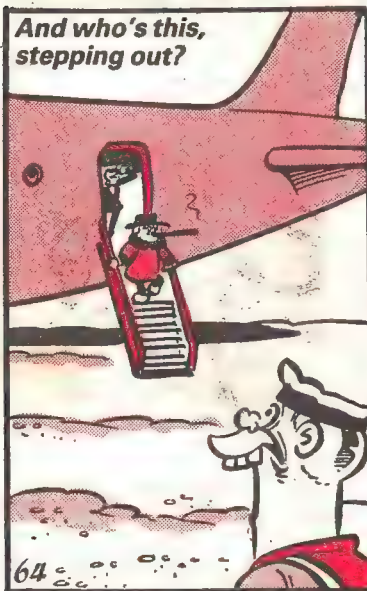
**WE'RE DOOMED!
EIGHT HUNDRED MILES
FROM LAND.**



But miracle! A massive field of solid porridge lies below —



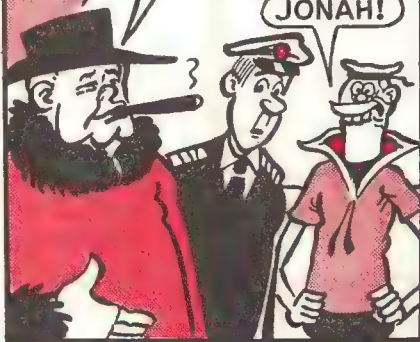
**And who's this,
stepping out?**

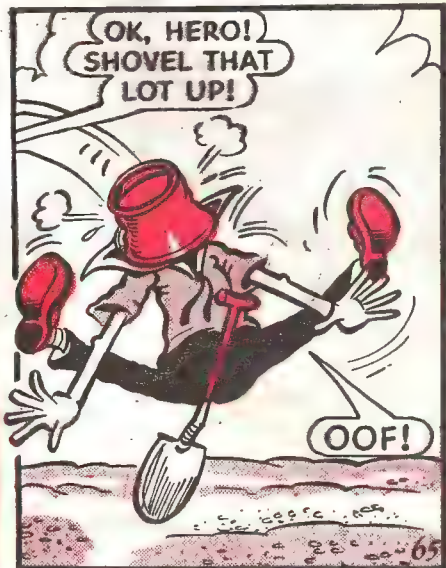


Yes, it's Winston Churchill —

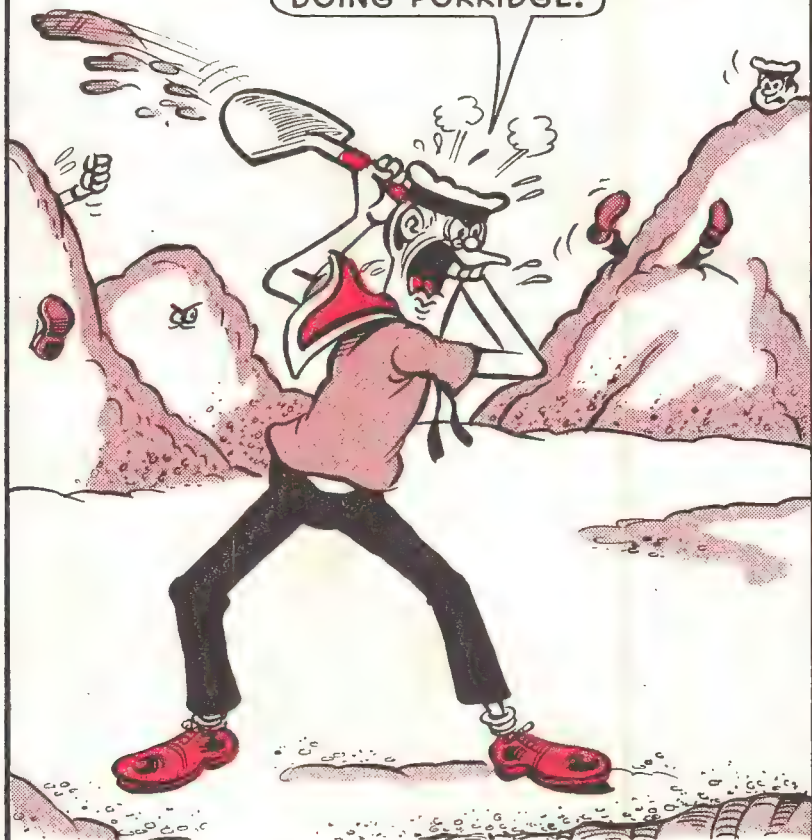
**A MID-ATLANTIC RUNWAY!
GOOD FORWARD THINKING.
WHO'S THE CHAPPIE
RESPONSIBLE?**

**ME!
JONAH!**





OH, THIS IS TOO, TOO GRUEL!
ME — A HERO ON BOTH SIDES
DOING PORRIDGE!



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JONAH *in* "ALL AT SEA!"



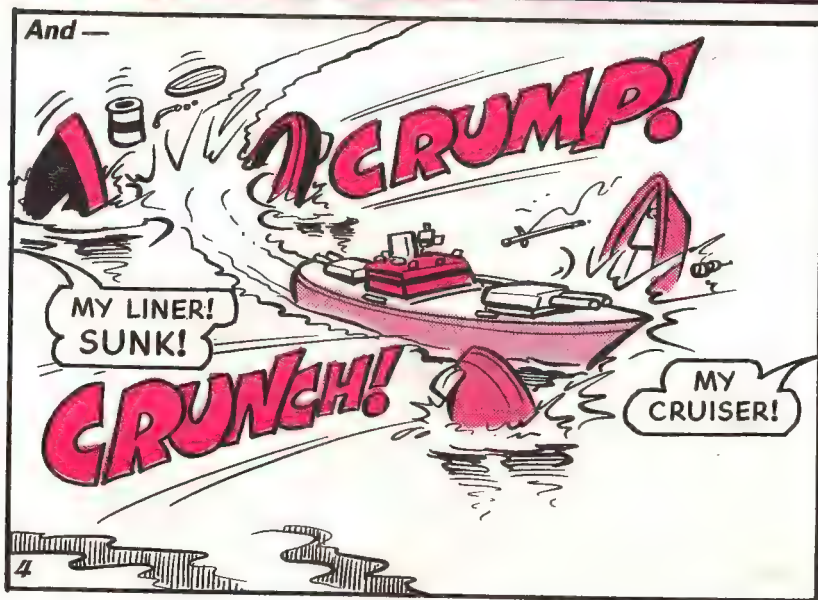
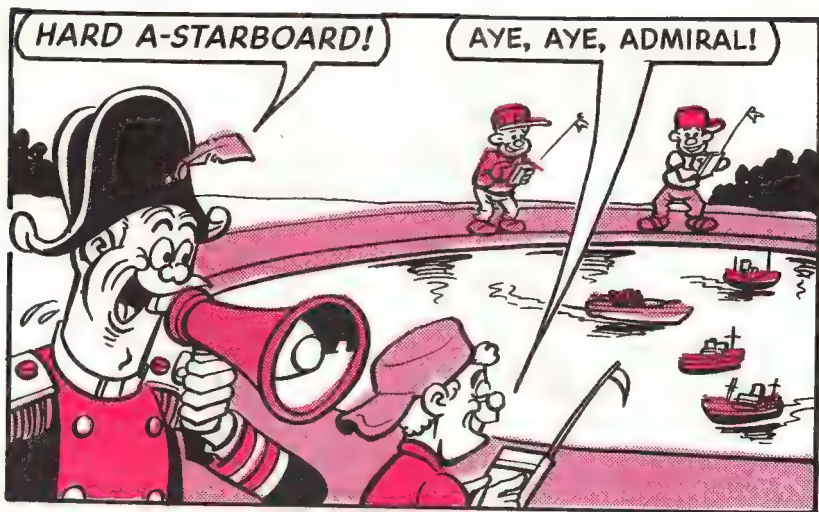
9 770957 979025

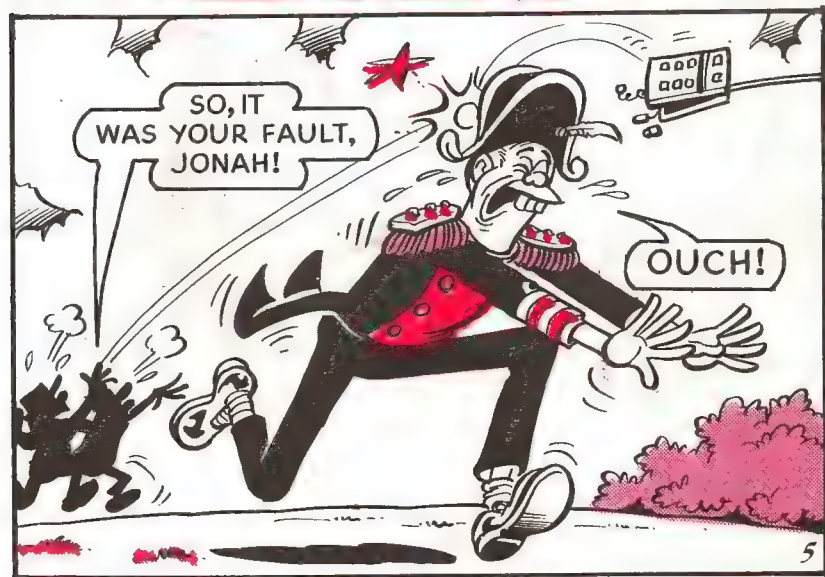
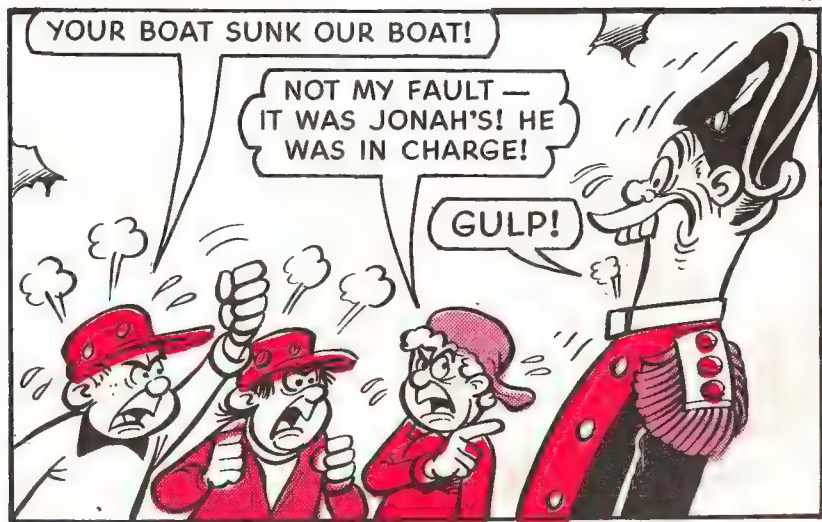


21

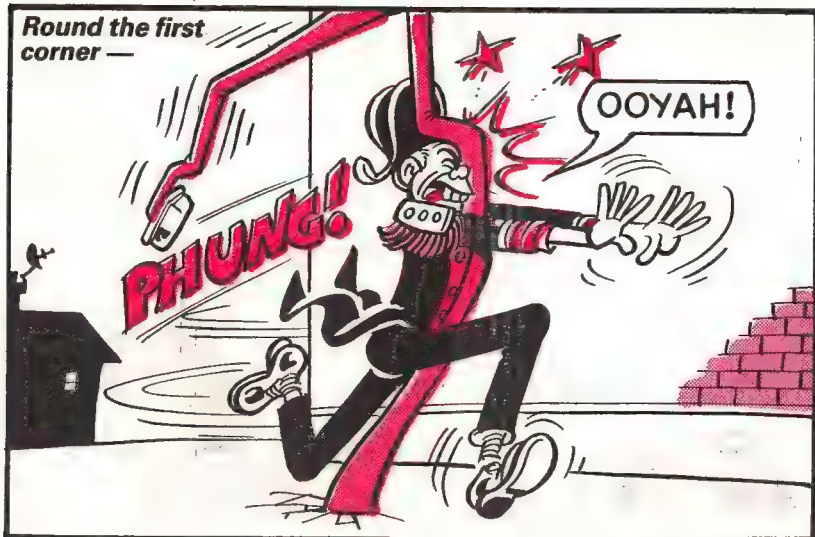
JONAH *in* "ALL AT SEA!"







Round the first corner —



Round the second corner —



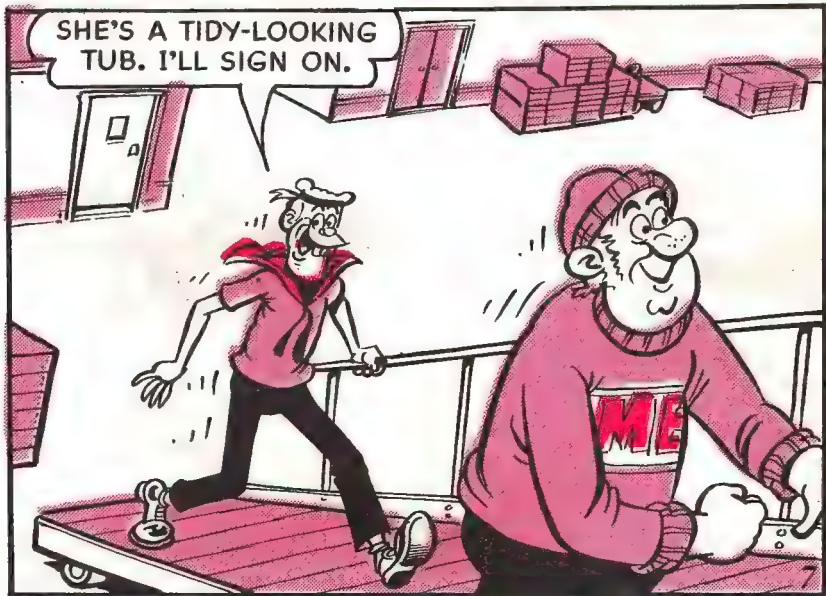
*Some time later,
at the docks —*

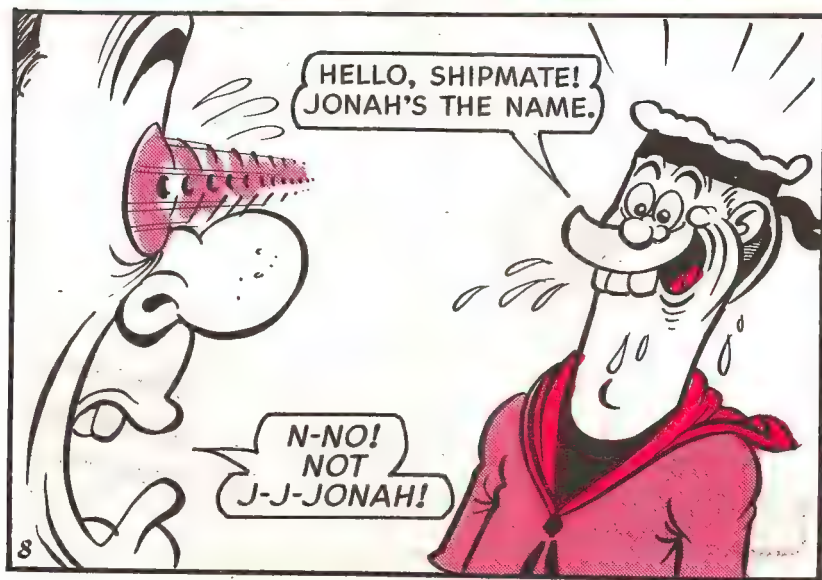
IT'S TIME I WENT TO SEA AGAIN.
IT'S MY NATURAL ELEMENT
— AND HERE'S A LIKELY VESSEL!

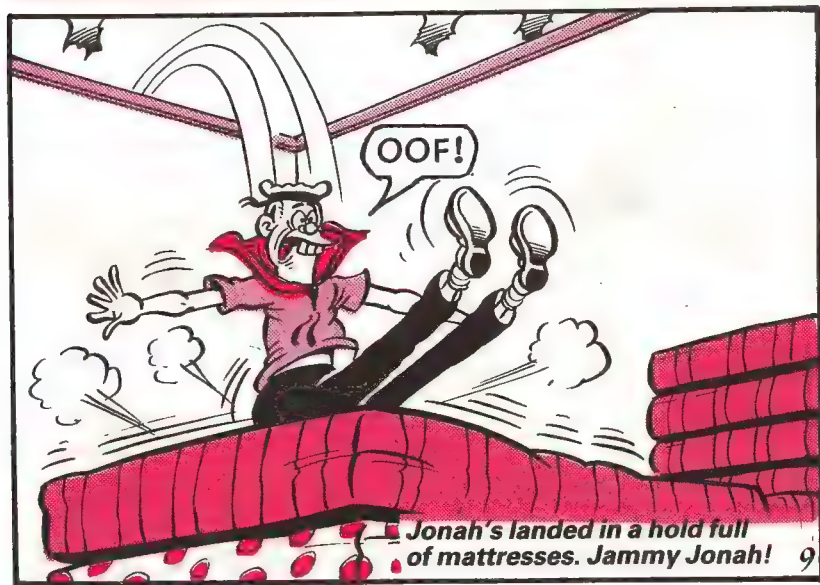
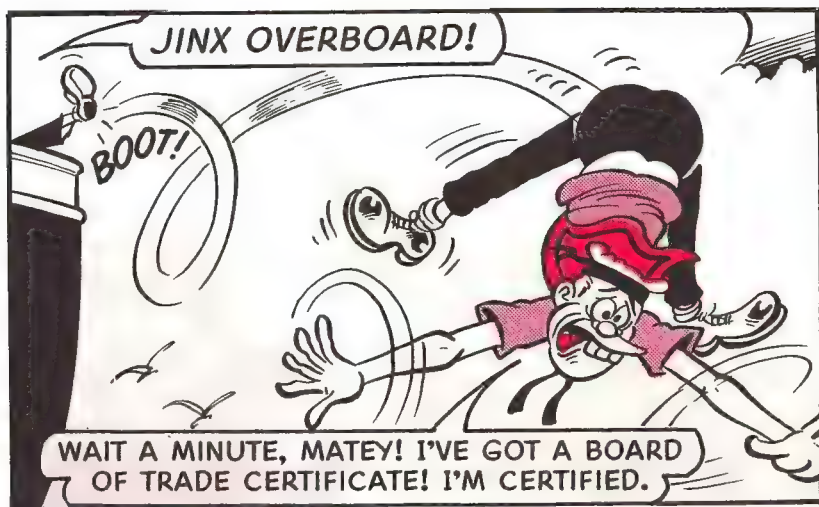


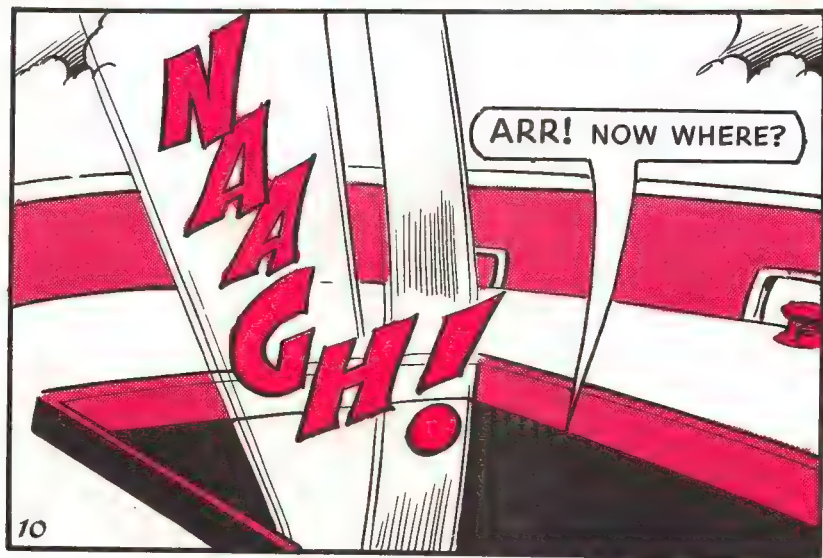
HANDS
WANTED
ON DECK

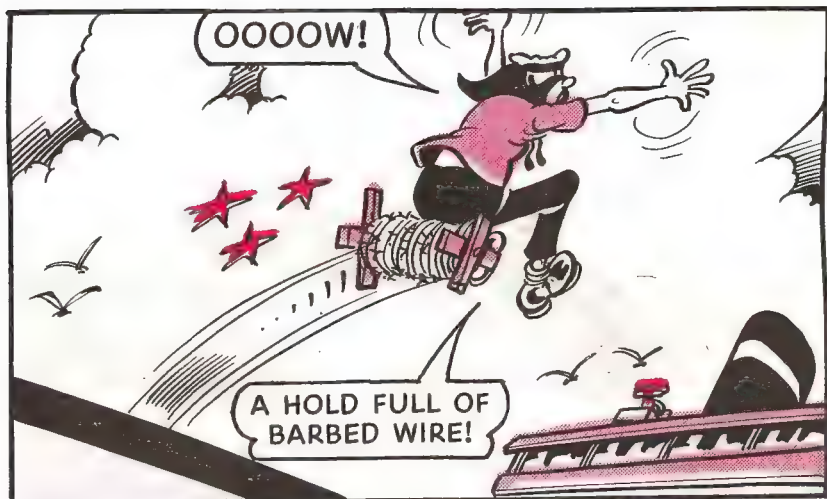
SHE'S A TIDY-LOOKING
TUB. I'LL SIGN ON.

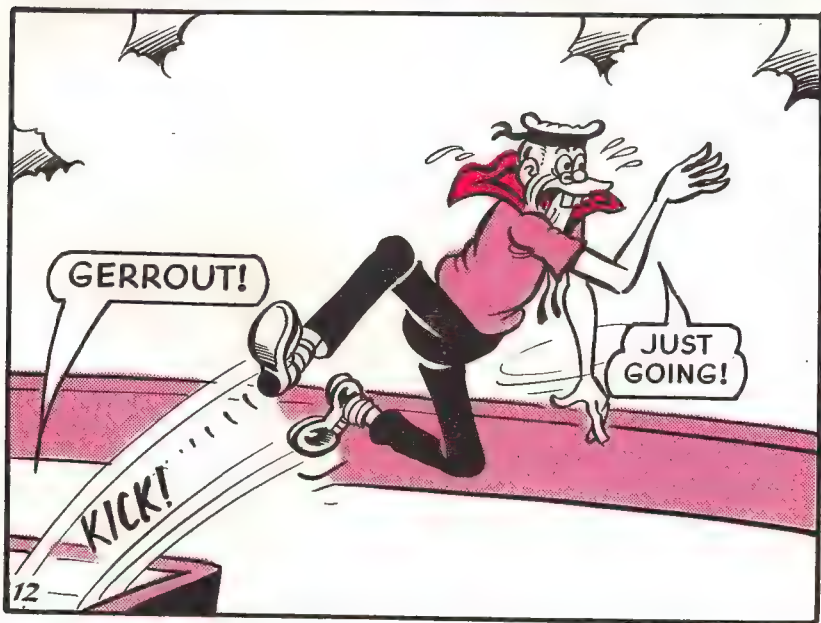
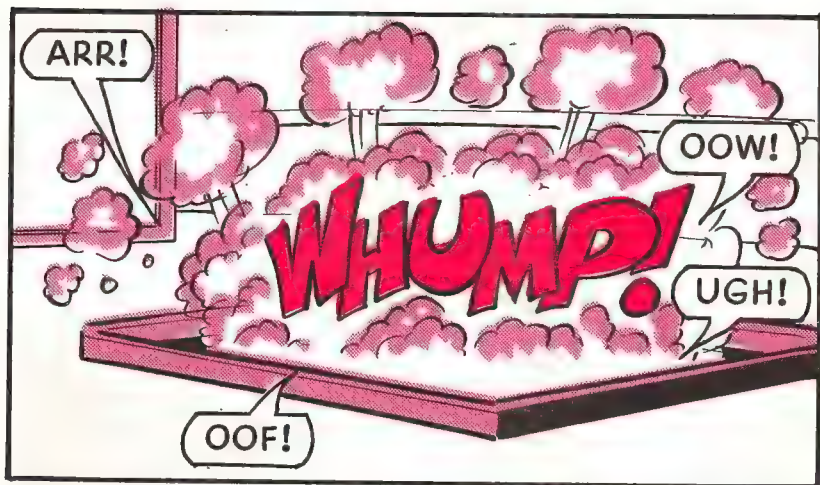










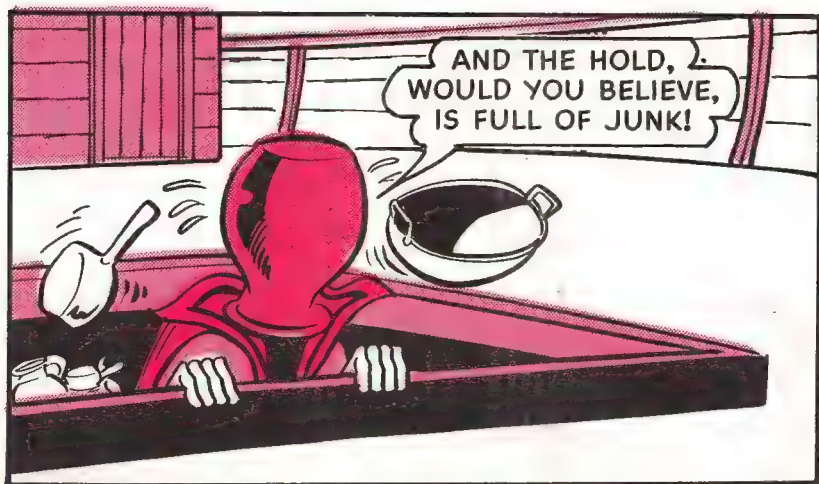


Ho! Ho! Jonah's landed on a tramp steamer this time!

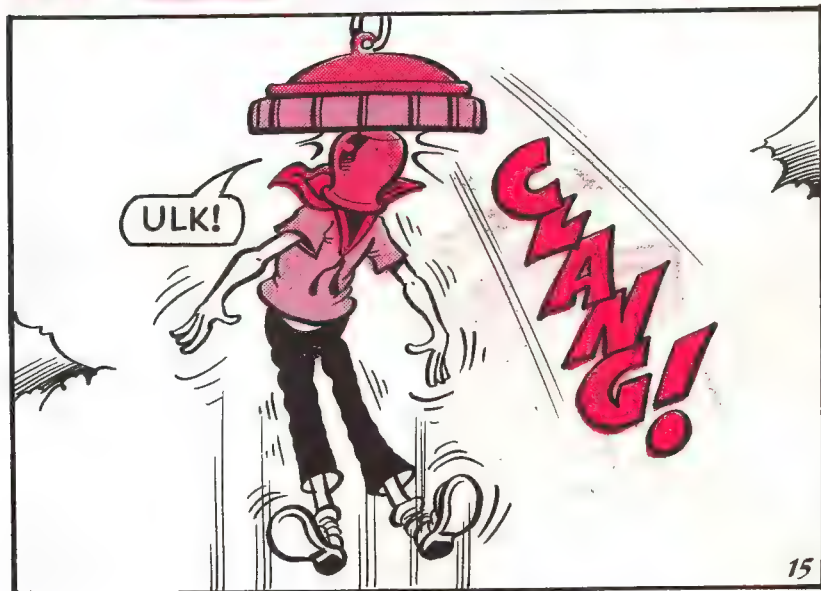
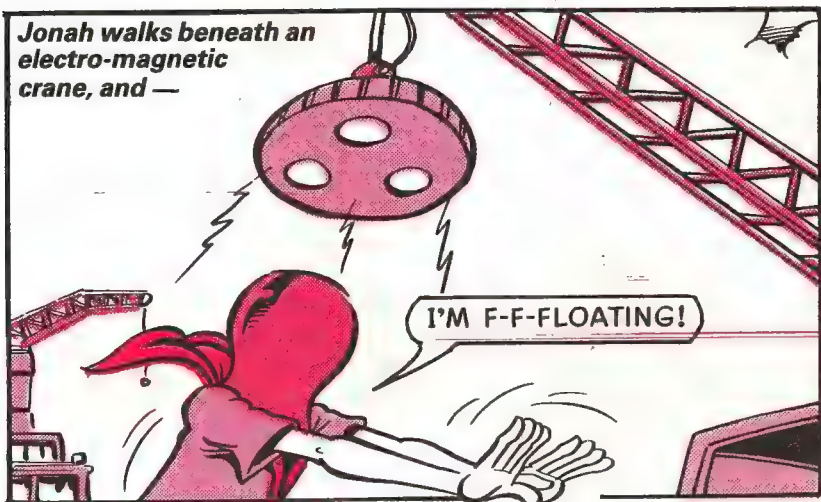


ULK! A
CHINESE
JUNK!





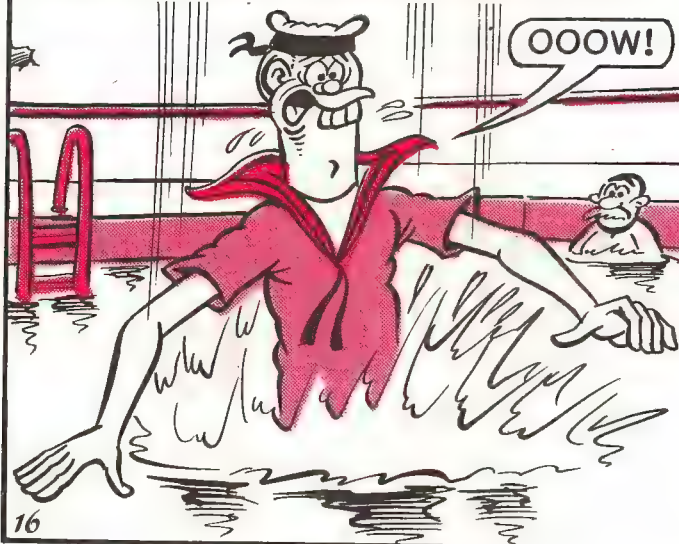
Jonah walks beneath an
electro-magnetic
crane, and —

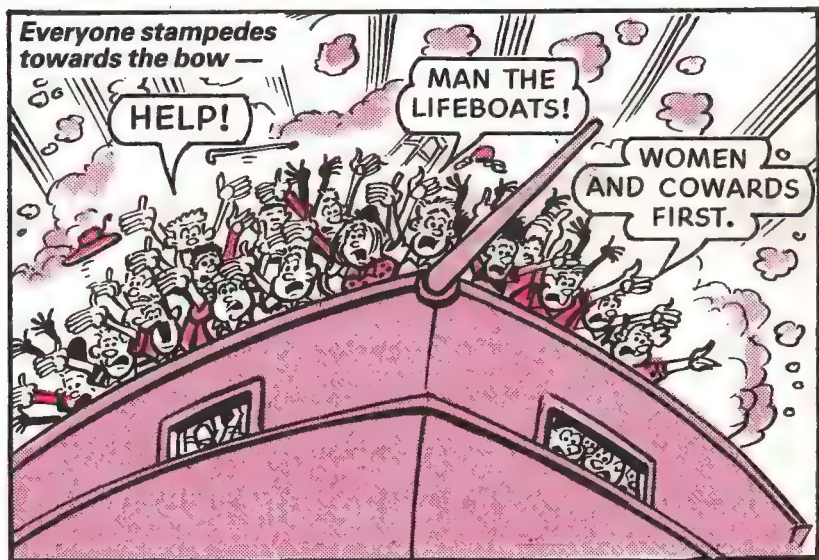
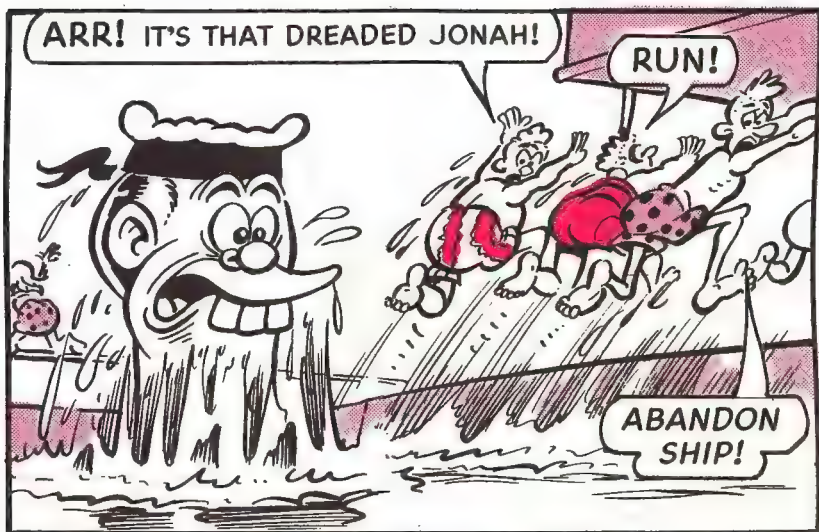


The current is switched off
and Jonah plunges —

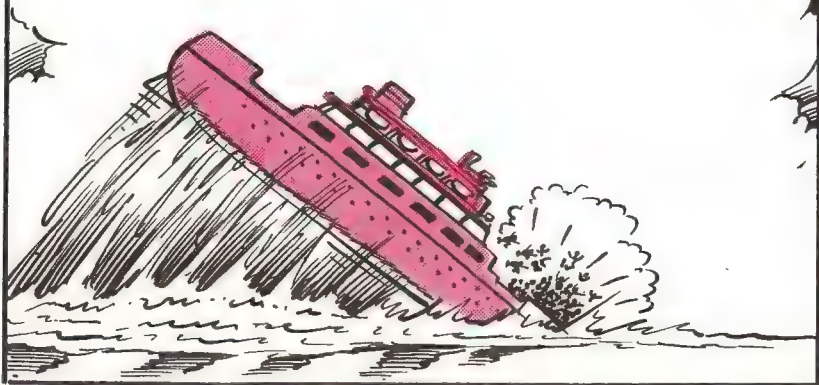


— into a pool aboard a departing holiday cruiser —





**Bow-heavy, the cruiser
tips forward —**



The captain urges calm —

**GET BACK, YOU
STEAMIN' PACK OF
PANICKING
SAVAGES! GET
BACK!**



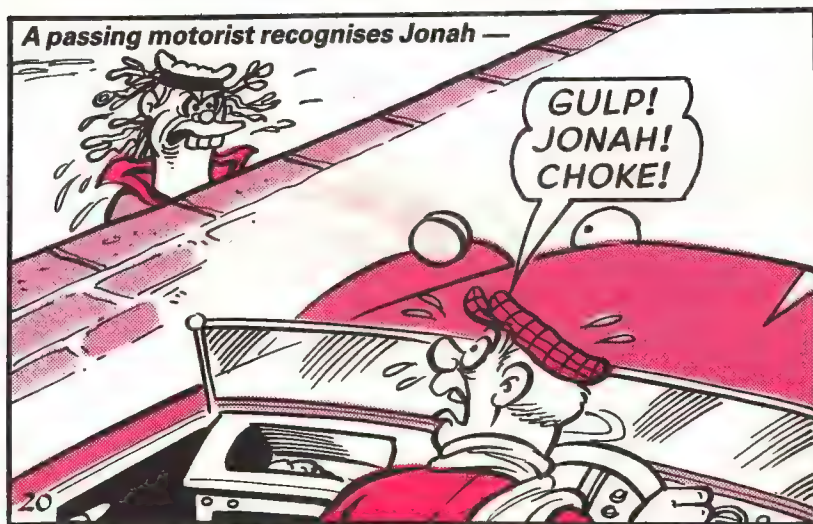
**Alas! Alack! Forsooth all to no avail —
the bow-heavy vessel dives
like a submarine —**

IT WAS
JONAH'S
FAULT!

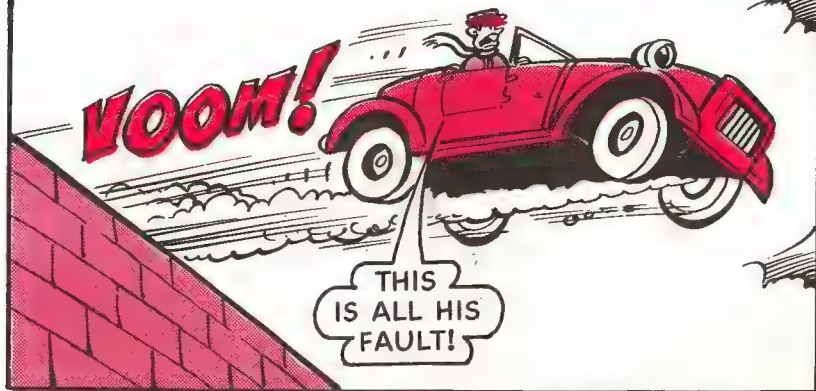
SPADOOSH!

THERE HE IS.

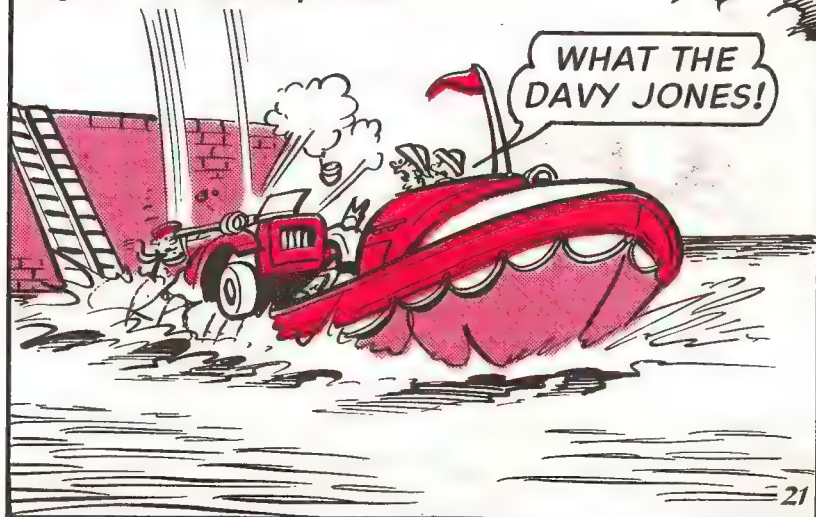
IT'S NOT
FAIR! I
GET BLAMED
FOR EVERYTHING
THAT SINKS.

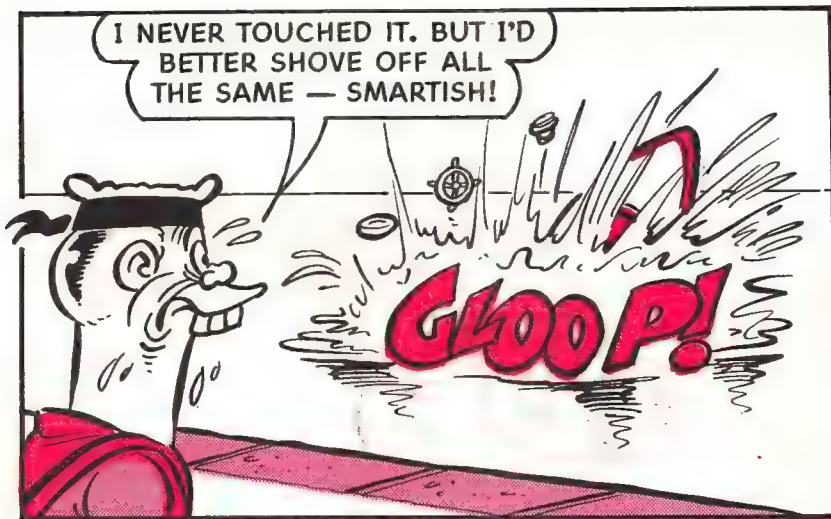


Distracted, the motorist accidentally drives over the edge of the quay —



— and hits the life-boat that's just been launched to go to the cruiser shipwreck!

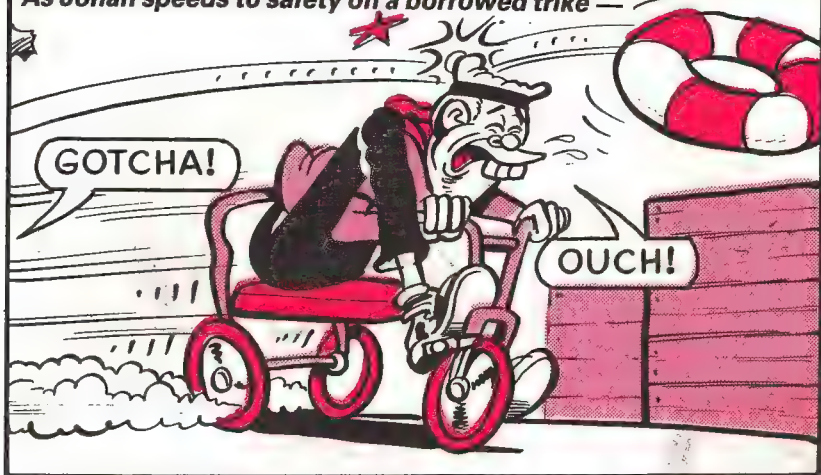




The harbour-master (who knows a thing or two about nautical jinxes) steams on to the scene —

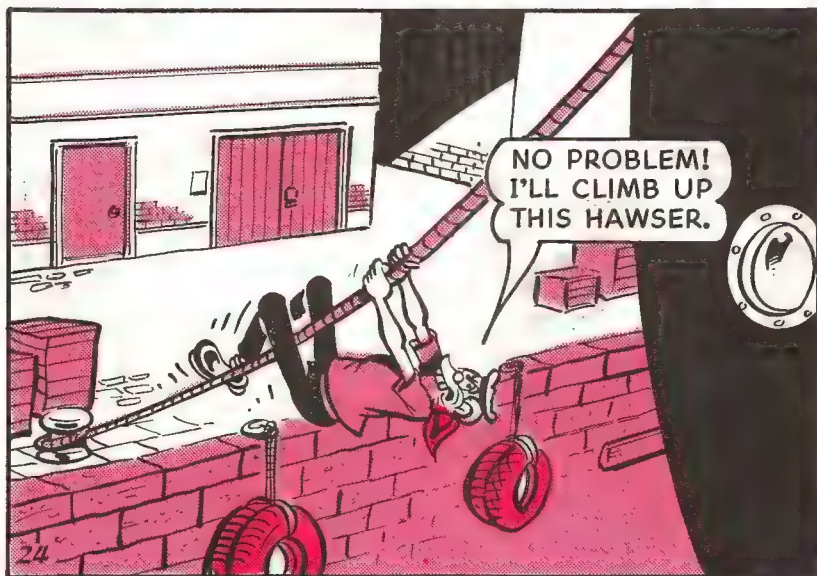


As Jonah speeds to safety on a borrowed trike —

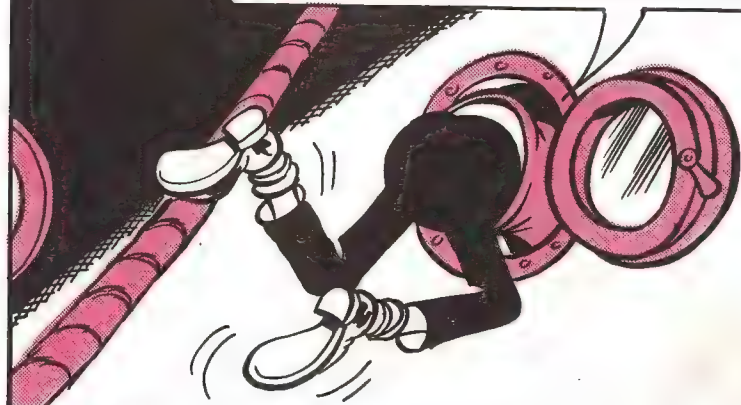


Later —



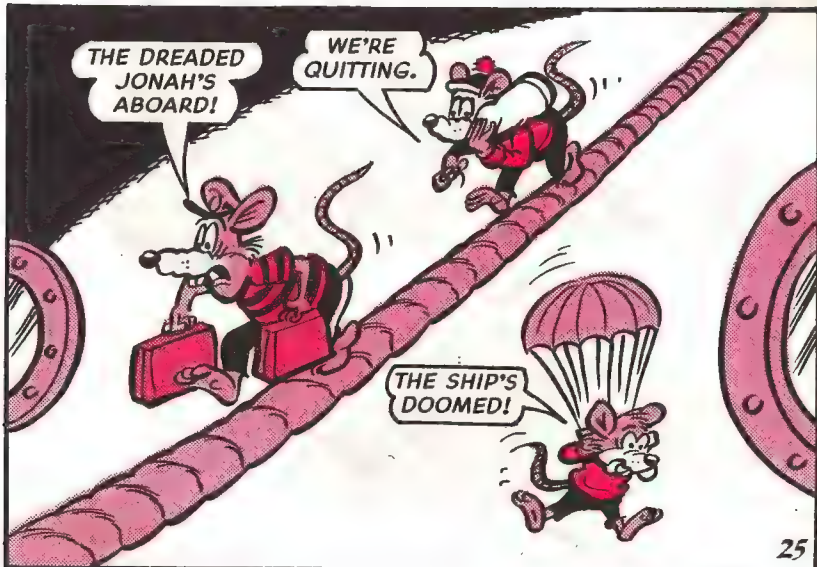


HERE'S A CONVENIENT PORT-HOLE!
AND JUST IN TIME — WE'RE SAILING.



THE DREADED
JONAH'S
ABOARD!

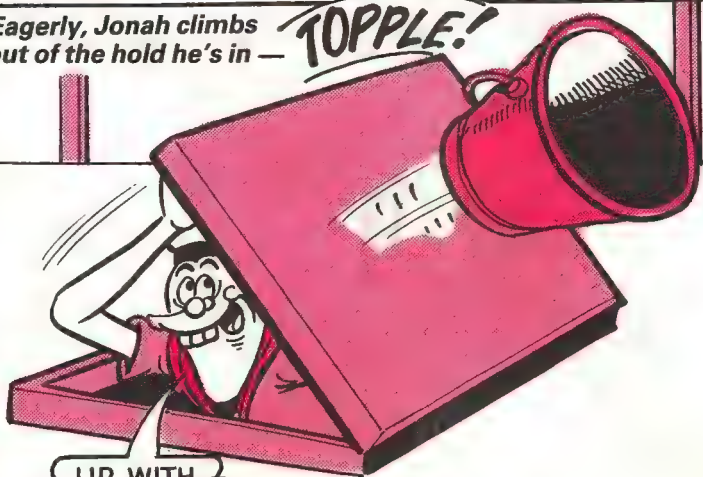
WE'RE
QUITTING.



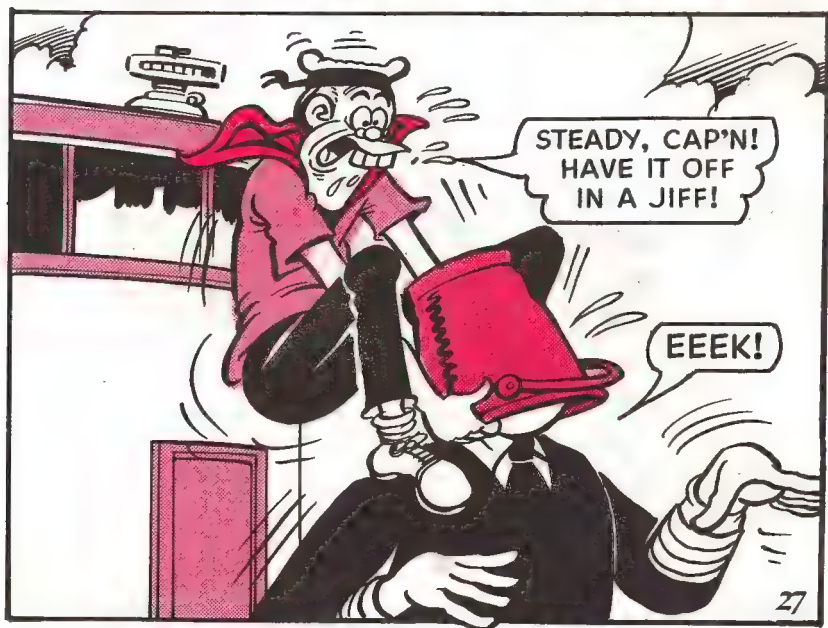


Eagerly, Jonah climbs out of the hold he's in —

TOPPLE!



26 UP WITH THE HATCH!





The pail lands over the helmsman's head as he steers out of harbour —



And —

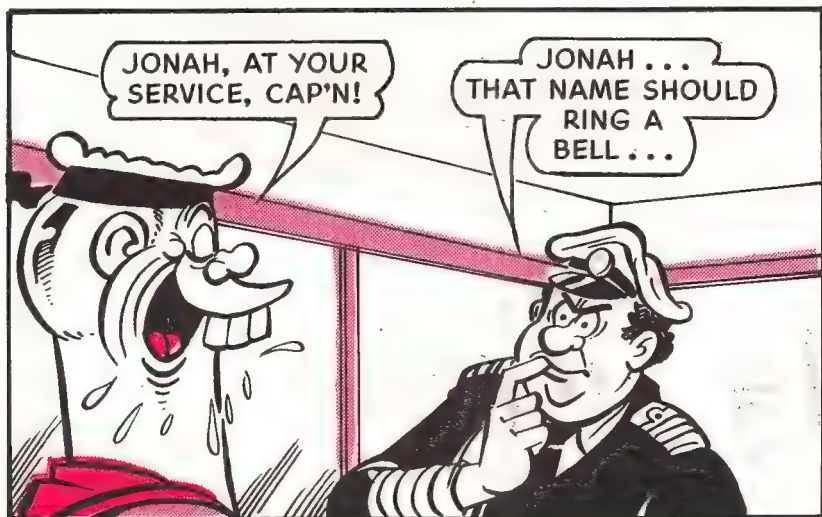
KRUNCH!

I'VE HIT
SOMETHING,
I THINK.

The Captain dashes to the bridge —

WHO THE
BLAZES ARE
YOU?

WHO?
ME?



Later (and still no bells have rung),
with Jonah signed on as cook —

I'M DETERMINED
TO DO THE CREW
PROUD. COOKING'S
A HOBBY OF MINE.

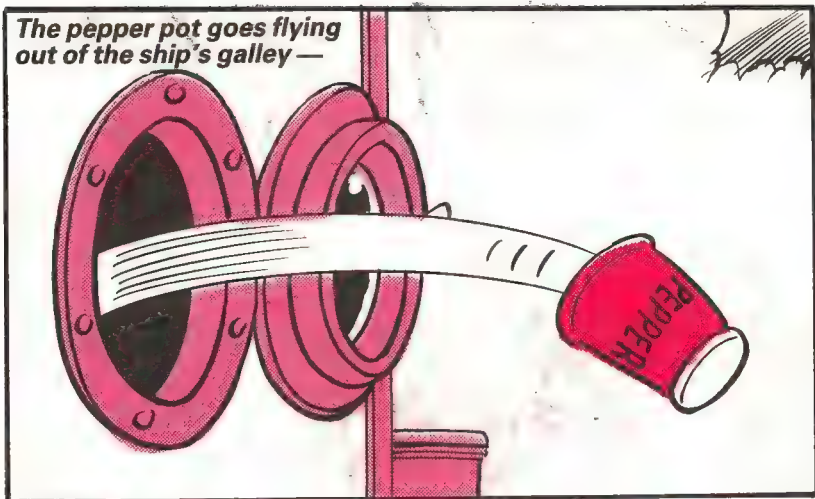


I'LL RUSTLE UP SOMETHING
QUICK FOR ALL THOSE RUMBLIN',
MARINERS' TUMS!

NUDGE!

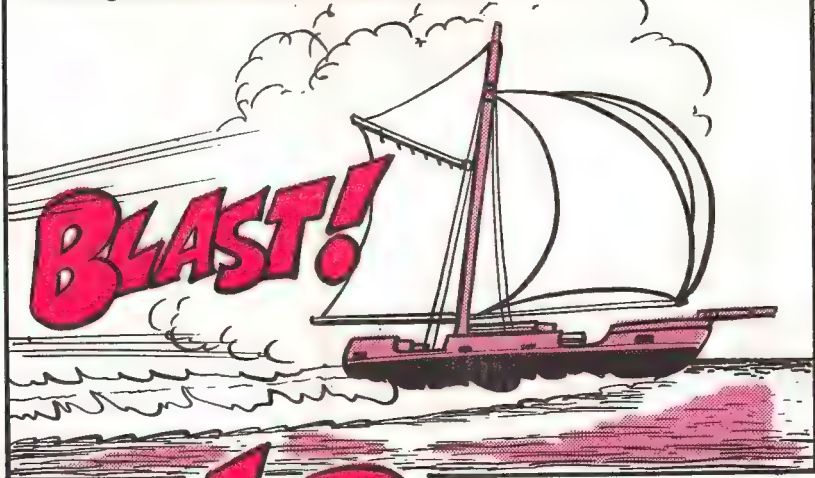


**The pepper pot goes flying
out of the ship's galley —**

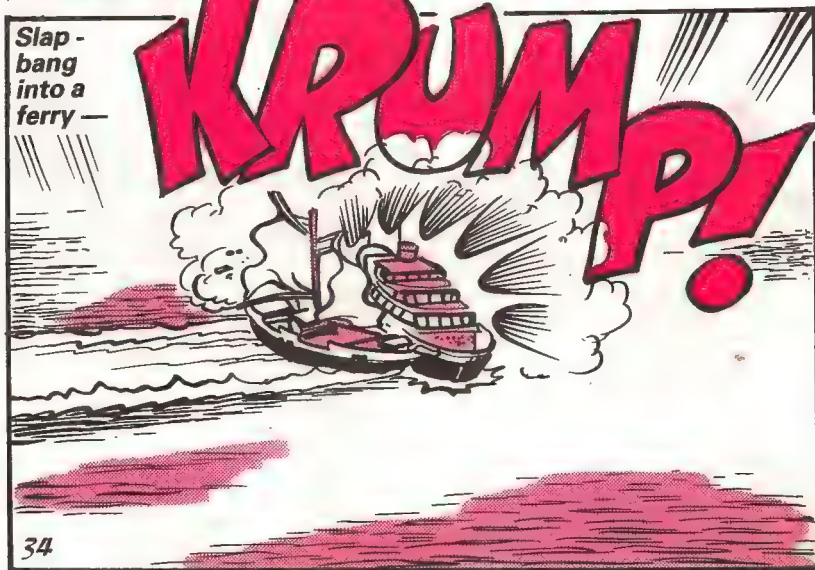




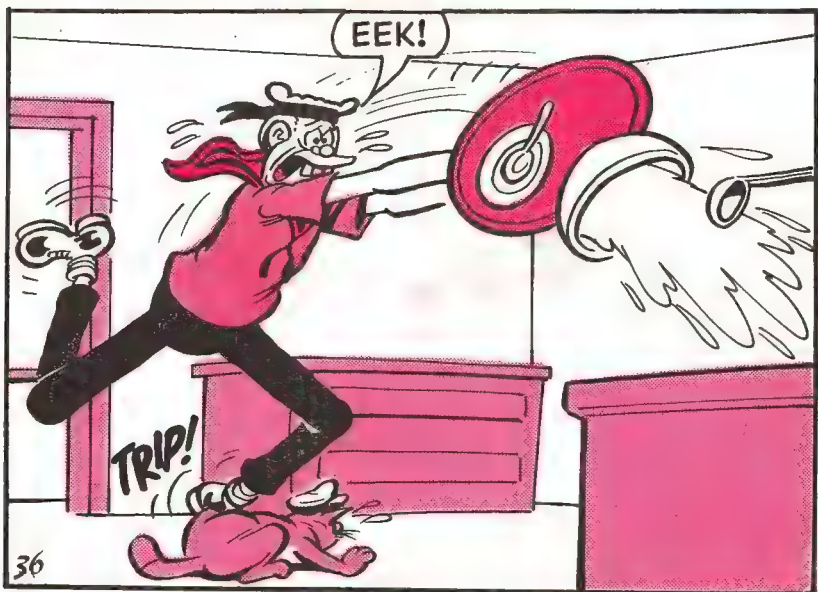
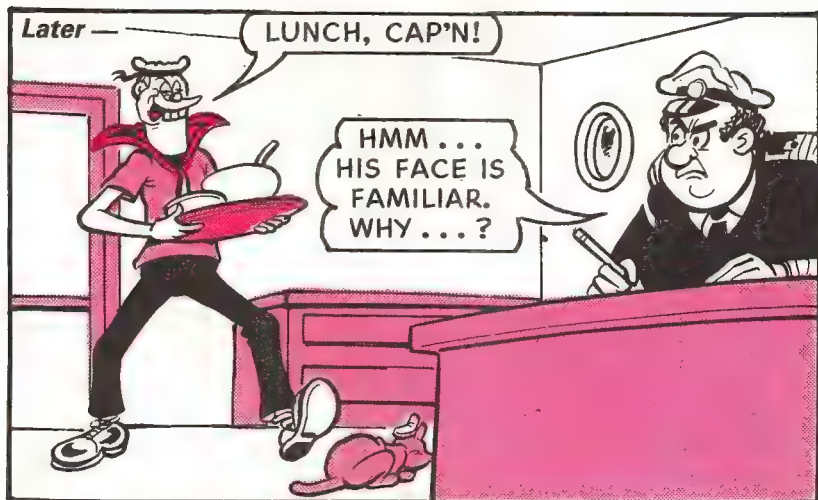
The mega-sneeze blasts a passing ketch —



*Slap-
bang
into a
ferry —*



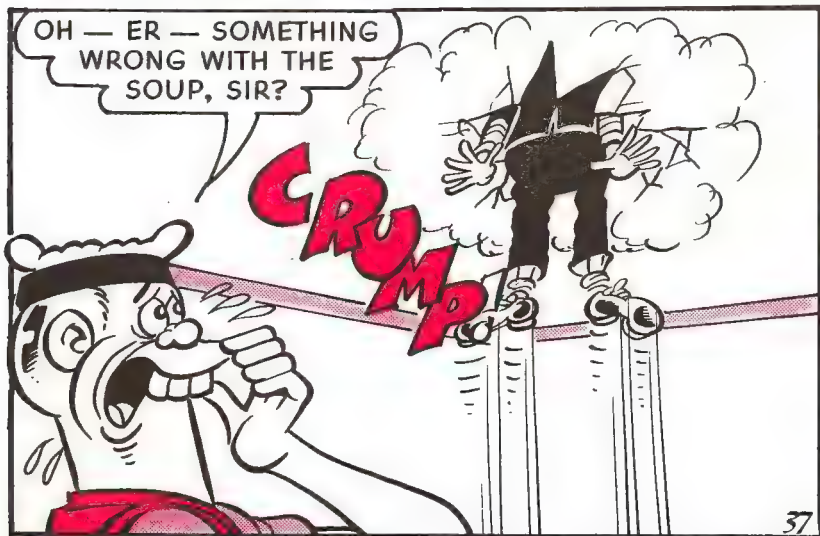




And —



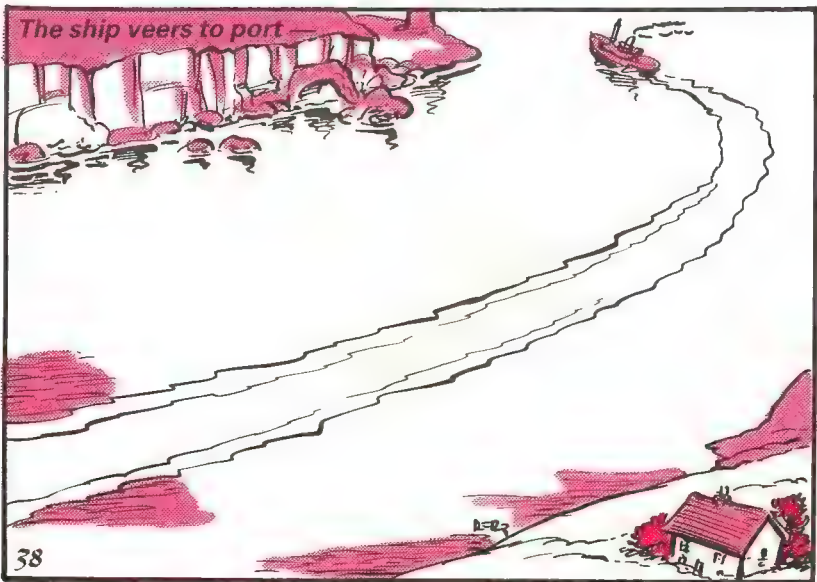
OH — ER — SOMETHING
WRONG WITH THE
SOUP, SIR?

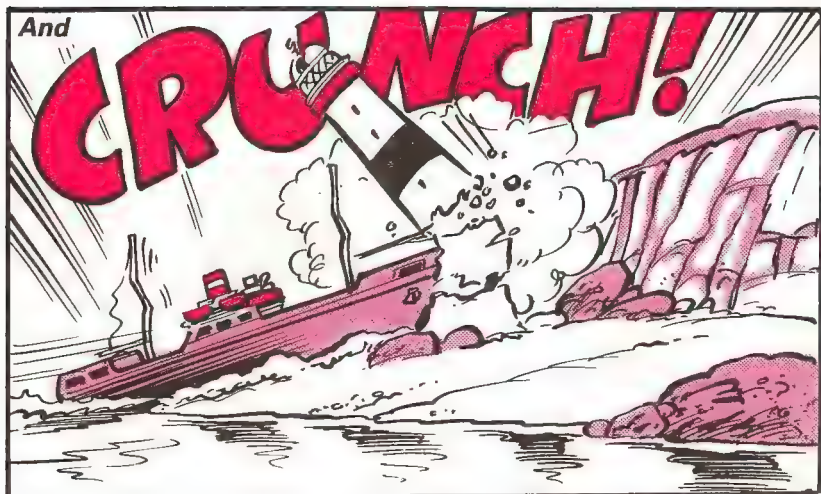


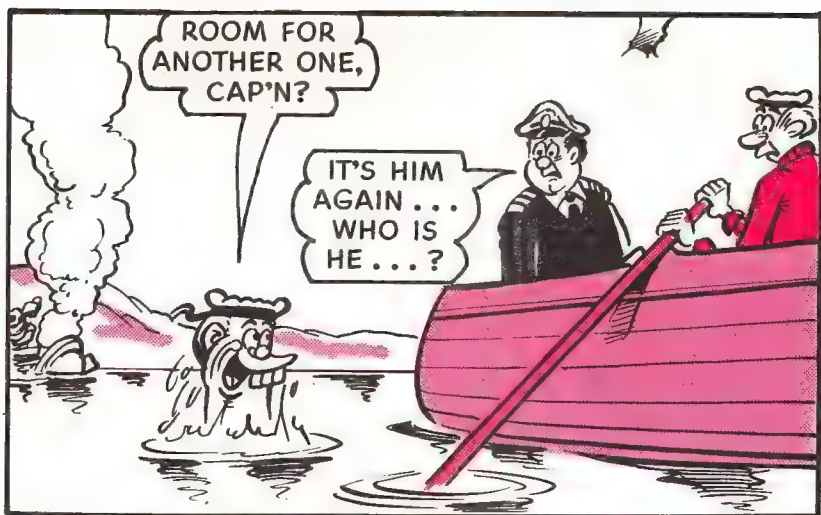
The Captain crashes up into the wheelhouse and sends the wheel spinning wildly —



The ship veers to port —

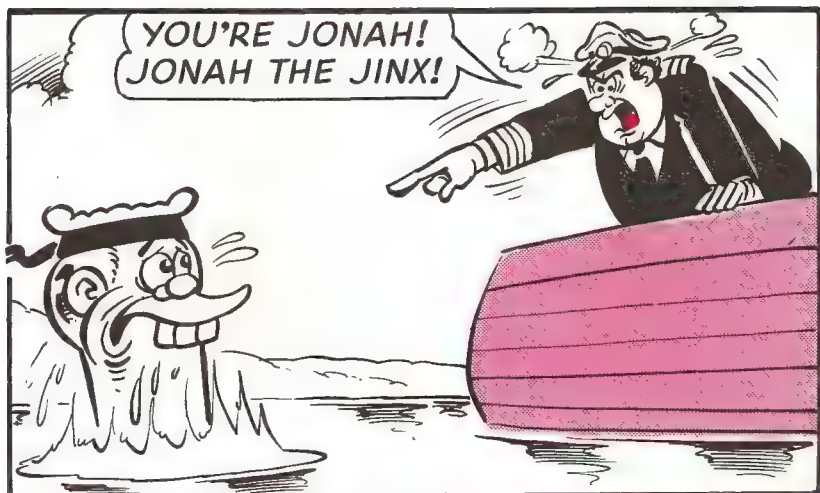






Suddenly, the long awaited bell rings —





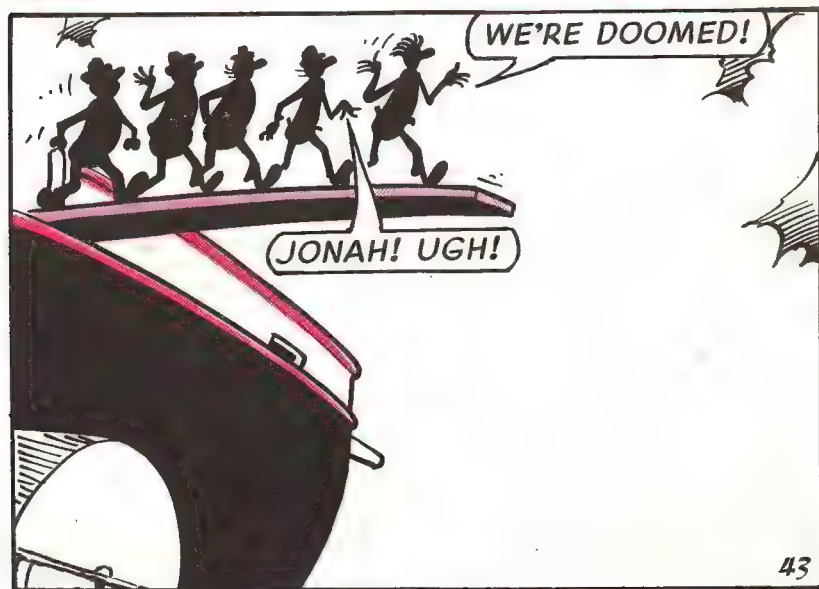
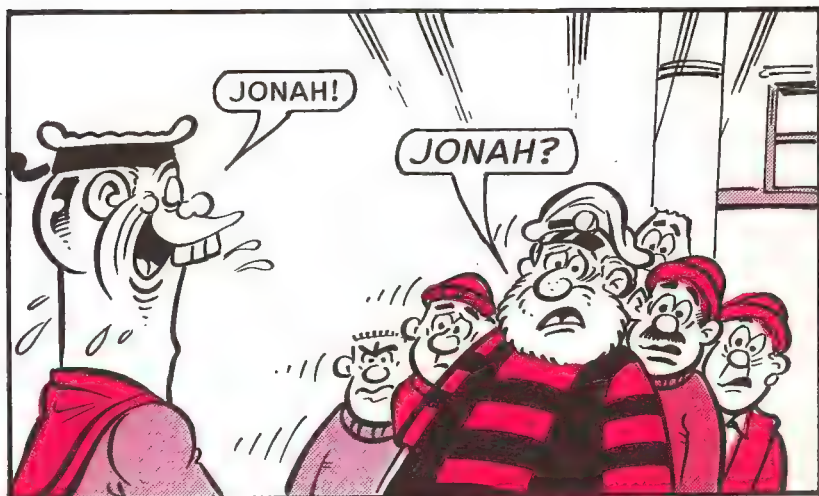
Hours later —

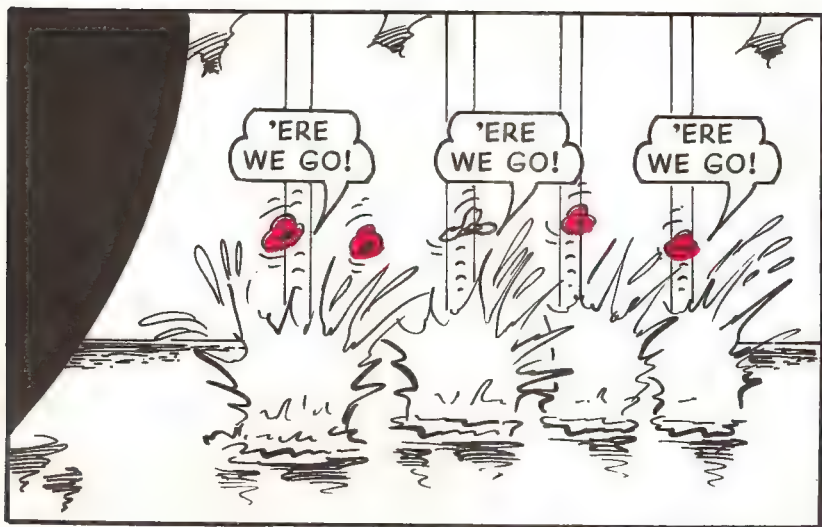
COME ABOARD, MATEY! LOST
YER SHIP, 'AVE YE?

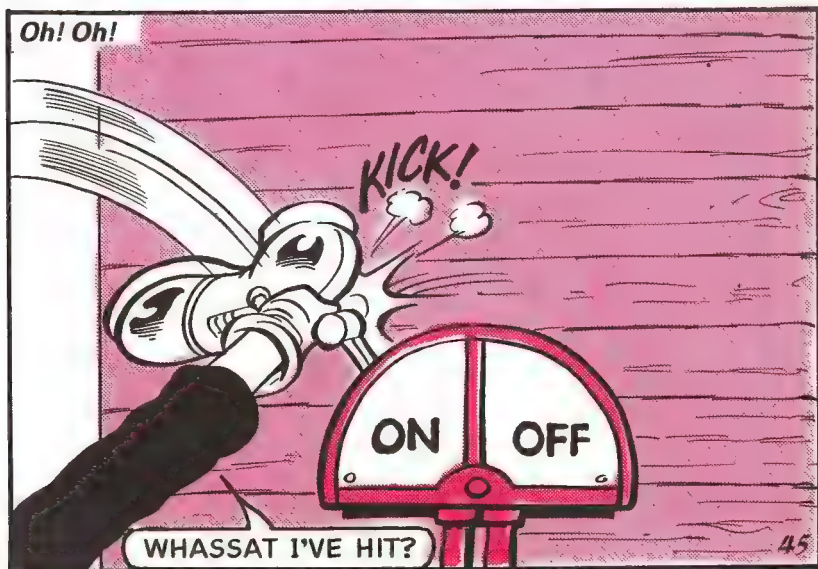
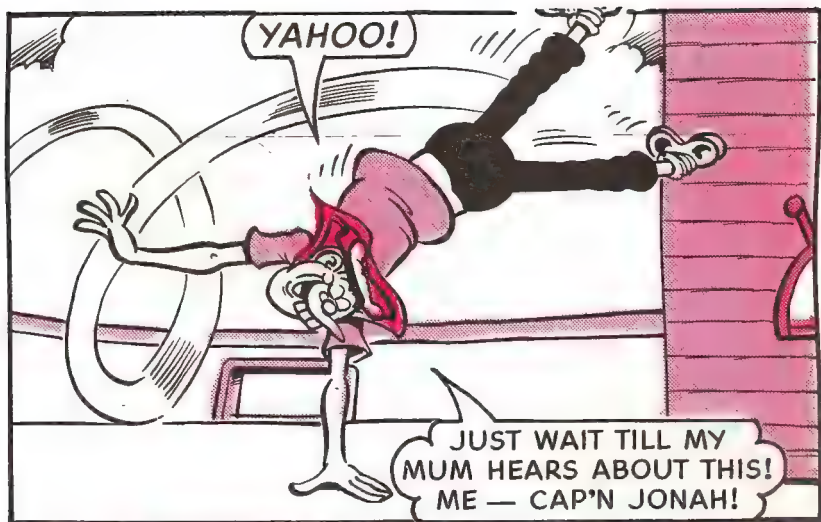


WELCOME ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP
FLOTSAM. I LIKE THE CUT 'O
YER JIB. GOT A NAME, MATEY?

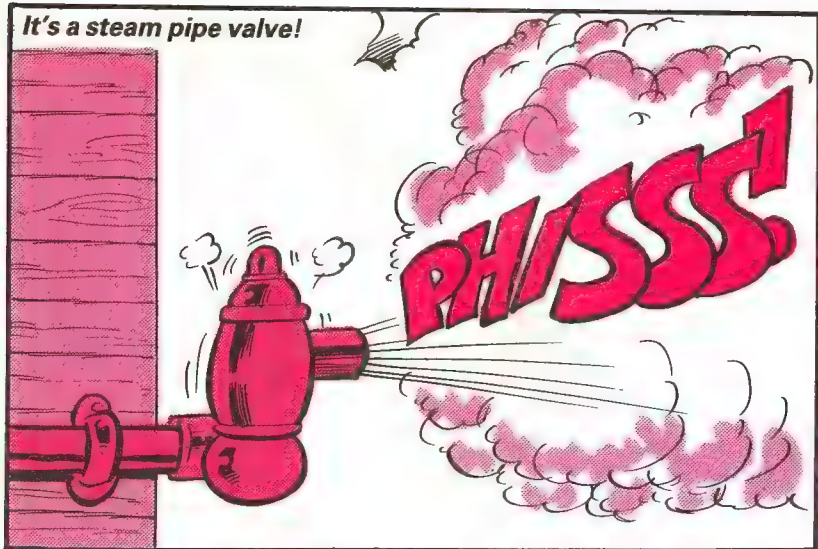








It's a steam pipe valve!

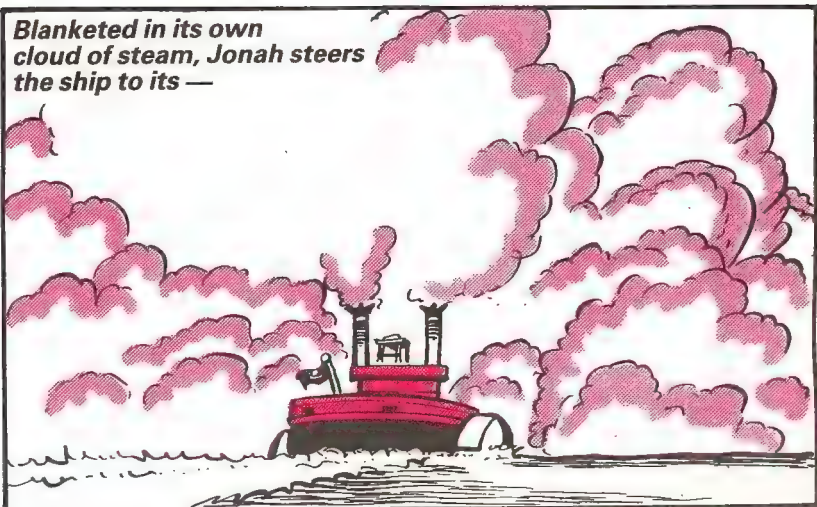


And —

WELL, DASH ME BUTTONS! WHERE'S
ALL THAT STEAM COMING FROM?



*Blanketed in its own
cloud of steam, Jonah steers
the ship to its —*

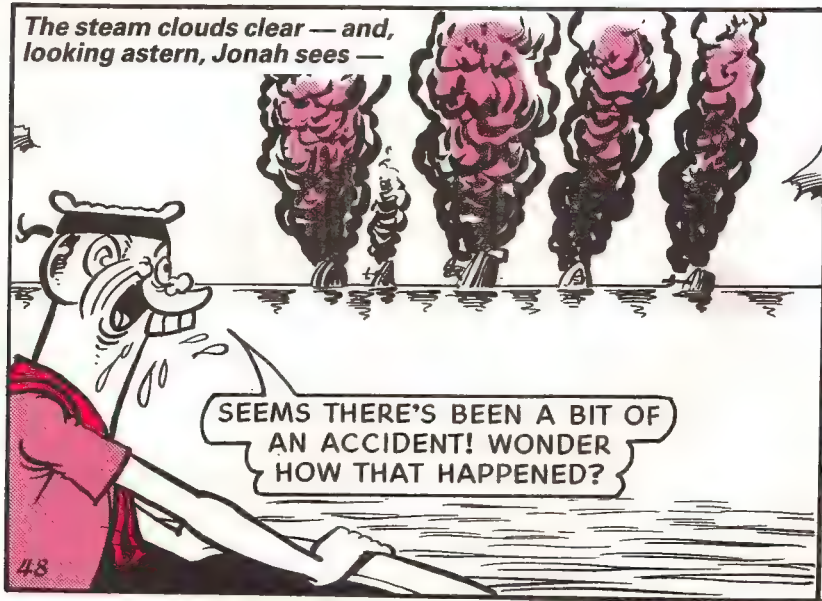


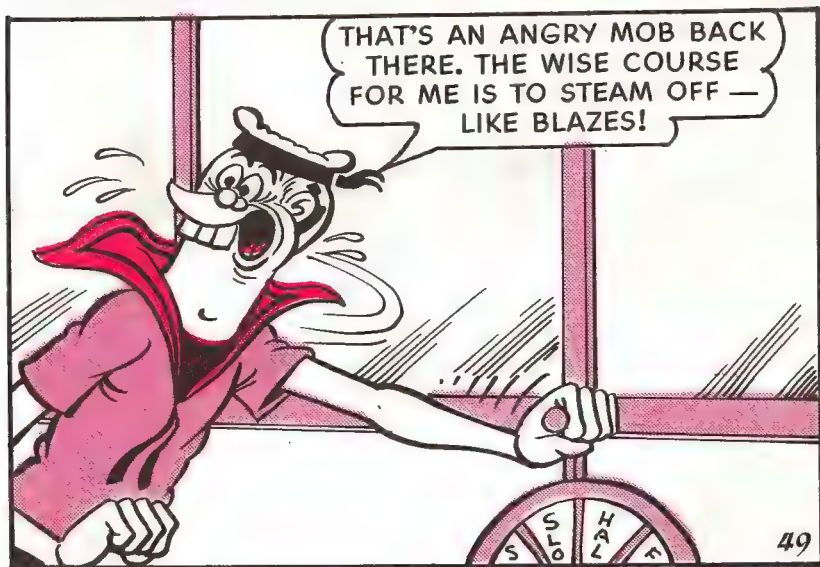
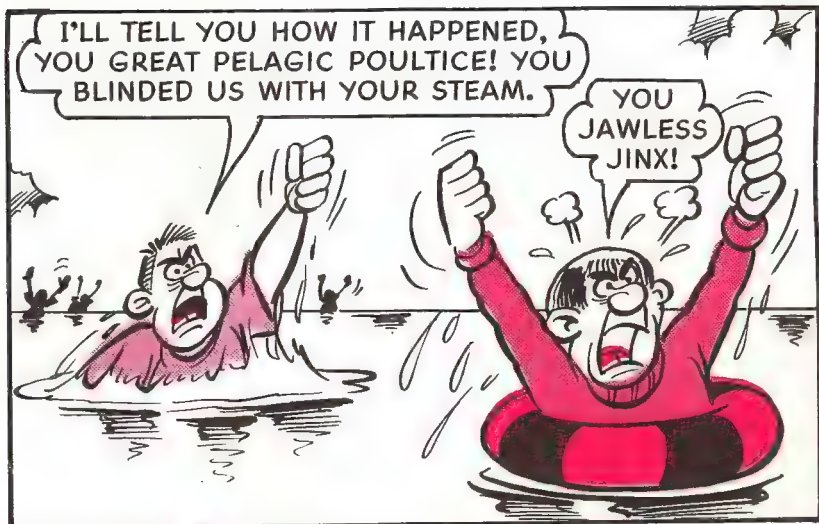
— DOOM!

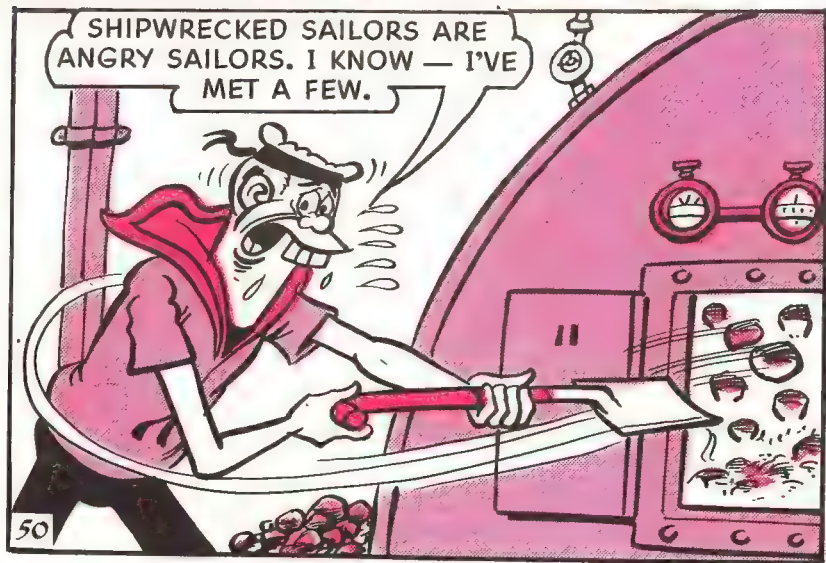




The steam clouds clear — and, looking astern, Jonah sees —

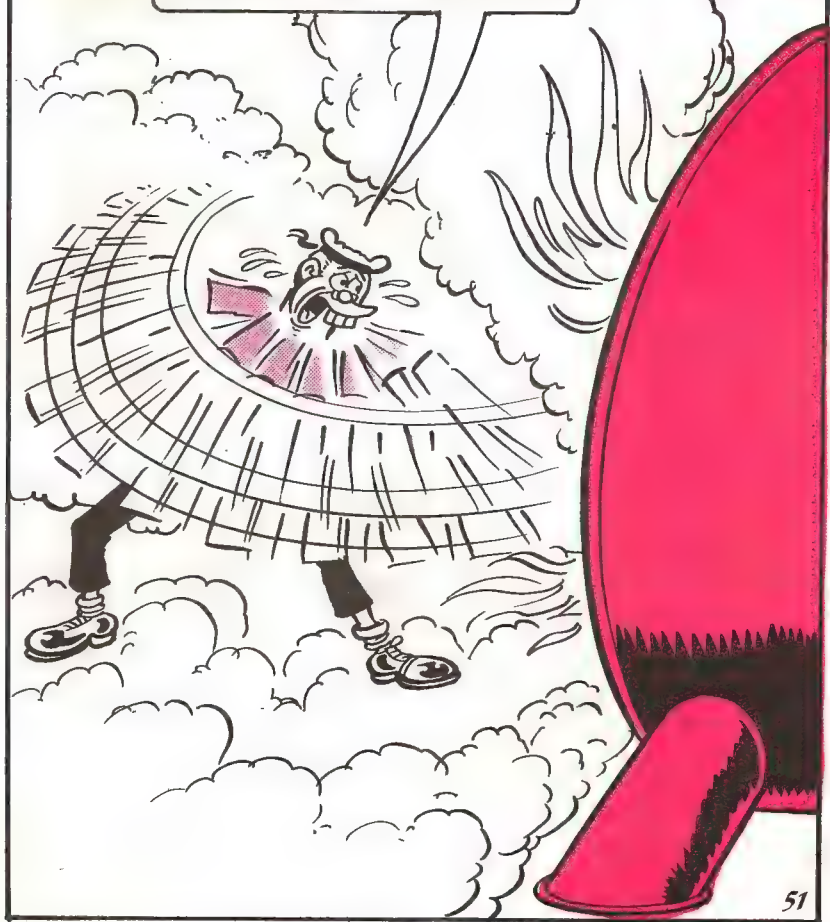


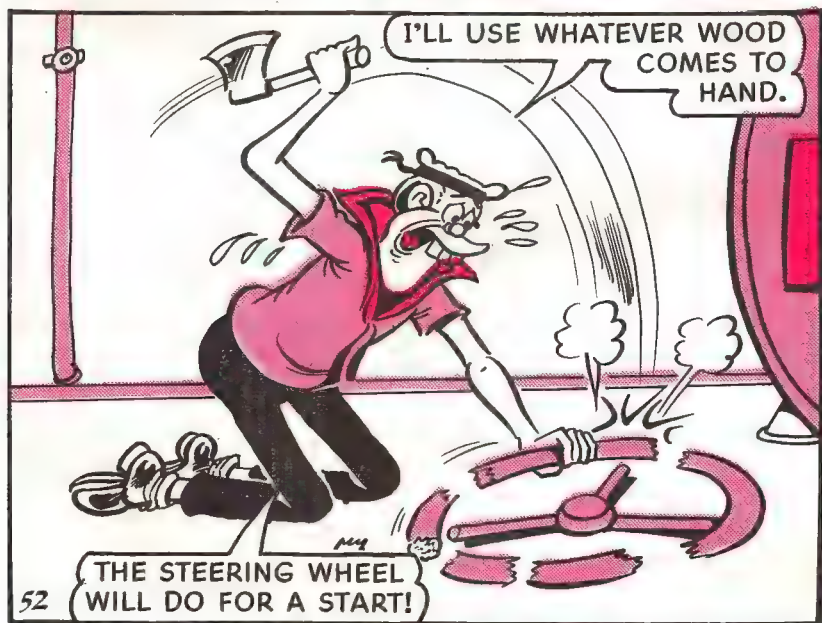




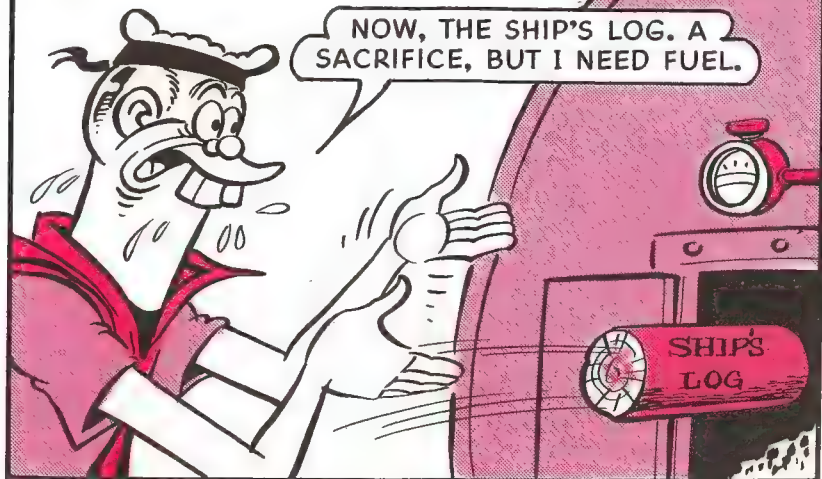
Desperately, Jonah fuels the boilers —

IN FACT, MY WHOLE LIFE'S BEEN
VEXED BY WHINING, BAD-TEMPERED MARINERS
OF THE MOST DISTRESSED AND
SHIPWRECKED CONDITION.

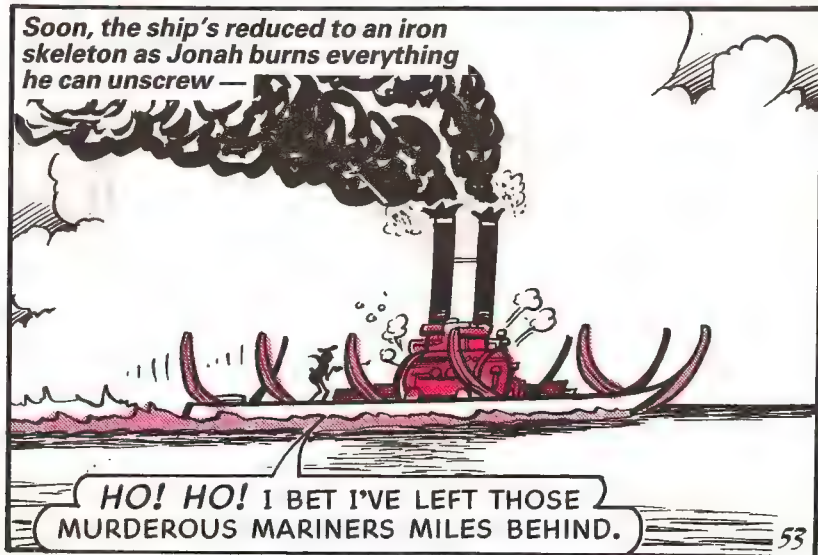




Soon —



Soon, the ship's reduced to an iron skeleton as Jonah burns everything he can unscrew —

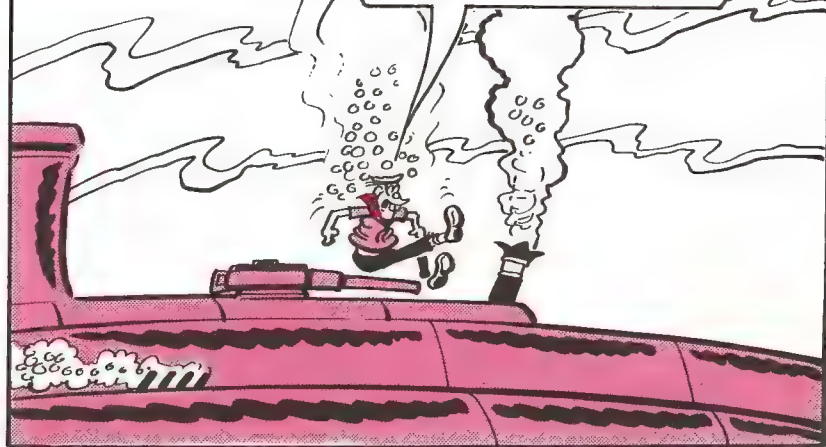


**However, by and by, the ship's
skeleton gives up the ghost —**



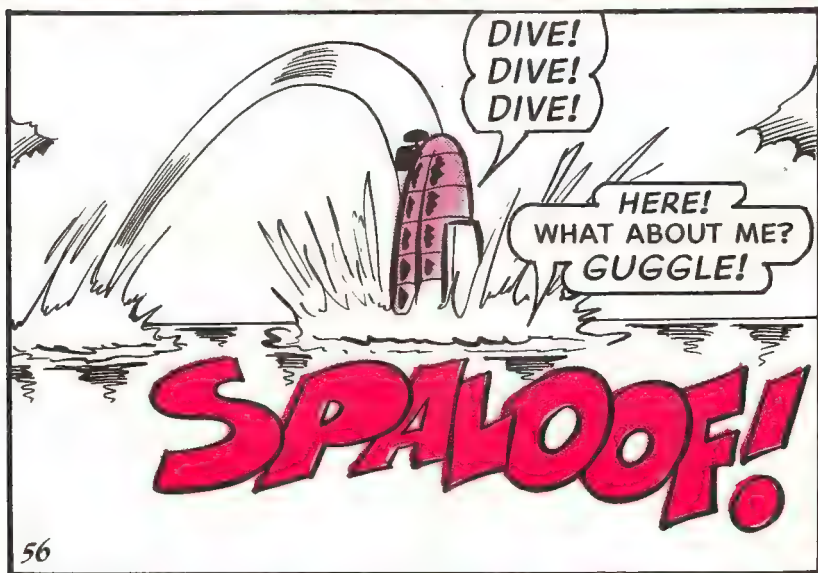
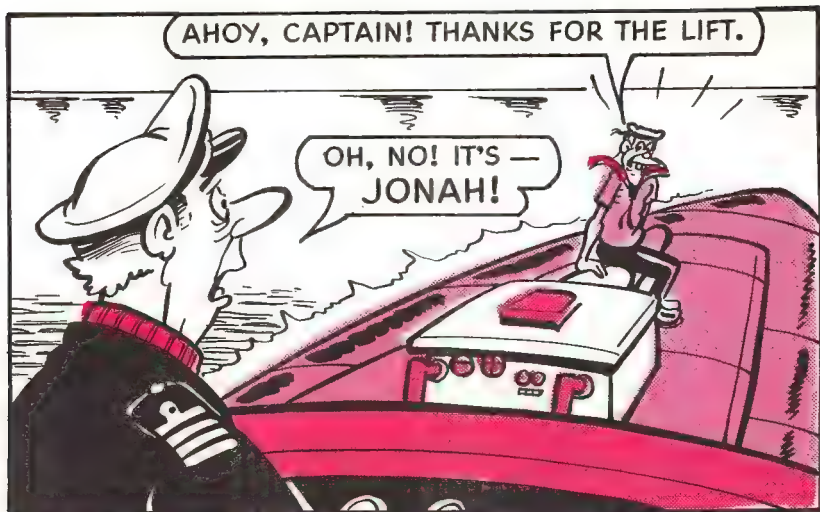
**But the luck of the
Jonahs holds out —**

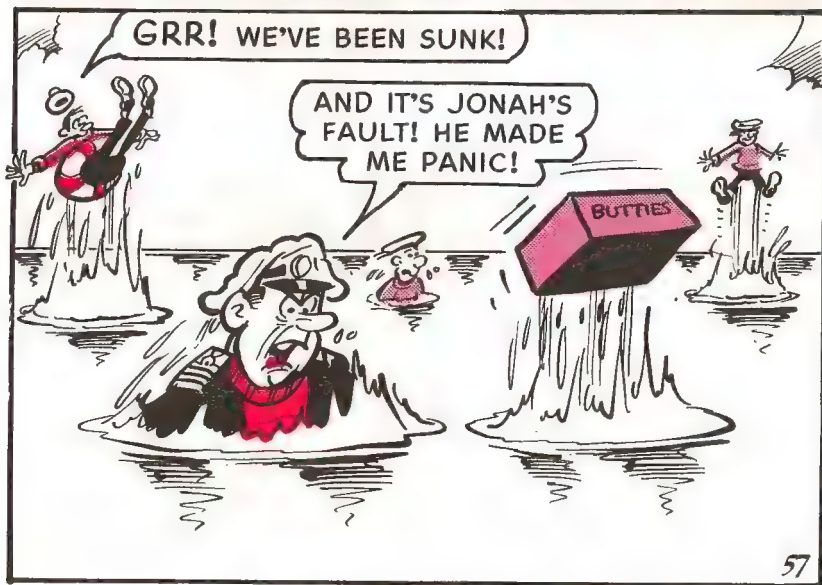
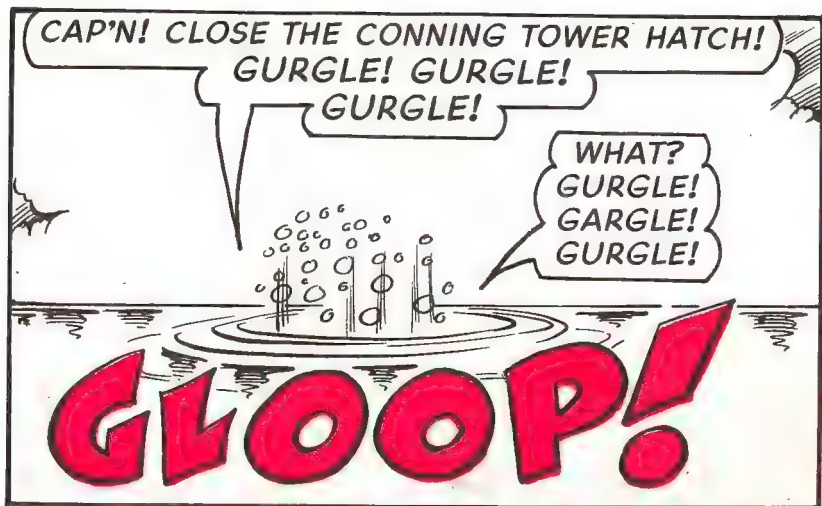
**WHOOPS! I'VE LANDED
ON SOMETHING HARD!**



**SUFFERIN' SARDINES! IT'S
A SURFACING SUBMARINE!
YIPPEE!**







I FOUND THIS CRATE, AND I'M PADDLING FOR SHORE. YOU DO MEET SOME WILD PEOPLE ON THE HIGH SEAS.



Days later —

WELL, I'VE MADE IT.
MY TROUBLES AND
TRIBULATIONS ARE
BEHIND ME, THANK
GOODNESS.



No way!

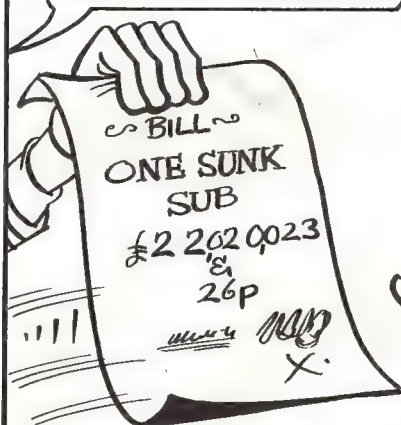
HALT!

YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST,
JONAH!

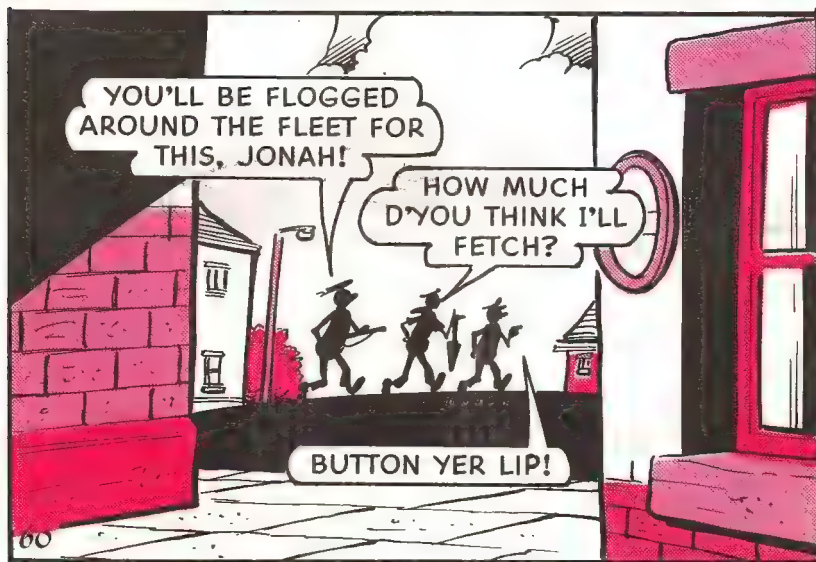


ME? WHAT FOR?

FOR THESE DAMAGES!



GULP!



Later, in the Admiralty Court —

THE FINDINGS OF THIS COURT ARE
THAT THE ACCUSED, EXTRA-ORDINARY
SEAMAN JONAH, IS —

GULP! AM I FOR THE HIGH JUMP?

— NOT GUILTY, BY VIRTUE OF THE PROVEN FACTS
THAT THE ACCUSED'S MIND, BEING TOTALLY
UNBALANCED AND UNSEAWORTHY IS FIT ONLY FOR
THE BREAKER'S YARD!





And so, Jonah is fitted with bells — on his bell-bottoms —



And navigation lights on his top-knot!

THERE! NOW
ALL WILL KNOW
YOU'RE COMING.

FLASH!

FLASH!

HMM... BIT
FLASHY,
ISN'T IT?



FLASH!

FLASH!

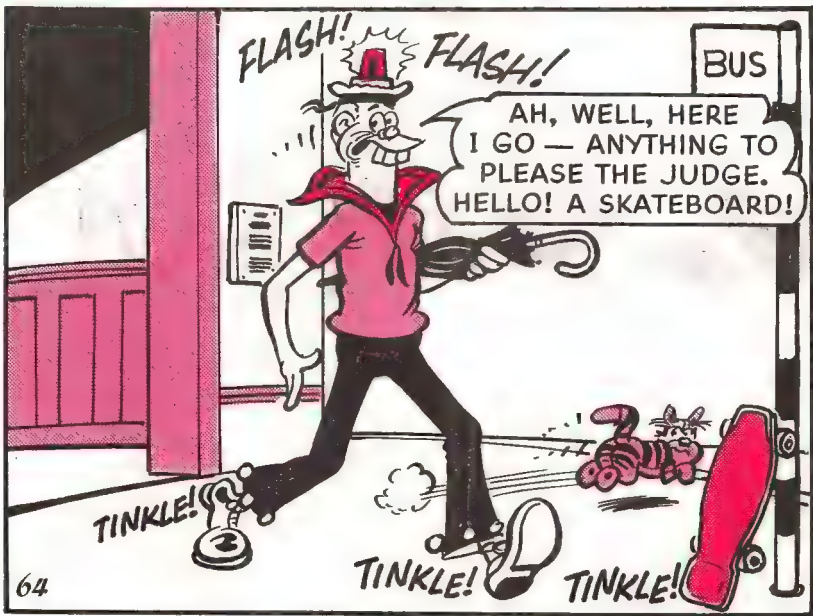
BUS

AH, WELL, HERE
I GO — ANYTHING TO
PLEASE THE JUDGE.
HELLO! A SKATEBOARD!

TINKLE!

TINKLE!

TINKLE!



Meanwhile, back in court —

A GOOD DAY'S WORK
DONE, EH, URIAH?

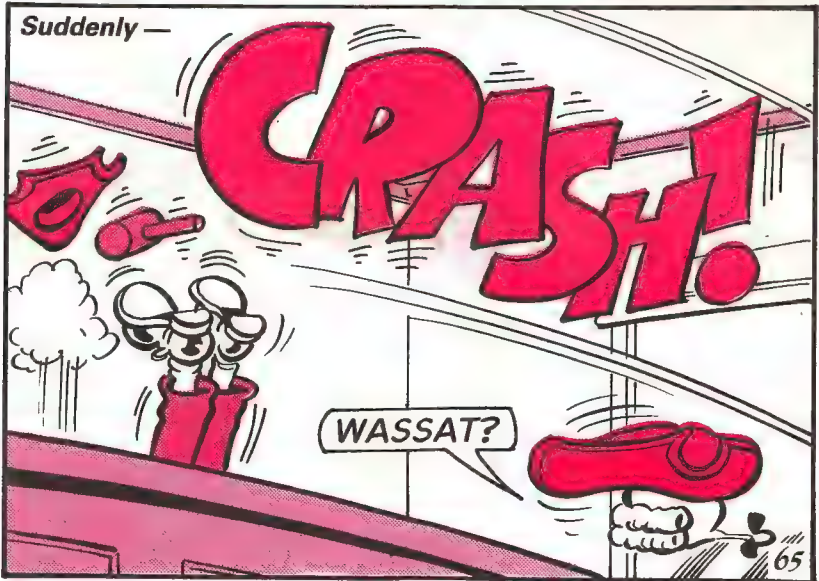
YES, YOUR LORDYSHIP!
TONIGHT ALL US SAILOR
BOYS WILL SLEEP SOUND
IN OUR COTS.



Suddenly —

CRASH!

WASSAT?



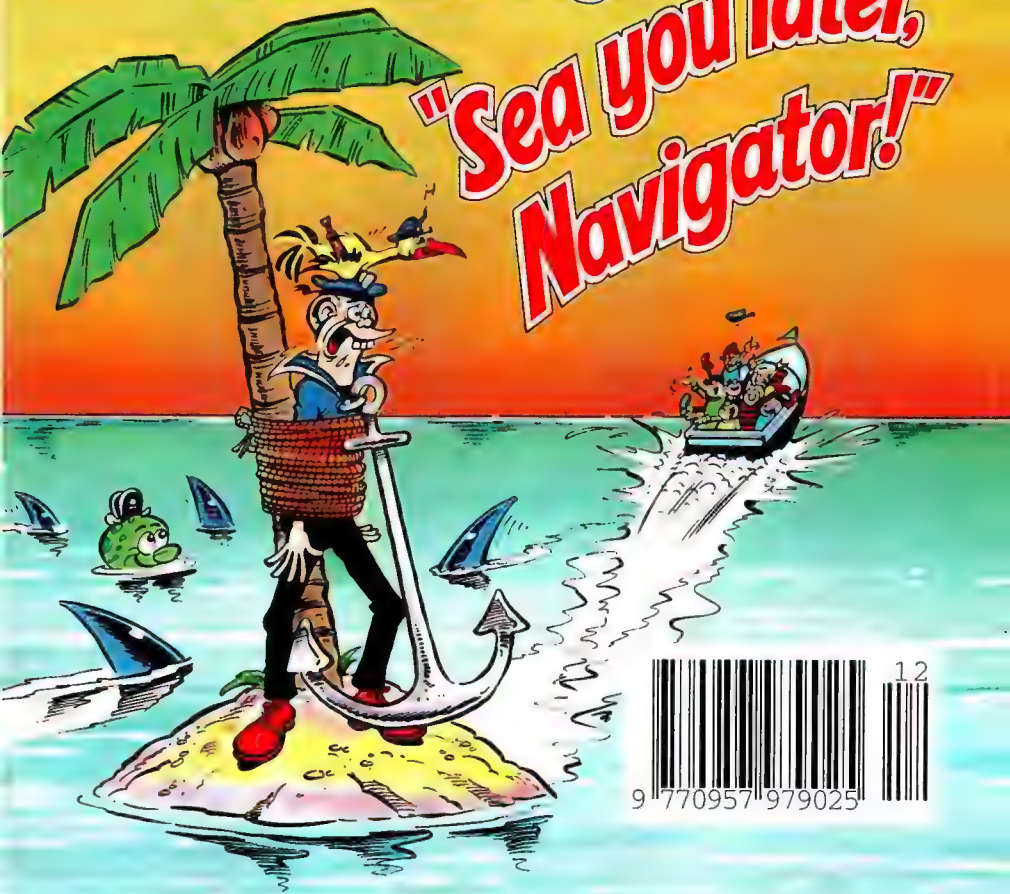


BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No. 246
40p

Jonah in

**"Sea you later,
Navigator!"**



9 770957 979025

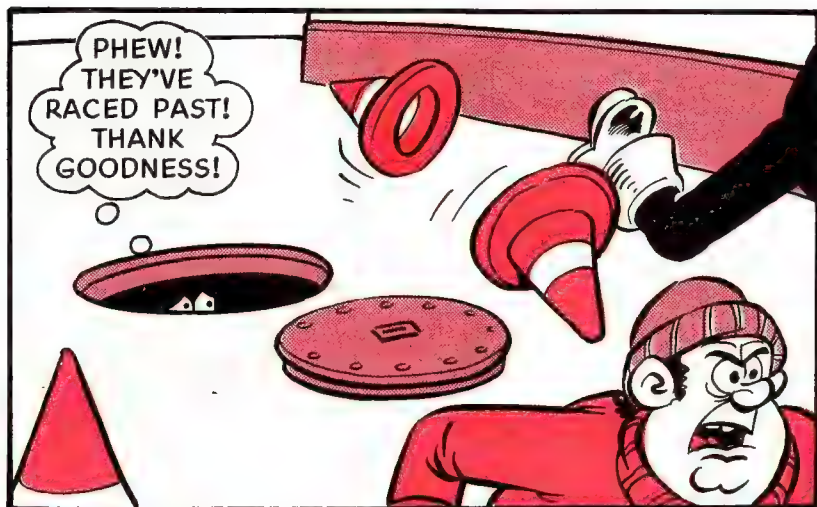


12

Jonah in 'SEA' YOU LATER, NAVIGATOR!





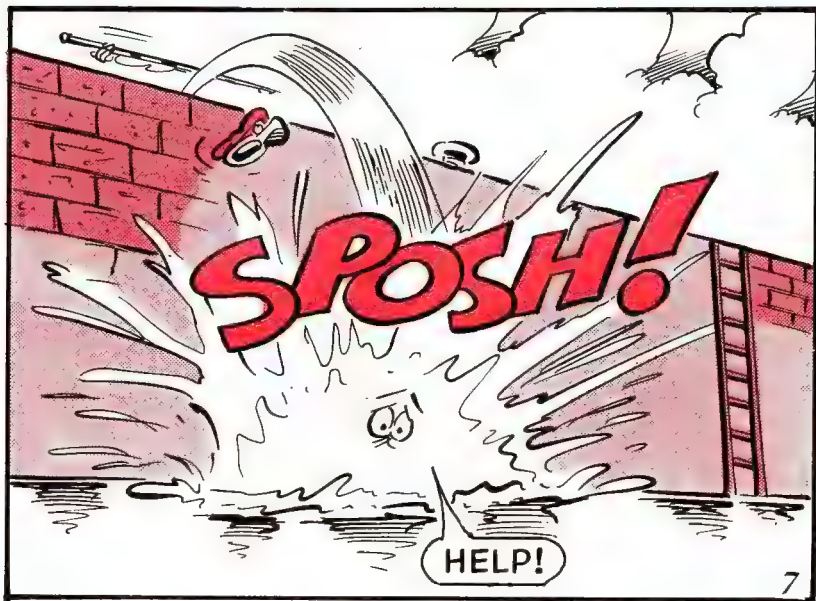




Meanwhile—

TIME TO SURFACE AND
MAKE A RECCE.

OOF!



NOW, THEN, WHEREABOUTS AM I? NOR-NOR-EAST,
WEST BY NORTH, OR MAYBE EAST BY WEST?



ARR! A TEENAGE
MUTANT MONSTER!
I'M OFF!

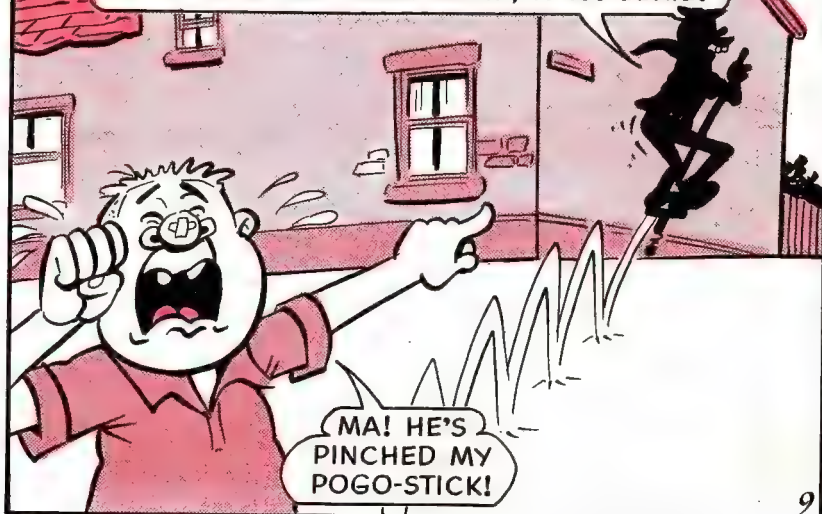
WHERE?



Terrified, the seafarer jumps off the quay and—

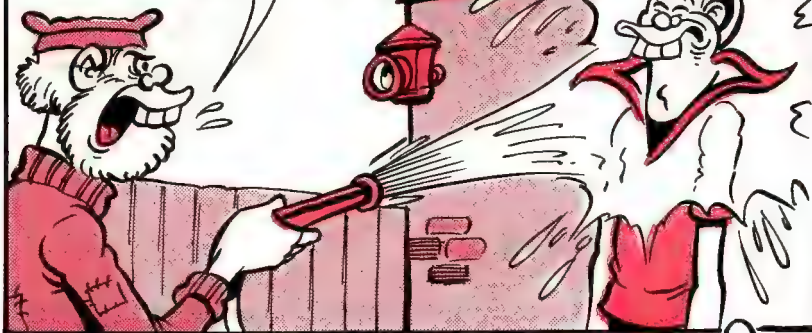


I'M OFF! I SEEM TO GET BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING
THAT EVER HAPPENS! EERIE, IT IS! EERIE!



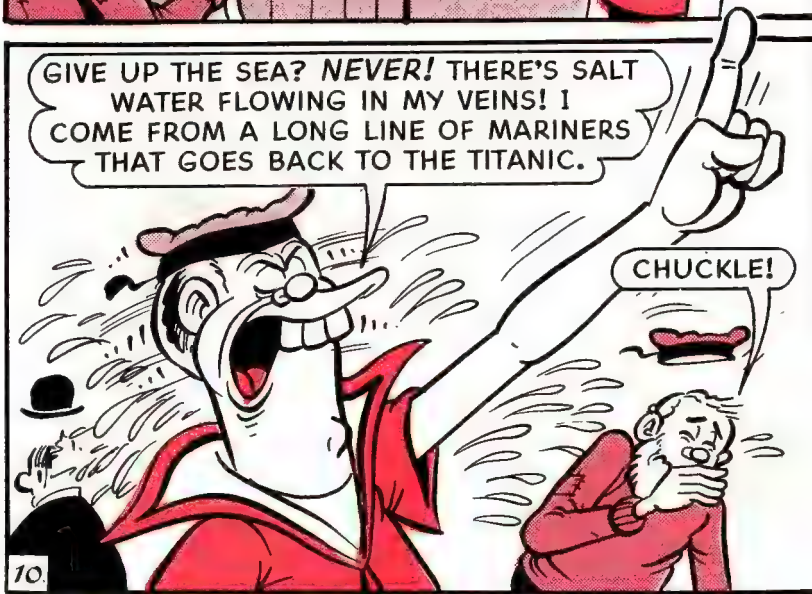
Later, at Jonah's home—

SON, WHY DON'T YOU HANG
UP YOUR DEEP-SEA BOOTS? CALL
IT A DAY. YOU'RE A DANGER
TO SHIPPING.



GIVE UP THE SEA? **NEVER!** THERE'S SALT
WATER FLOWING IN MY VEINS! I
COME FROM A LONG LINE OF MARINERS
THAT GOES BACK TO THE TITANIC.

CHUCKLE!



Soon—

I'M OFF TO SIGN ON. GET ANOTHER
DEEP-SEA VOYAGE UNDER ME BELT.



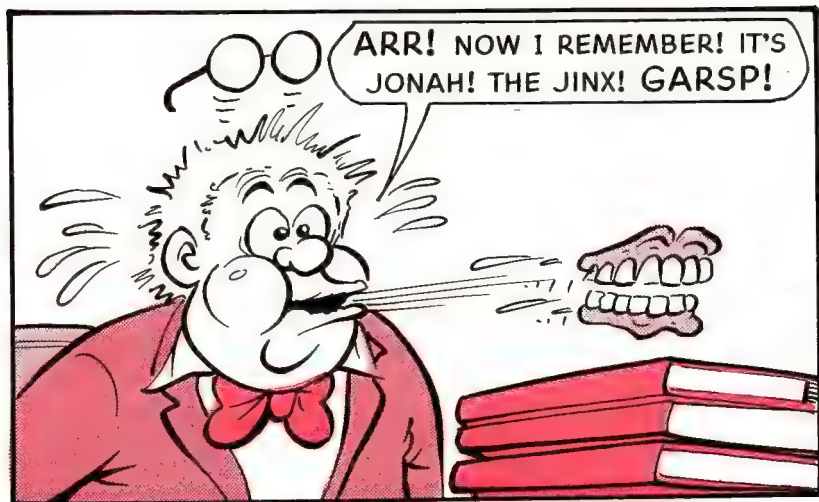
NEXT!

AHOY! IT'S ME, MATEY!



















Meanwhile, innocent, unsuspecting — nay trusting — passengers board the ferry for its normal dull, boring crossing of the Channel.



Back down below—



SEA travellers become AIR travellers—







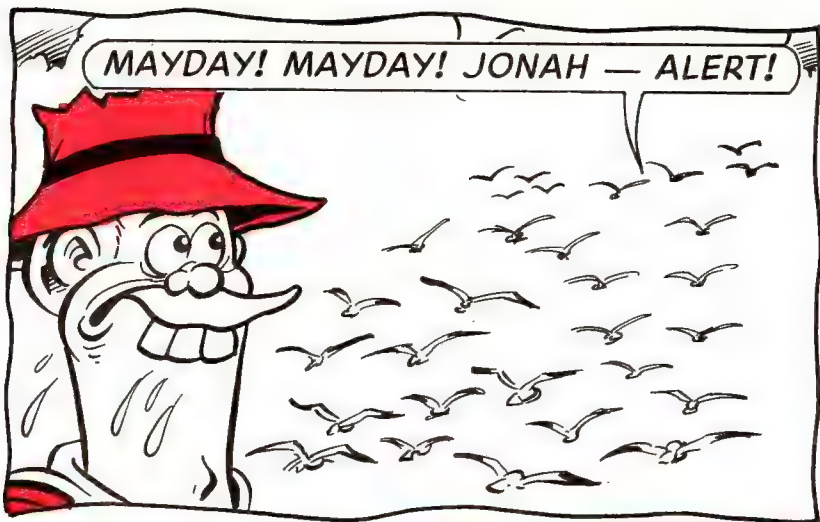
He's been spotted!

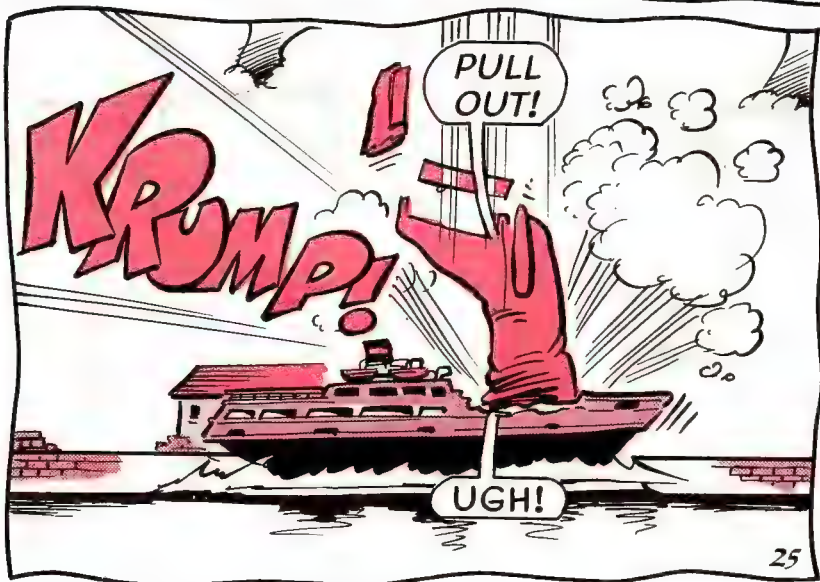
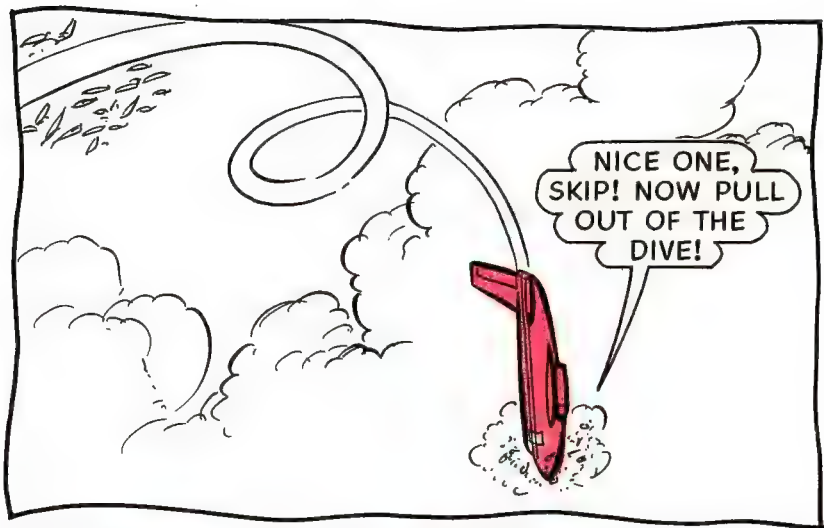
WHAT
IS IT?

LET'S
HAVE A
LOOK!

IT'S 'IM —
JONAH!

WHAT?





And—

WE'VE HIT
A FERRY!

FERRY,
FERRY
CLEVER!

BLUBBIE!

It's the fated ferry's sister ship, the S. S. Metoo—

GRR! SUNK TWICE IN THE SAME DAY!
WE'LL END UP ON CANDID CAMERA.



Back to the present—

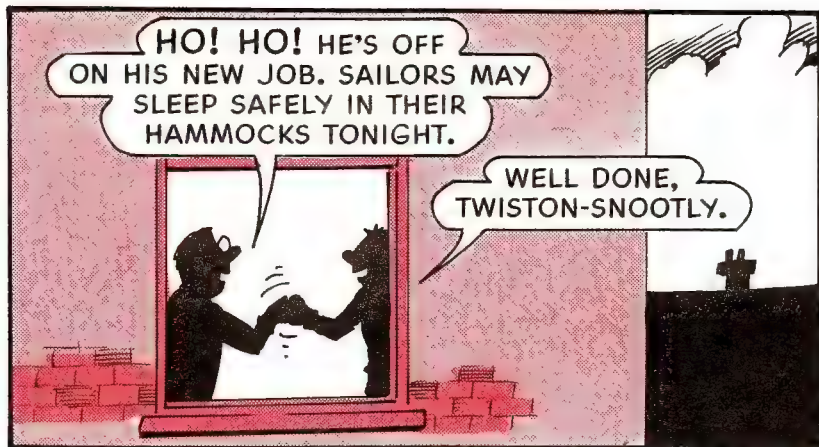
... SO YOU SEE, WE DAREN'T OFFER
HIM ANYTHING TO DO WITH SHIPS
OR THE SEA.

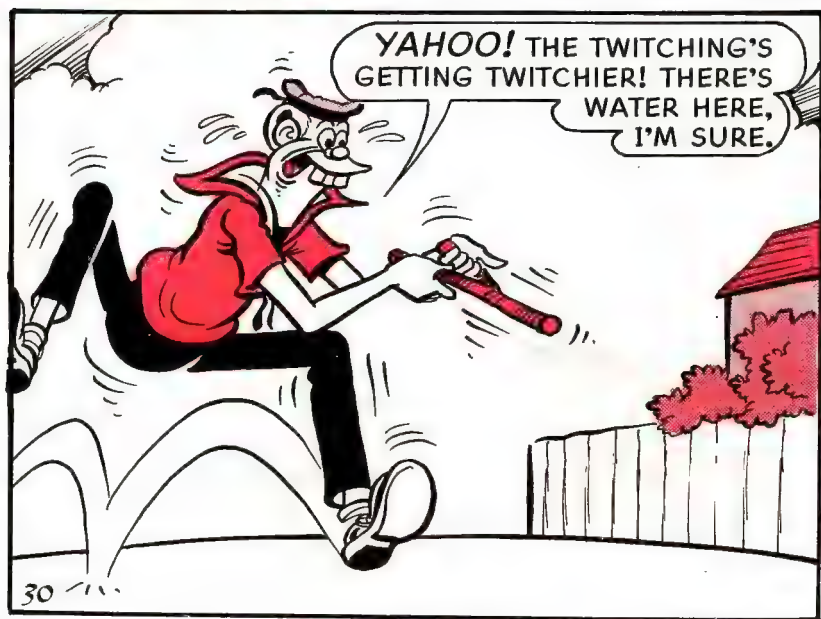
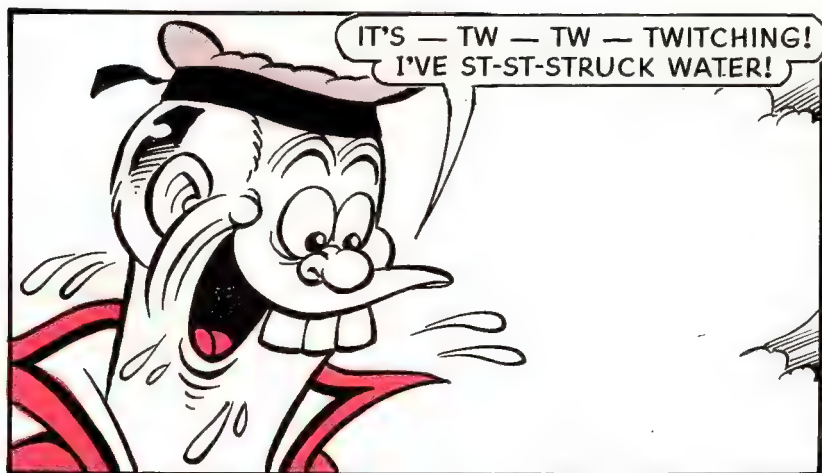


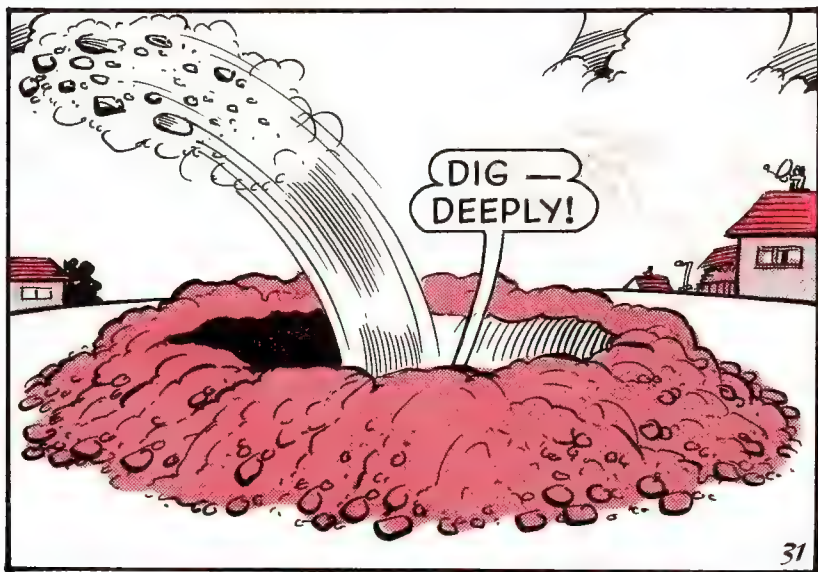
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING
THAT WOULD SUIT HIM ...











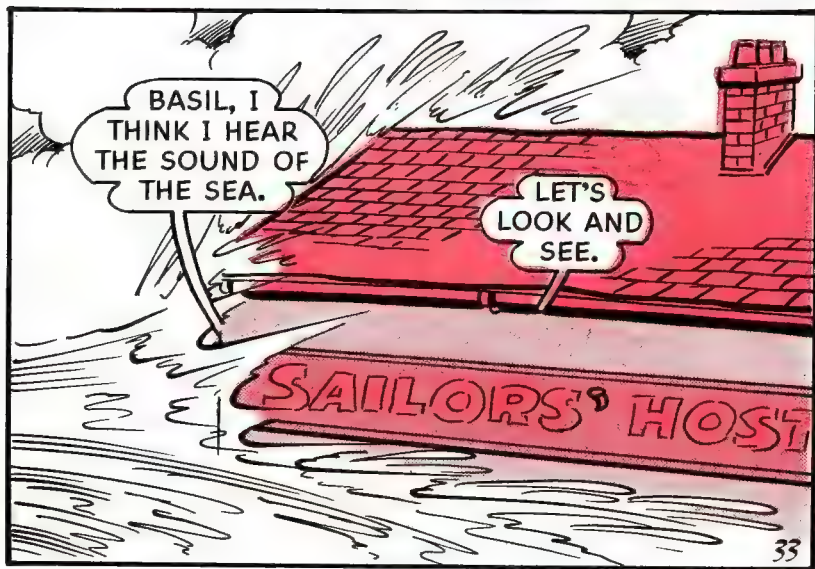
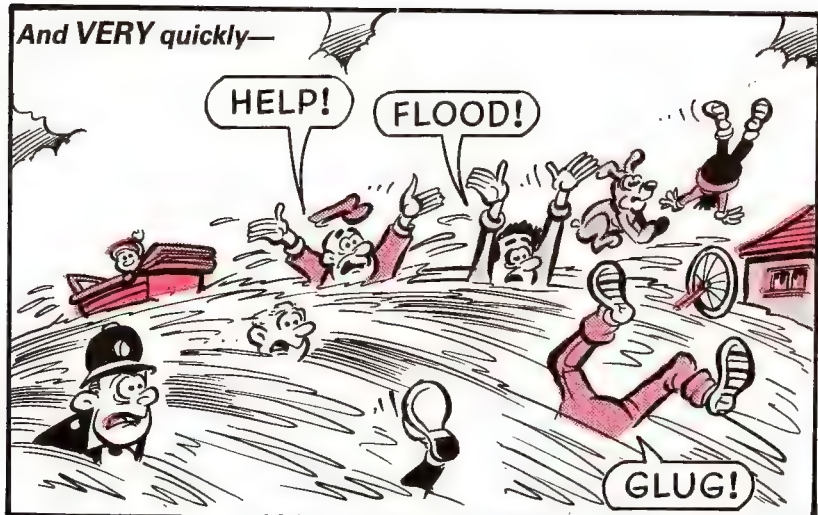
Suddenly—

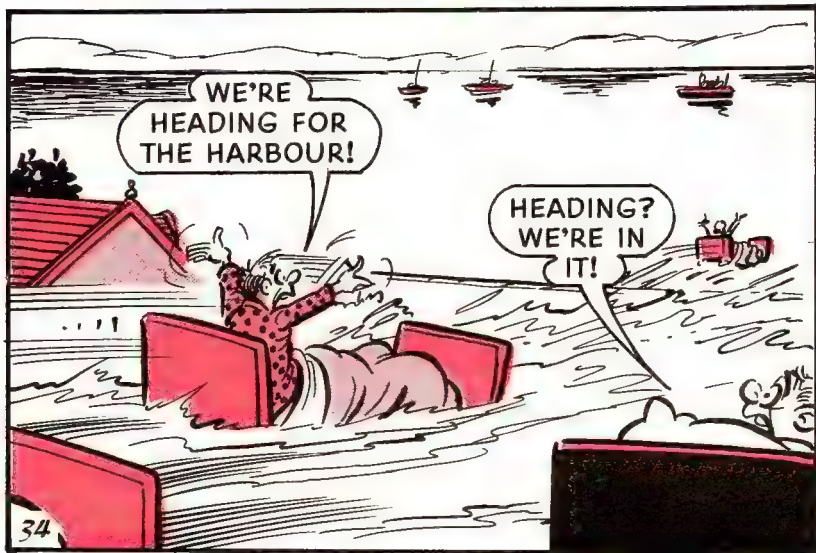
YIPPEE! I'VE
STRUCK WATER!
AT MY FIRST
ATTEMPT!



YOU GREAT
THUNDERING TWIT!
YOU'VE FRACTURED
THE CITY
WATER MAIN!







One by one, distressed mariners plunge into the sea—



**LOOK! THERE'S JONAH! HE'S TO BLAME.
I HEARD IT ON THE RADIO.**



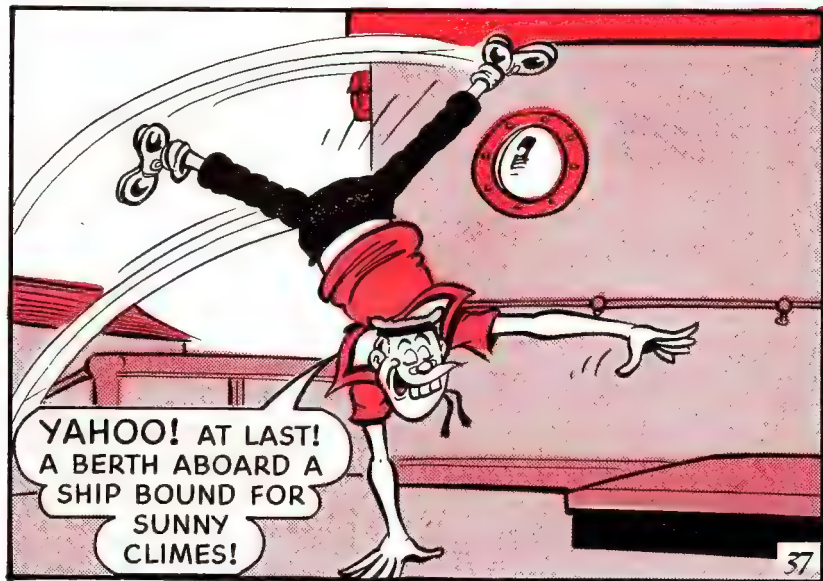
Later—

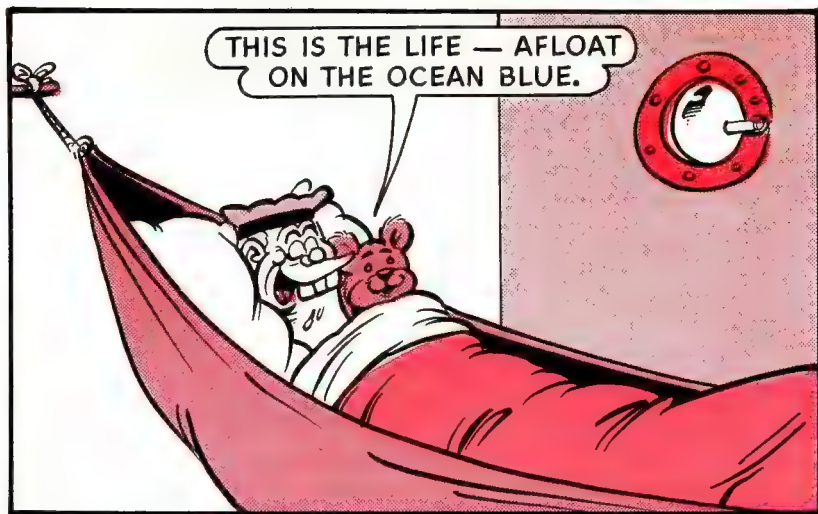
I'M LOOKING FOR ANOTHER
NEW JOB. THIS ONE LOOKS PROMISING.
I'LL APPLY.

I WANTED
DEEP-SEA
DIVER
APPLY
BELOW

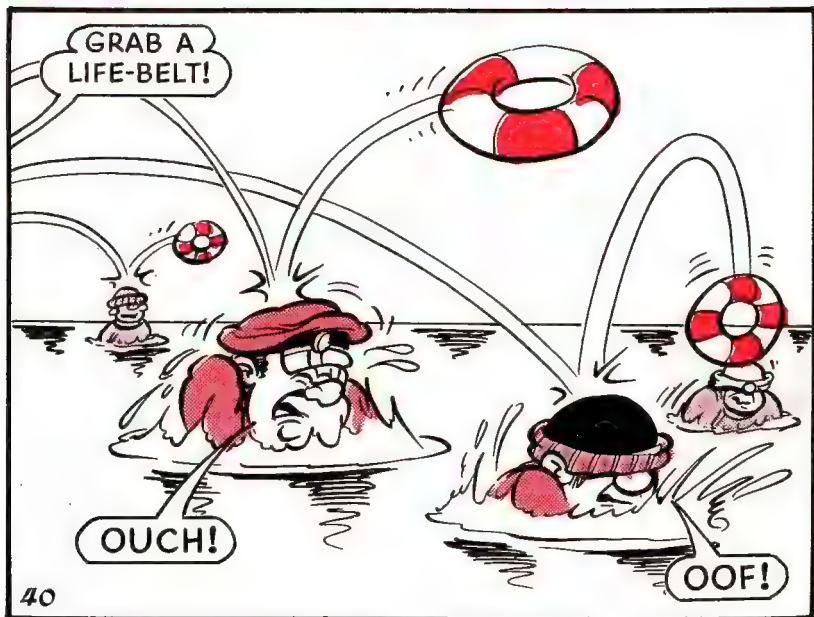
EXPERIENCED, ARE YOU?

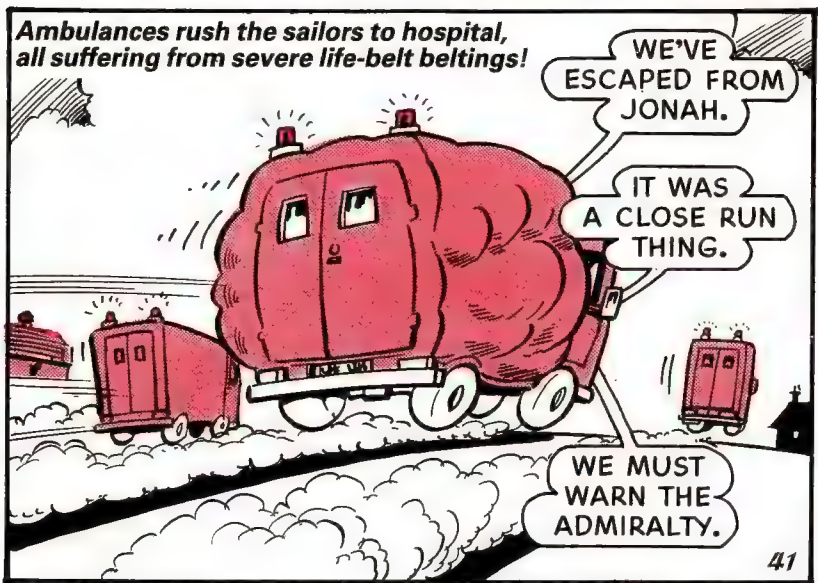
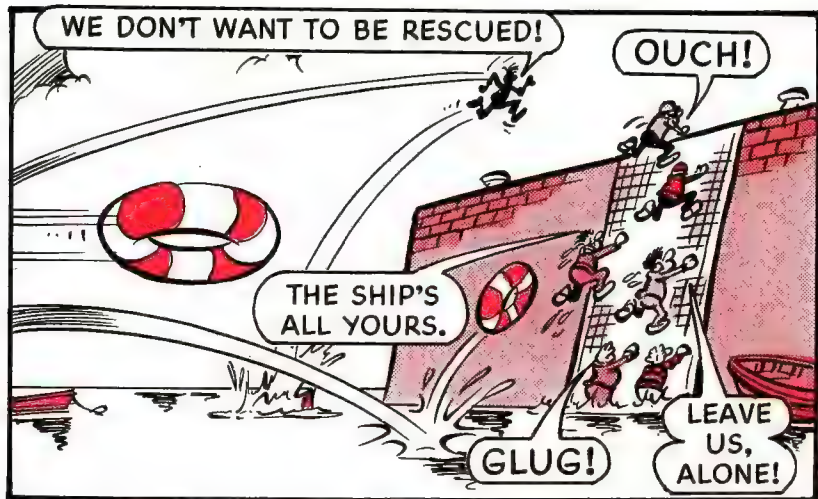
YES! I'VE BEEN IN
THE WATER OFTENER THAN
OUT OF IT.











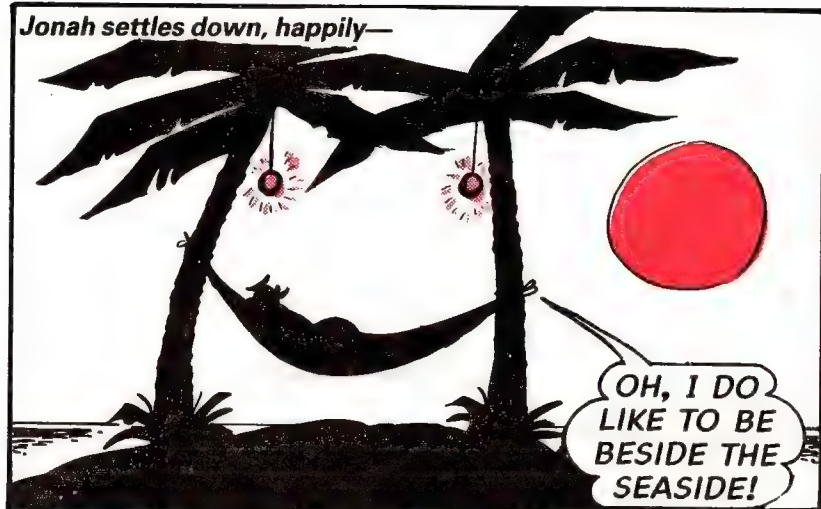
And soon—







Jonah settles down, happily—



Soon, along comes an albatross and pinches one of Jonah's coconut shell night-lights!

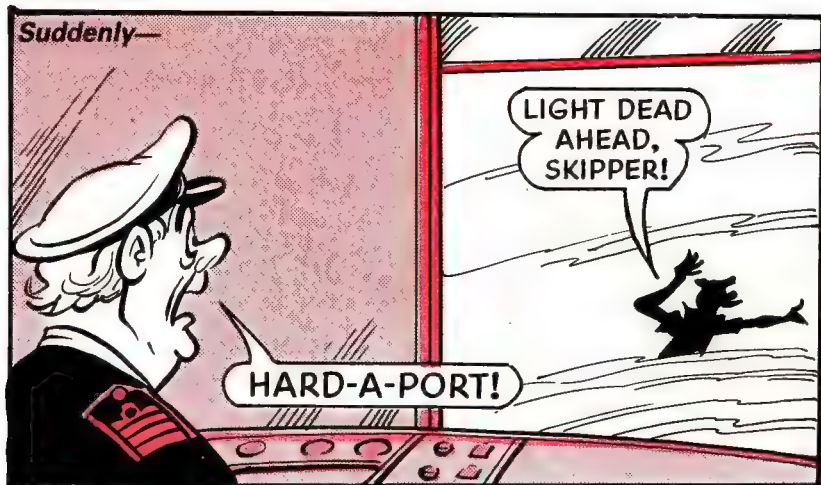
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A NIGHTBIRD, SO HERE'S MY CHANCE.

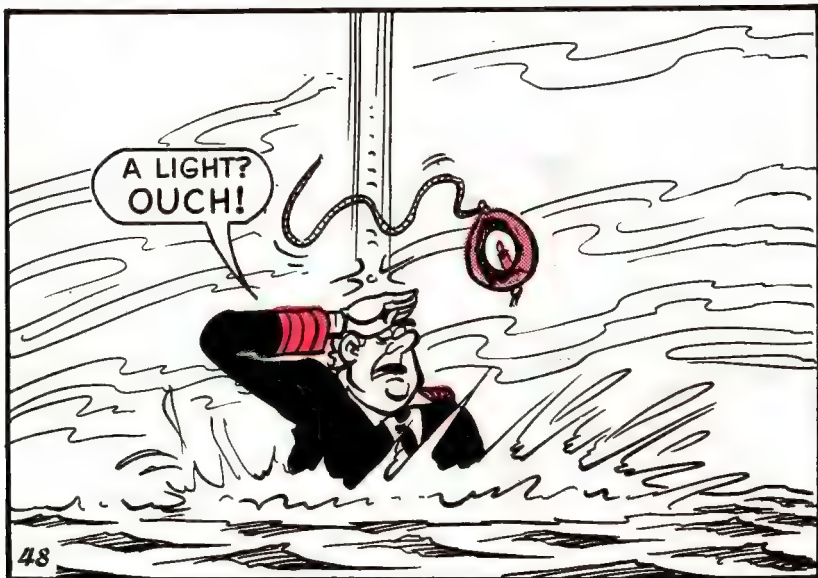
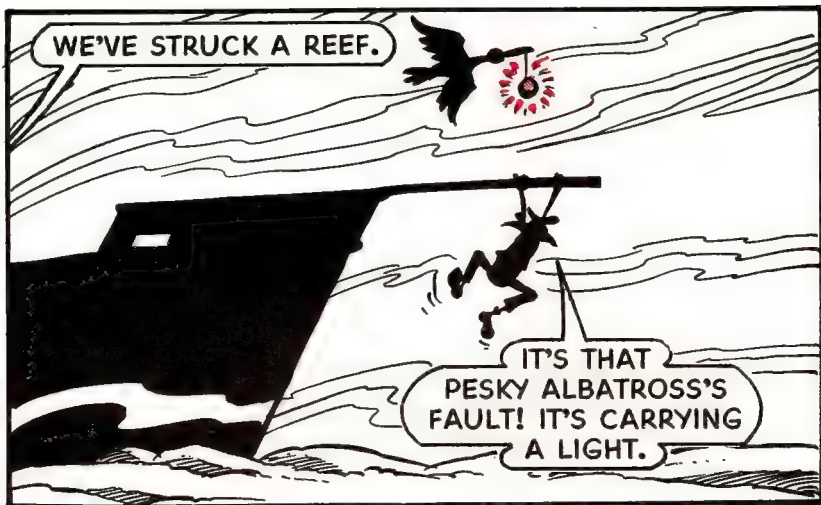


Not a thousand leagues away—

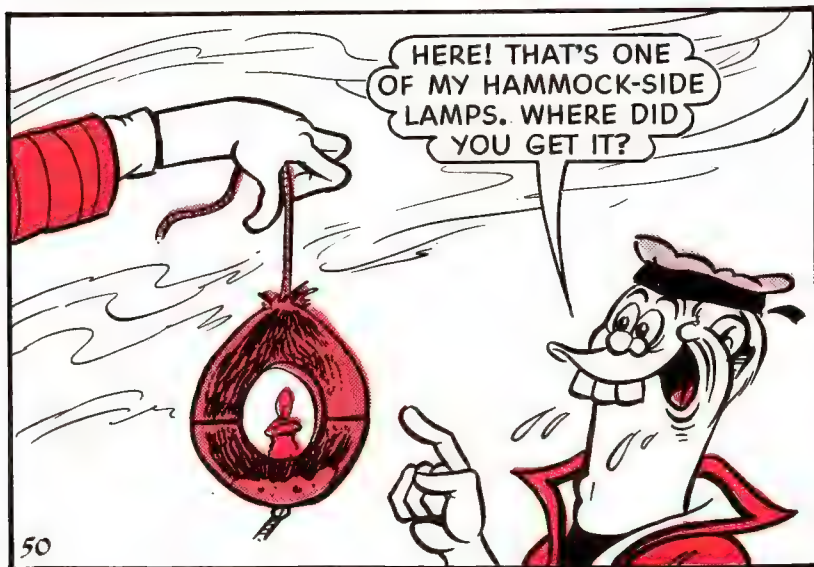
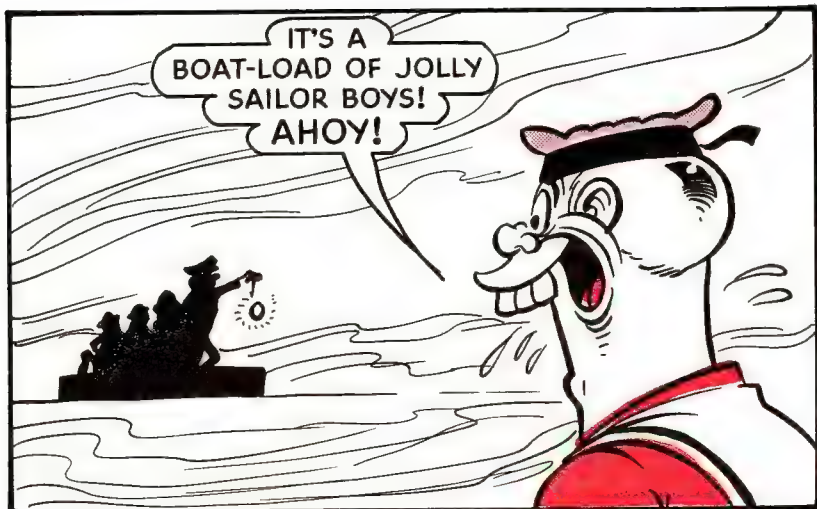
**HATCHES BATTENED
DOWN, SKIPPER! ALL
LAMPS TRIMMED!**

**RIGHT, M'PHERSON!
KEEP A GUID LOOK-OOT.
THIS IS A RICHT
THICK PEA-SOUPER.**



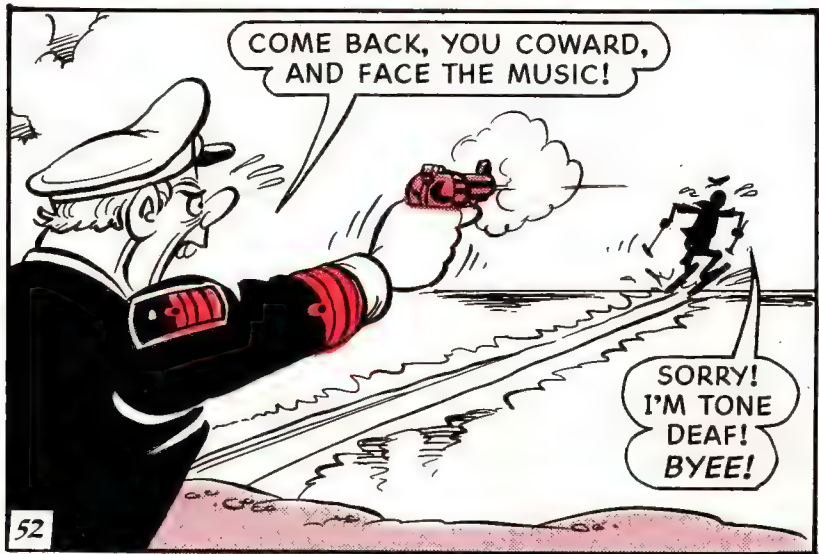
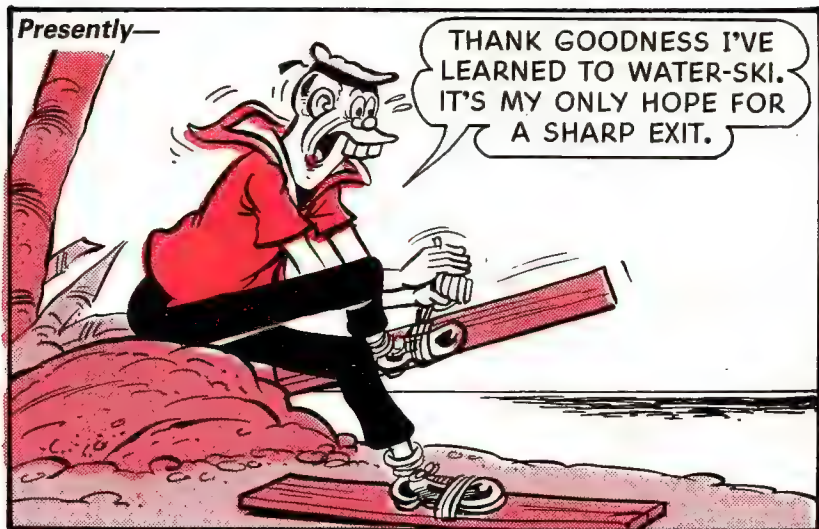








Presently—



A week or so later—

PHEW! GASP! CIVILISATION AT
LAST — AND A SAFE HAVEN, I HOPE.



Ashore—

LOOK! THE VERY
JOB MADE FOR ME
WITH ALL MY EXPERIENCES
OF SHIPWRECKS!



WANTED
LIFEBOAT
CREW







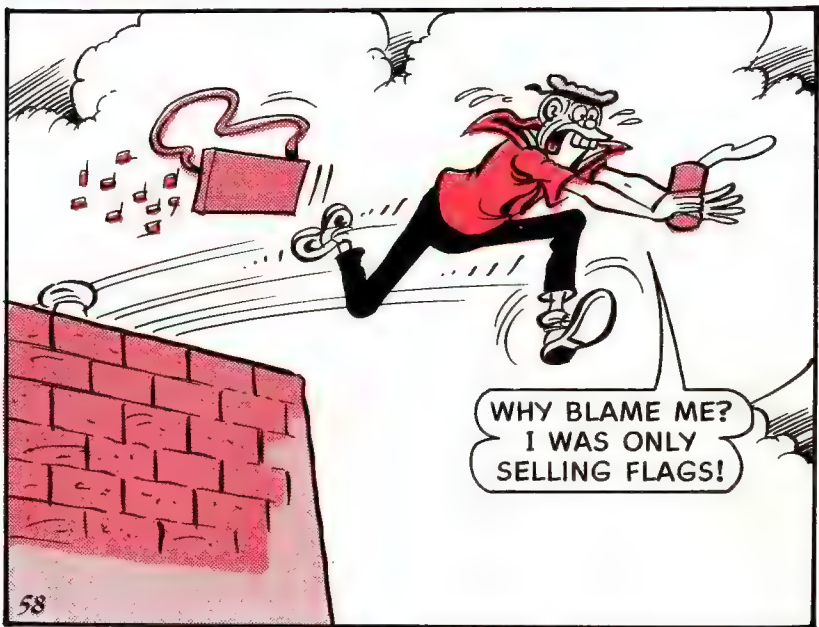
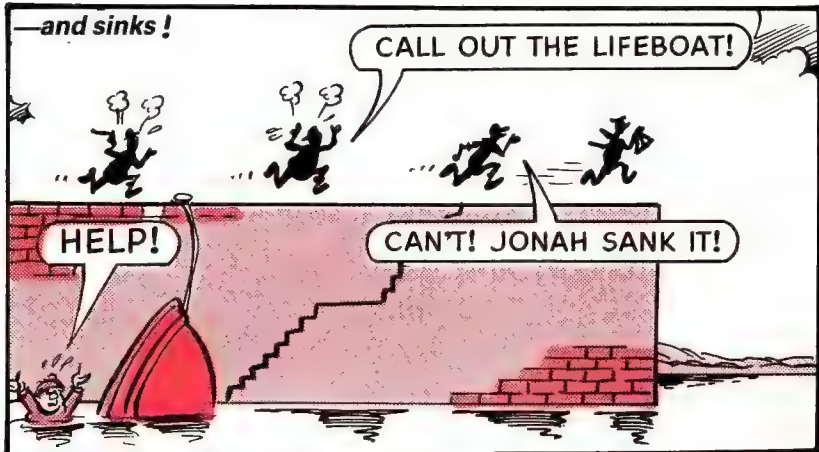
Poor Cynthia Corderoy-Crumple lands on
the lifeboatmen's pride and joy—

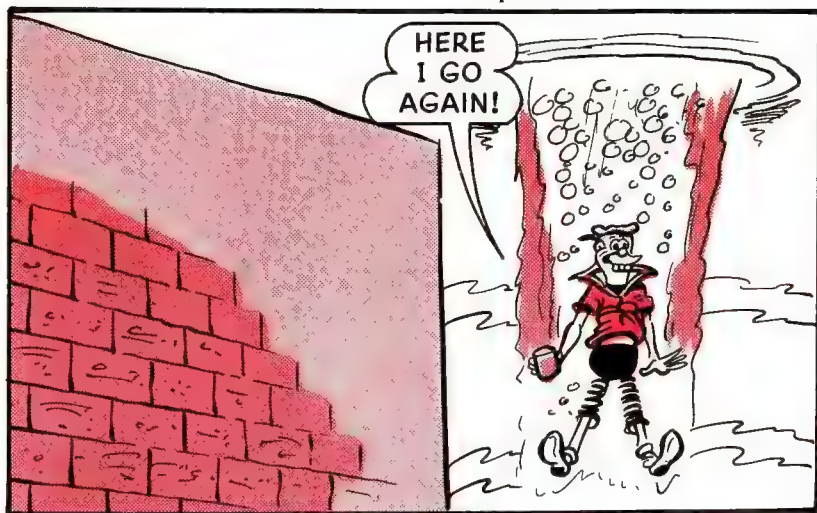


Holed, the lifeboat takes in water—

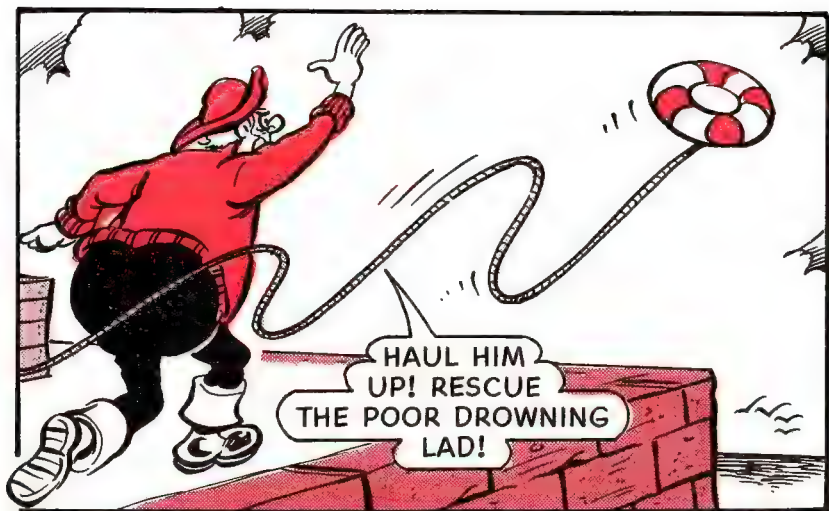


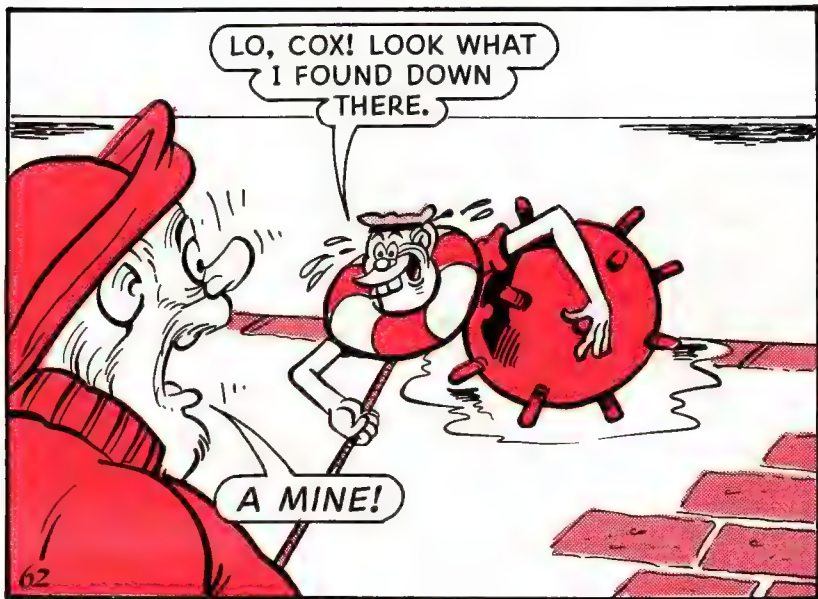
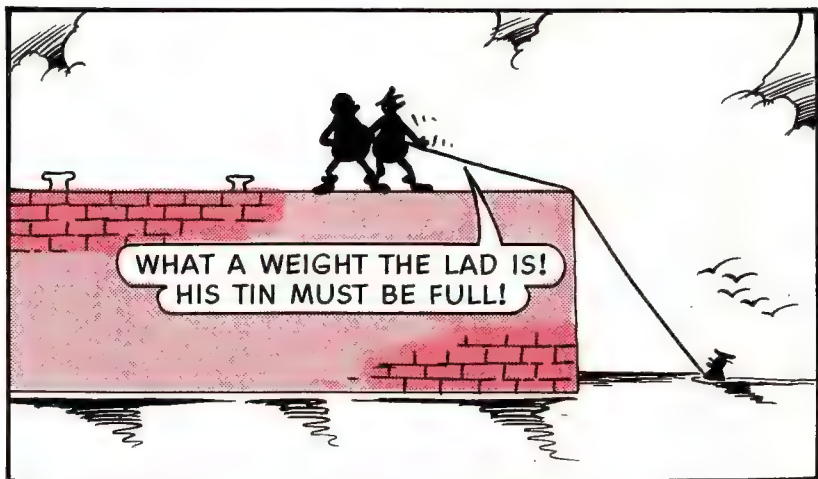
—and sinks!





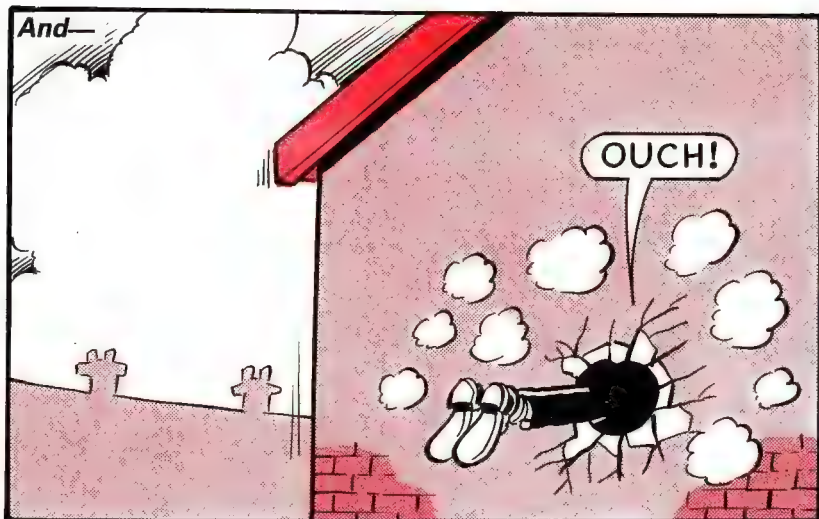












**Inside the Seaman's
Arms—**



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Keene

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45p

JONAH *in*

**"THAT
SINKING
FEELING!"**



JONAH
in

**“THAT SINKING
FEELING!!!”**

*Take care, Shipmate!
Just one more puff—*

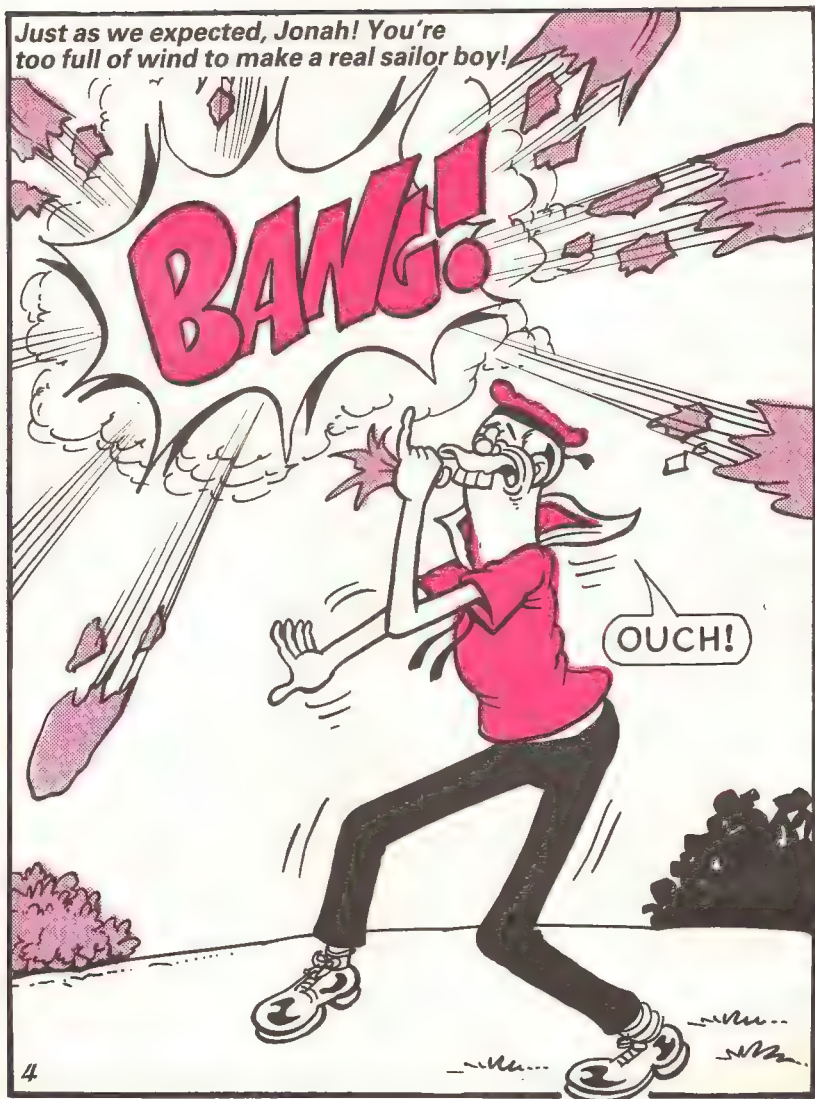
BWO LIB 263

3

Just as we expected, Jonah! You're too full of wind to make a real sailor boy!

BANG!!

OUCH!



GUESS I GAVE THAT ONE TOO MUCH PUFF.
NEVER MIND — I'VE GOT MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO.

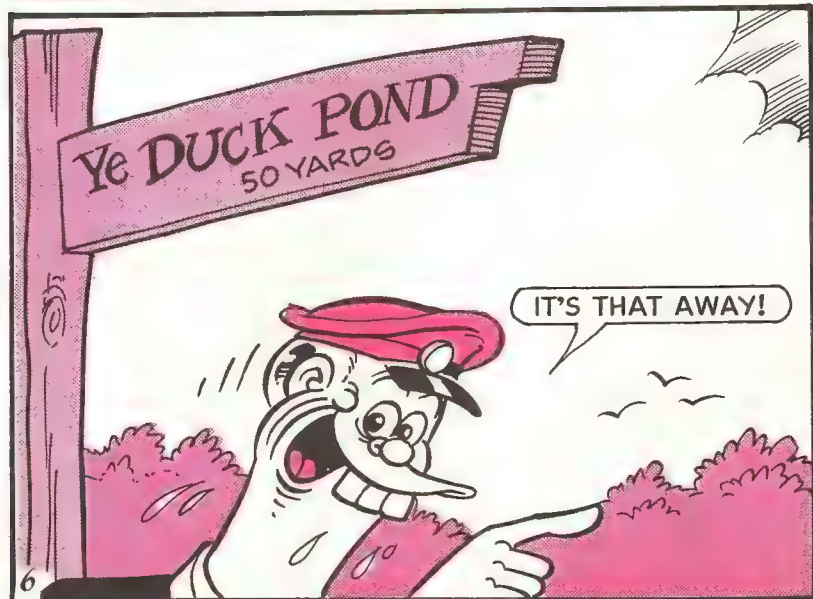
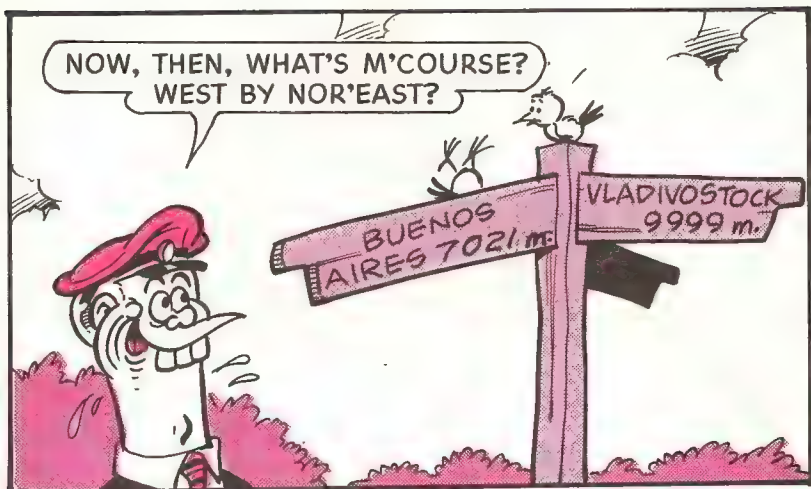


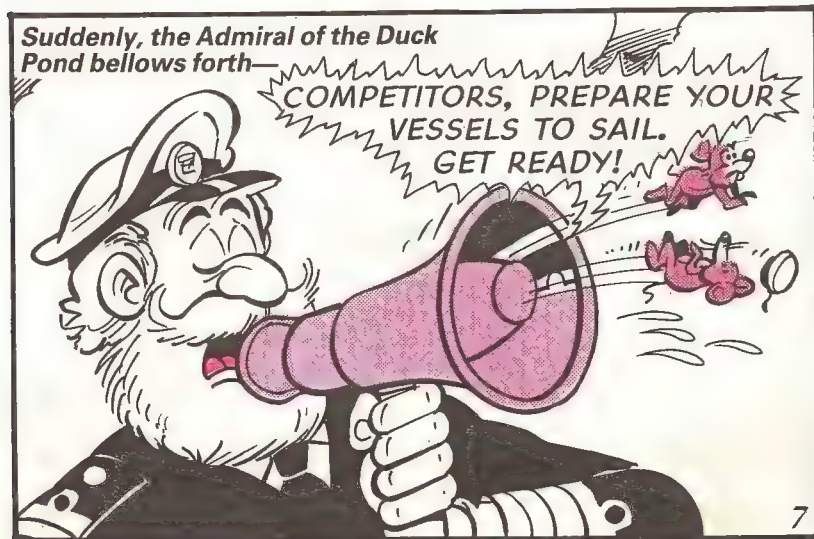
Presently—

HI, ADMIRAL!
PUTTING TO SEA,
ARE WE?

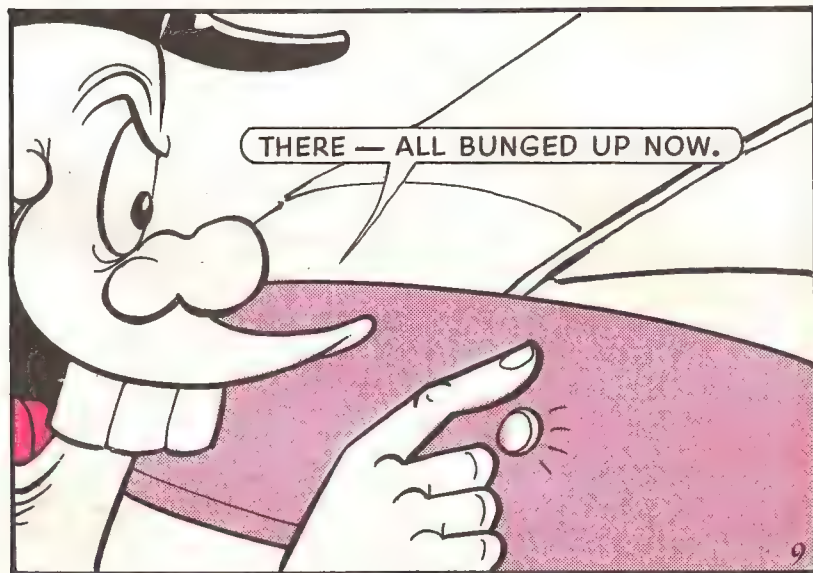
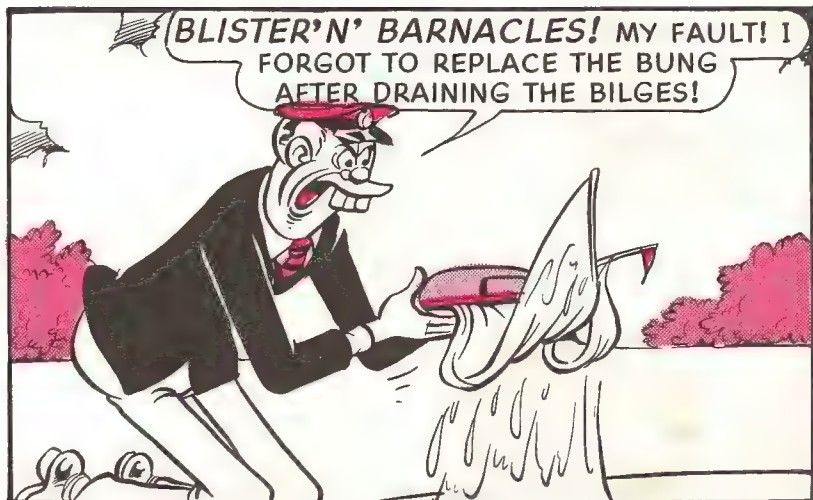
YES! I'VE GOT MY FIRST
COMMAND, AT LAST.



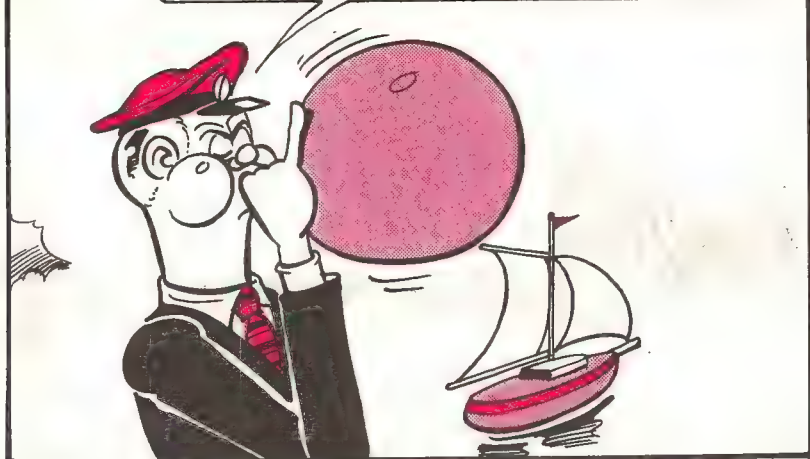




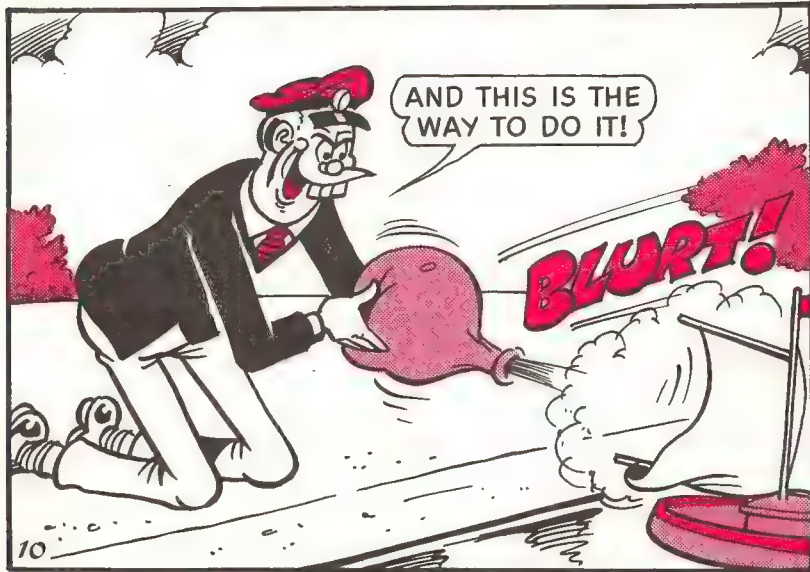


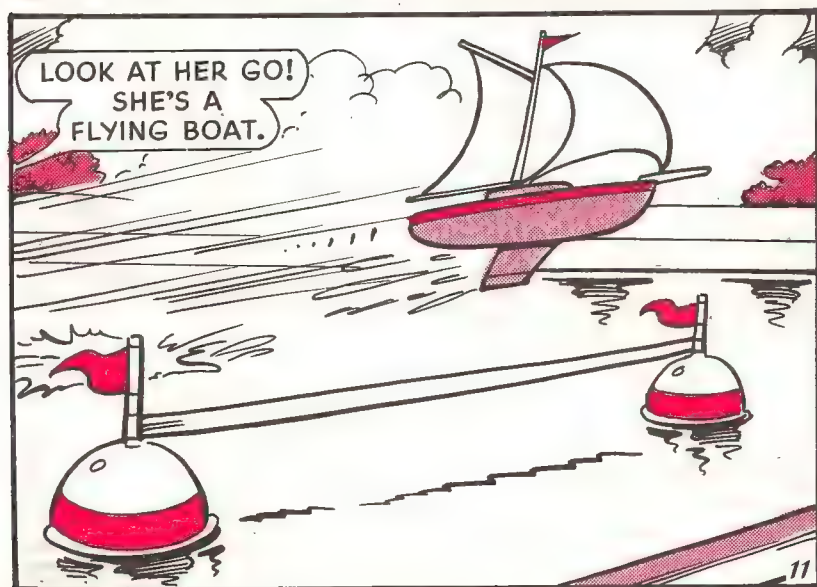
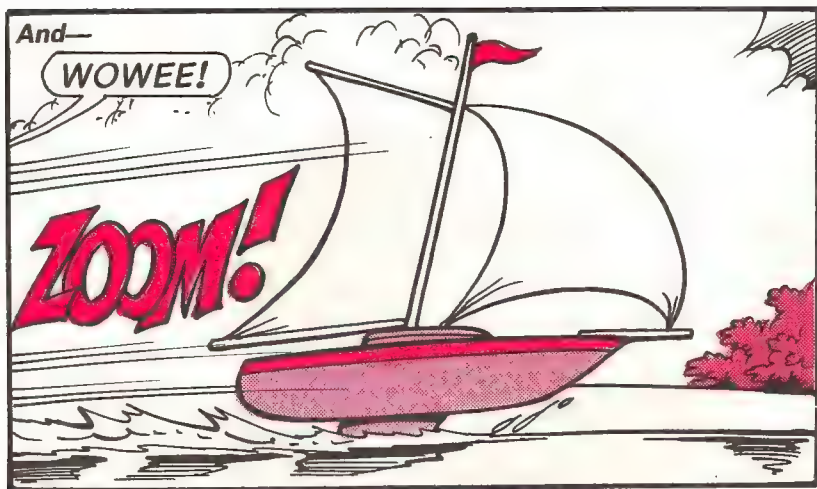


I'VE GOT A BIT OF CATCHING UP TO DO.



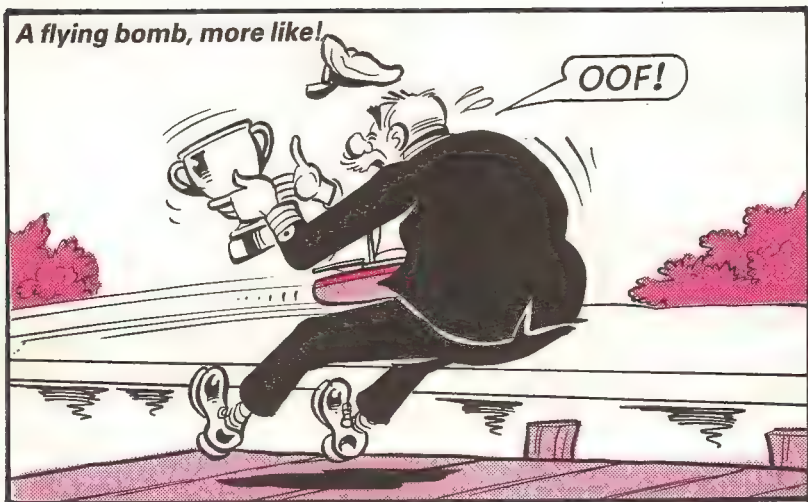
AND THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT!





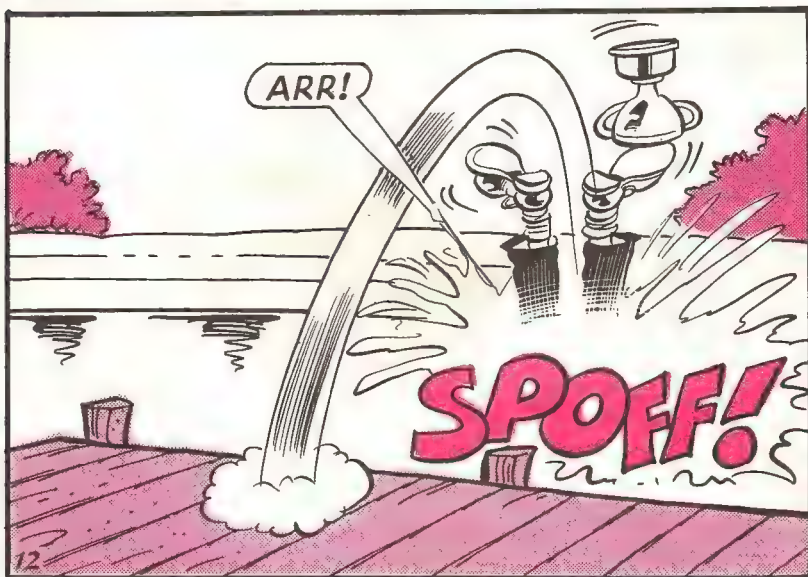
A flying bomb, more like!

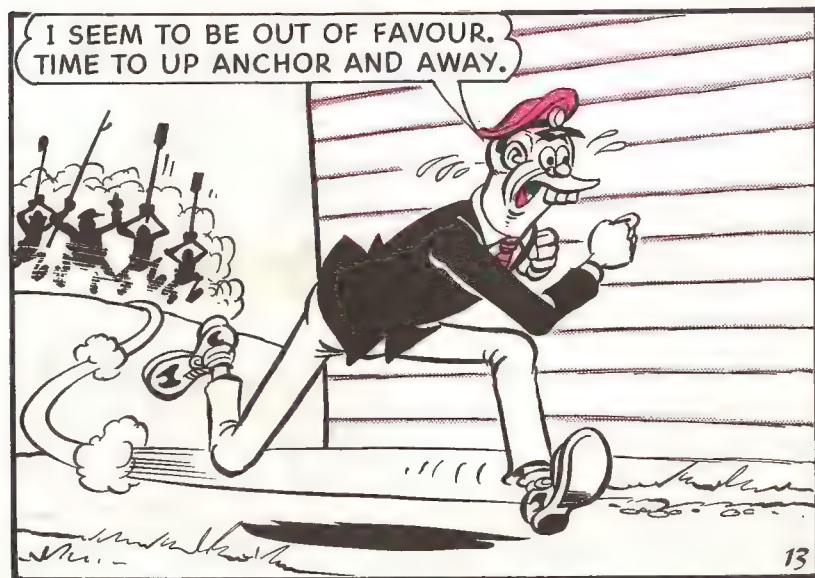
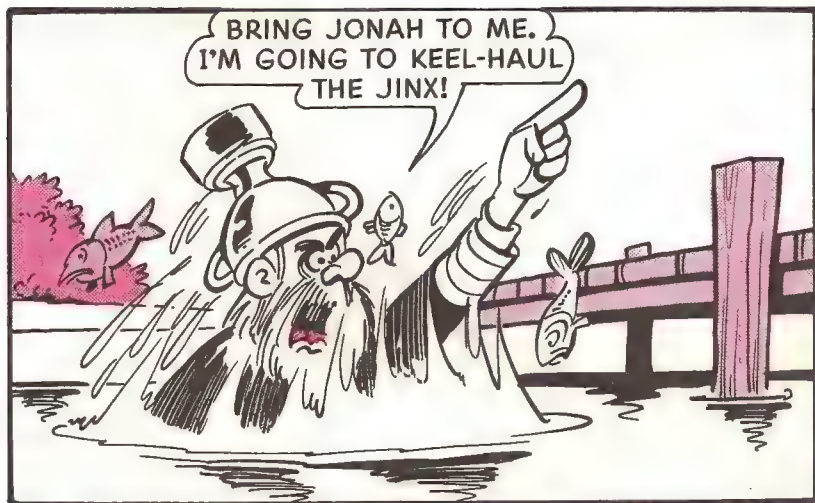
OOF!



ARR!

SPOFF!





Not a million leagues away—

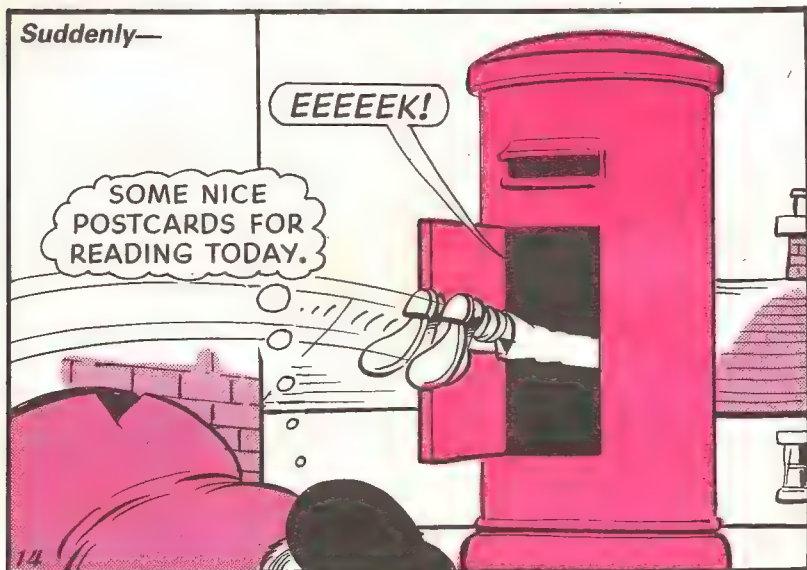
I'M A POSTMAN!
I'M A POSTMAN!
A JOLLY, JOLLY POSTMAN!

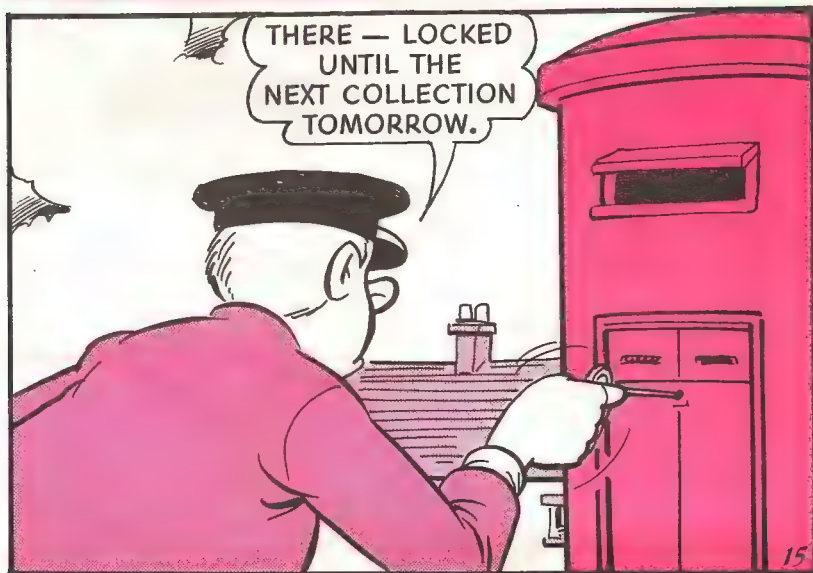


Suddenly—

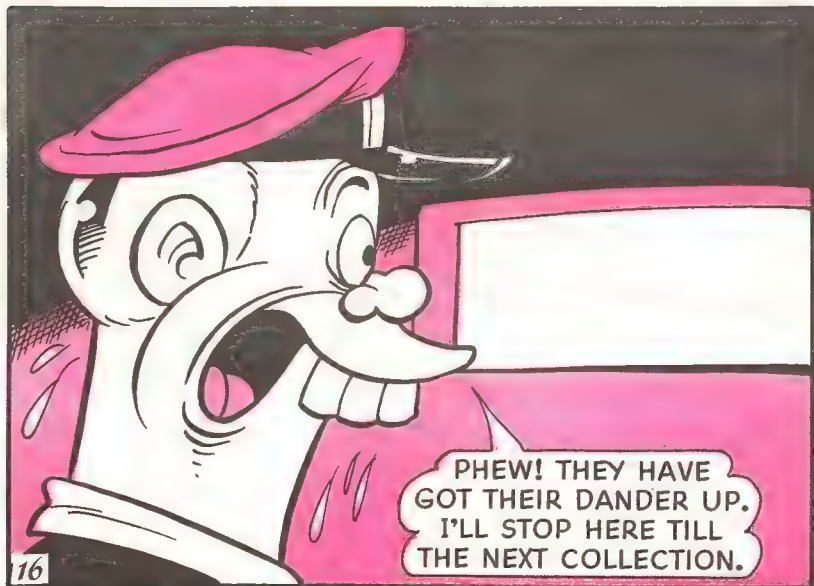
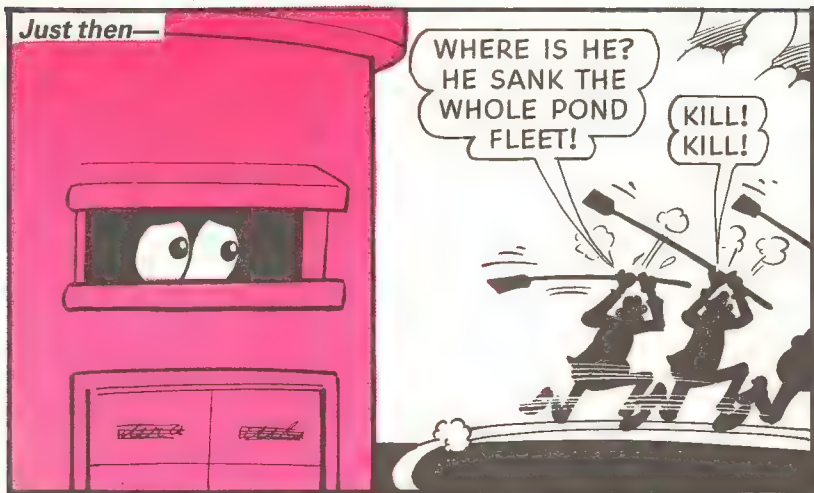
EEEEEEK!

SOME NICE
POSTCARDS FOR
READING TODAY.

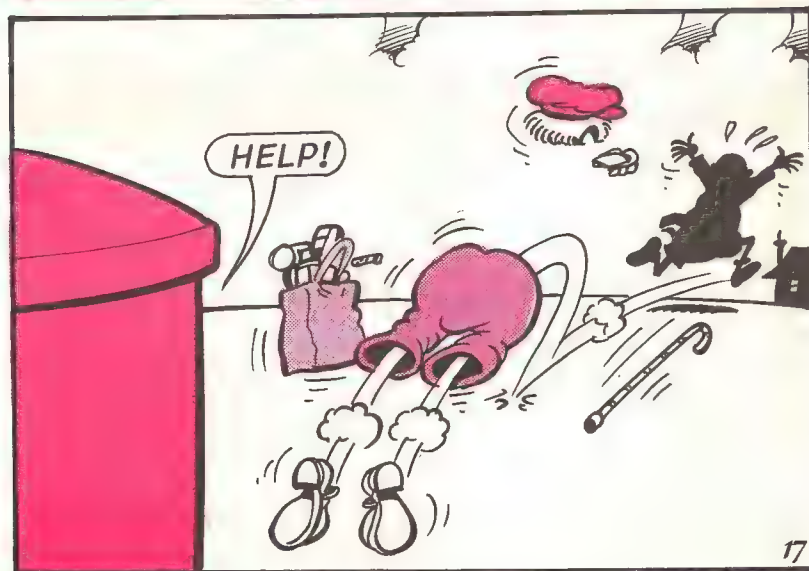


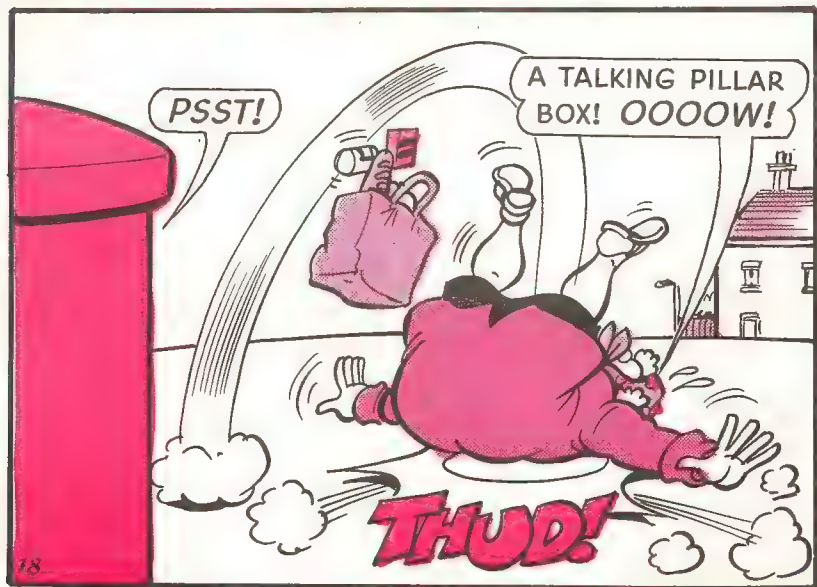


Just then—



Hours later, Jonah wearies—

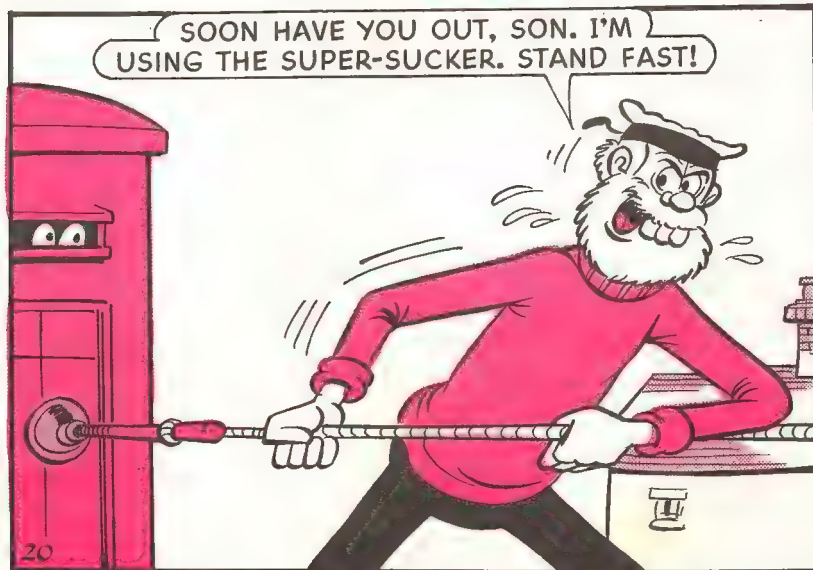




Soon a crowd gathers—

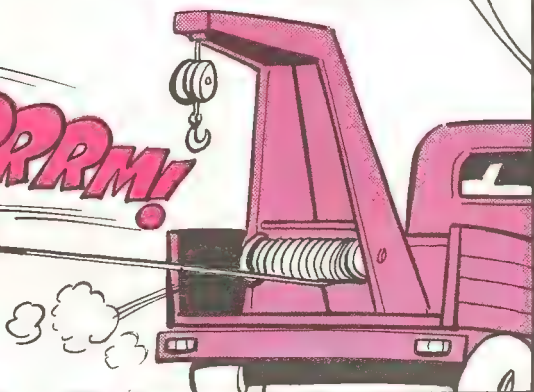


Presently, Jonah's dad happens by—



FOOT DOWN! FULL THROTTLE!
HERE WE GO!

BRRRM!



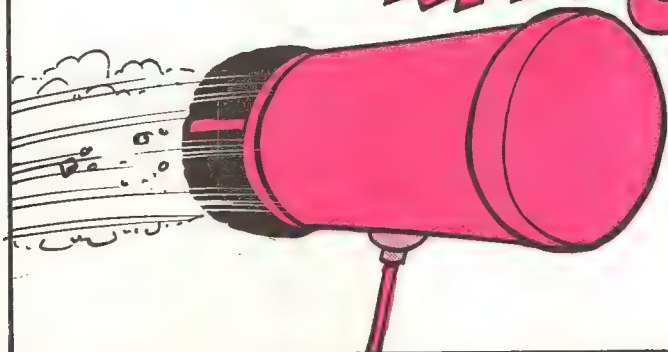
E E E E E K!

RRRIP! BRRM!

*Like a cork from a bottle, the pillar box
is plucked bodily from its anchorage. 21*

It arcs across the sky—

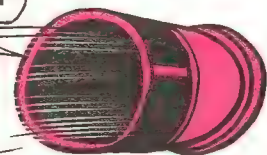
NAAAAH!



— like a rocket!

WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT
THERE?

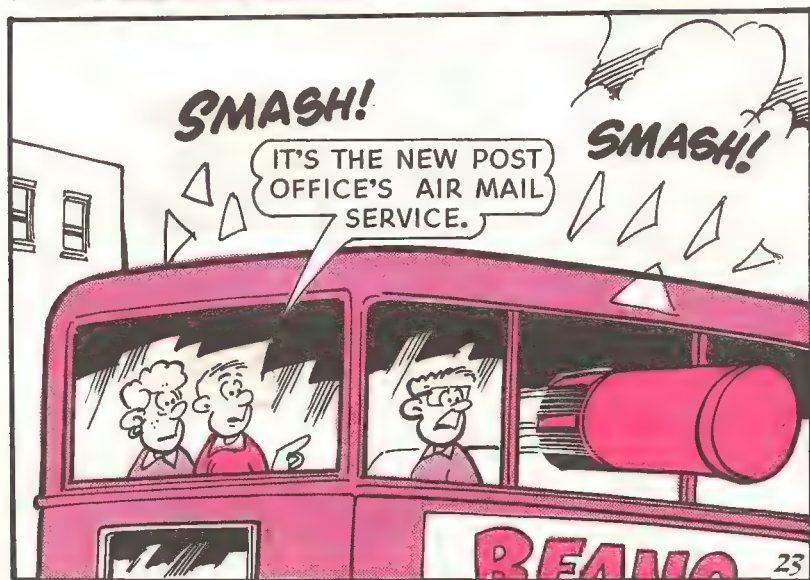
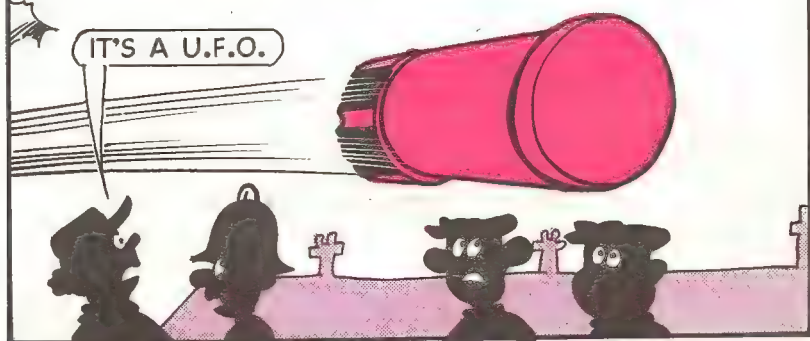
PHOOM!



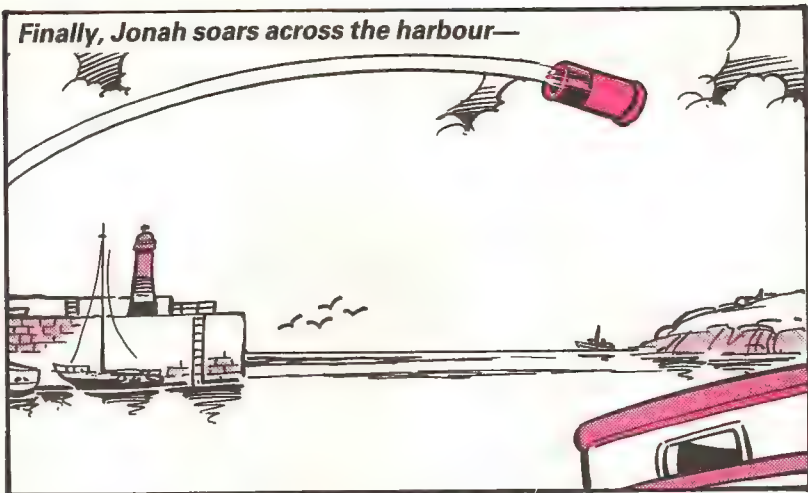
THOCK!



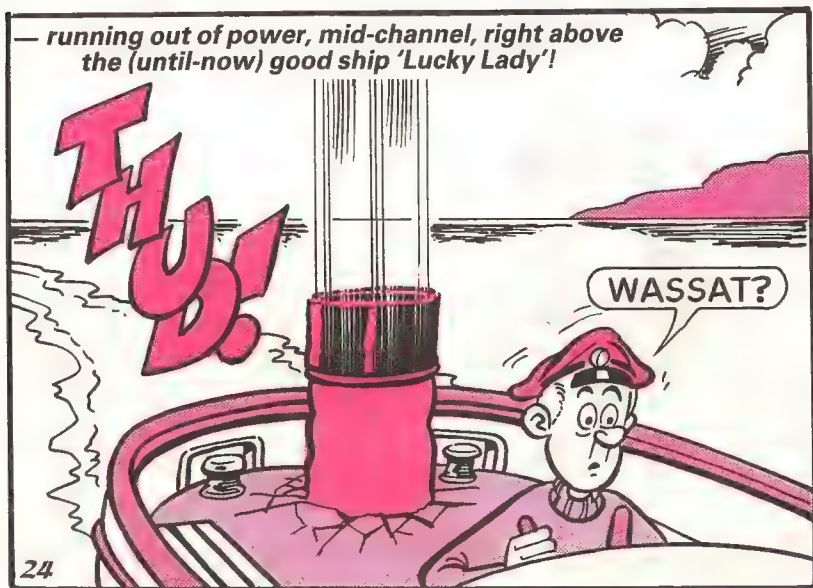
Propelled by the full yank of Jonah senior's 9 h.p. breakdown truck, the pillar box zooms across Beanotown's skyscape—



Finally, Jonah soars across the harbour—



— running out of power, mid-channel, right above the (until-now) good ship 'Lucky Lady'!



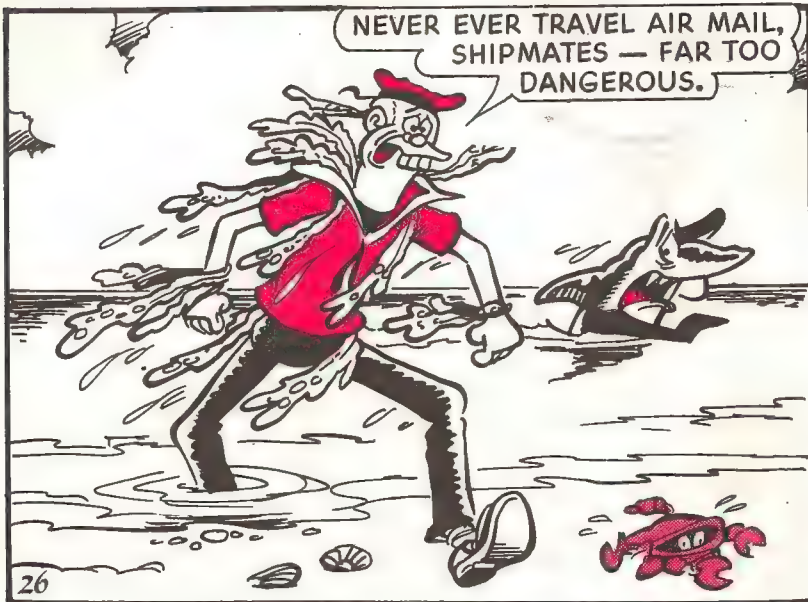


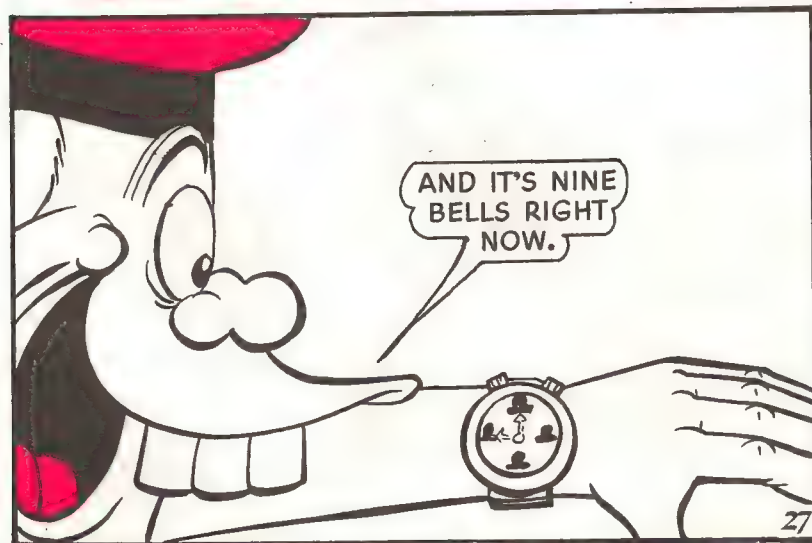
IT WAS A PILLAR BOX THAT SANK US.

JONAH GOT OUT OF IT. THAT JINX'S GOT
TO BE BROUGHT TO BOOK.



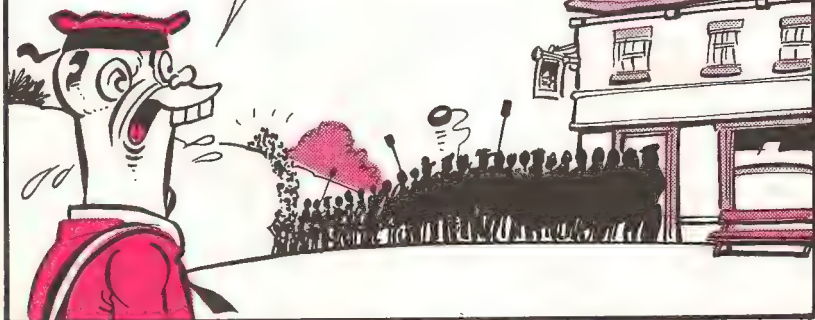
NEVER EVER TRAVEL AIR MAIL,
SHIPMATES — FAR TOO
DANGEROUS.





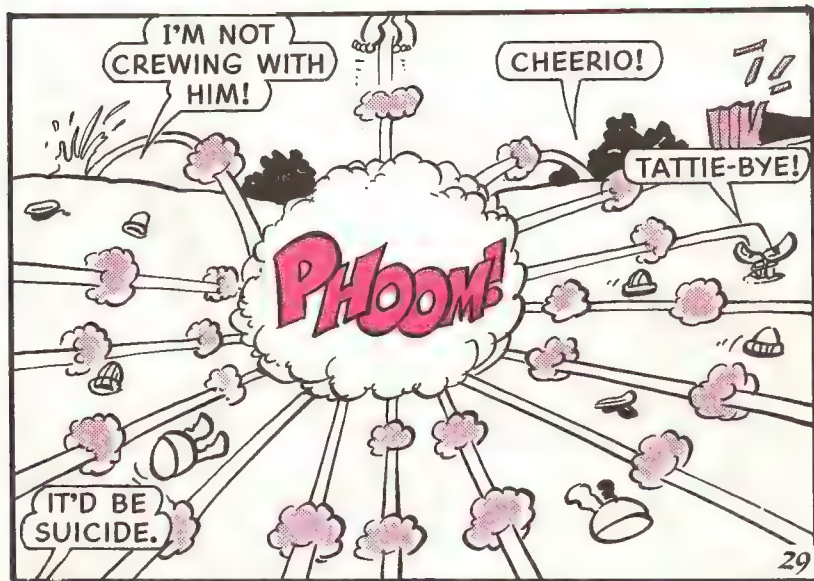
But—

**SHIVER YOUR TIMBERS! JUST LOOK AT THAT
QUEUE. HUNDREDS FOR JUST FIVE JOBS!**



**I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE. YOU NEVER KNOW . . . COULD
BE ONE OF THE LUCKY FIVE.**





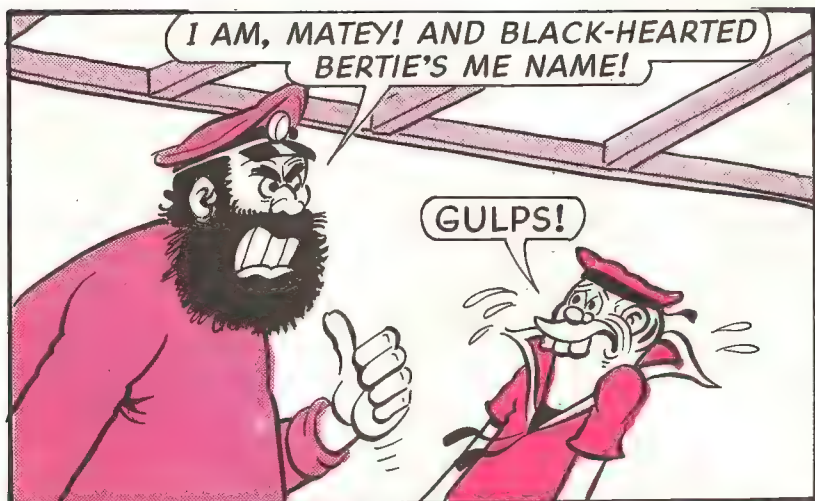
THEY'VE ALL GONE! MUST'VE GOT
WIND OF A
BETTER JOB.



YOU'RE THE
ONLY APPLICANT, JONAH!
JOIN THE MERCURY AS
BOSUN'S MATE.

YOU'VE MADE A WISE
CHOICE, MR AGENT.
WHO'S THE BOSUN?





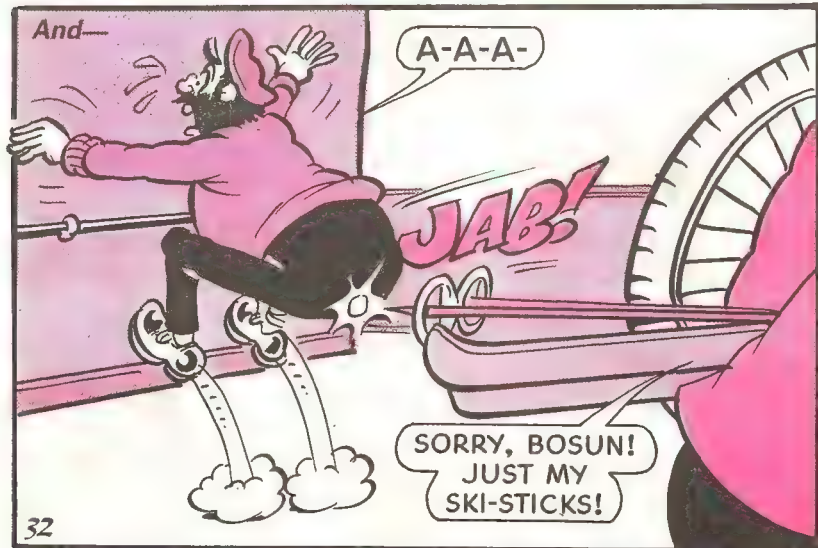
Jonah returns—

I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'LL FETCH UP,
SO I'M PREPARED FOR EVERYTHING.

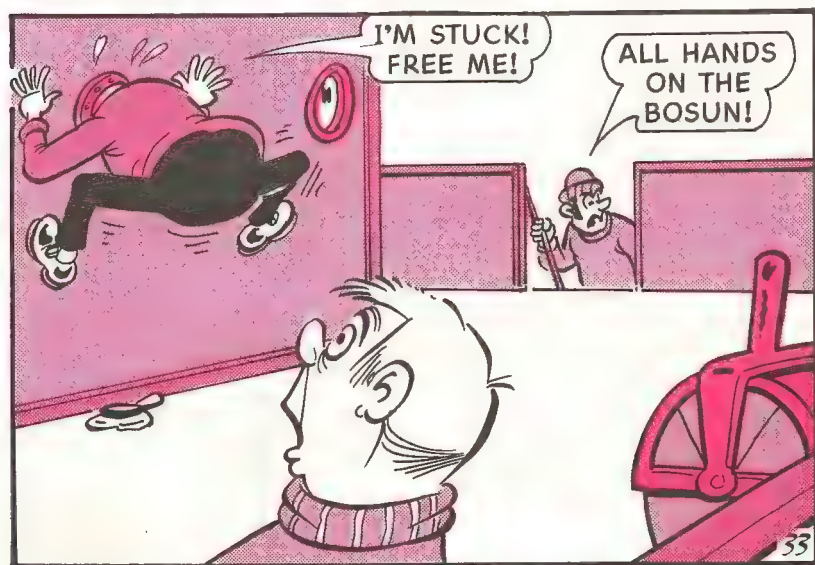
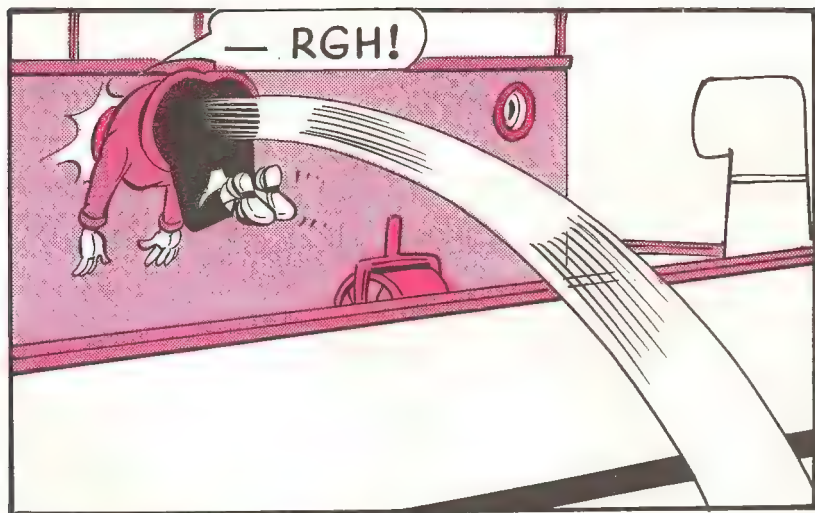


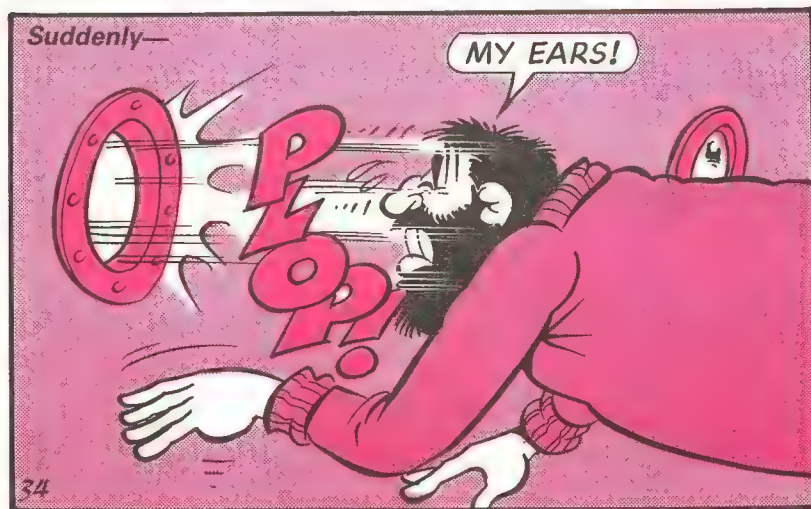
And—

A-A-A-



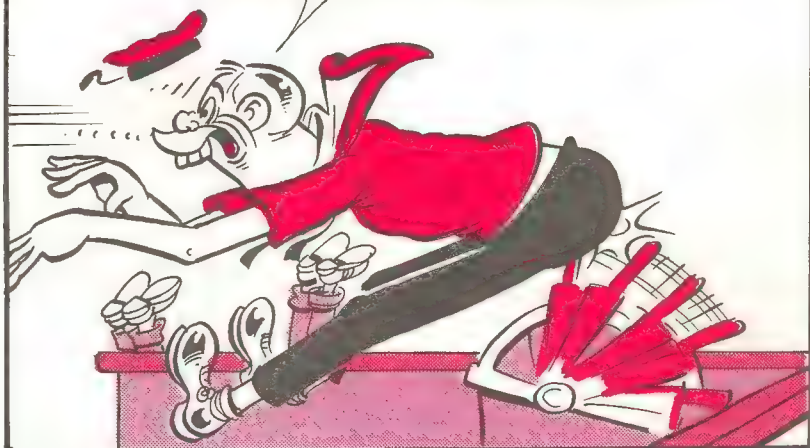
SORRY, BOSUN!
JUST MY
SKI-STICKS!





And—

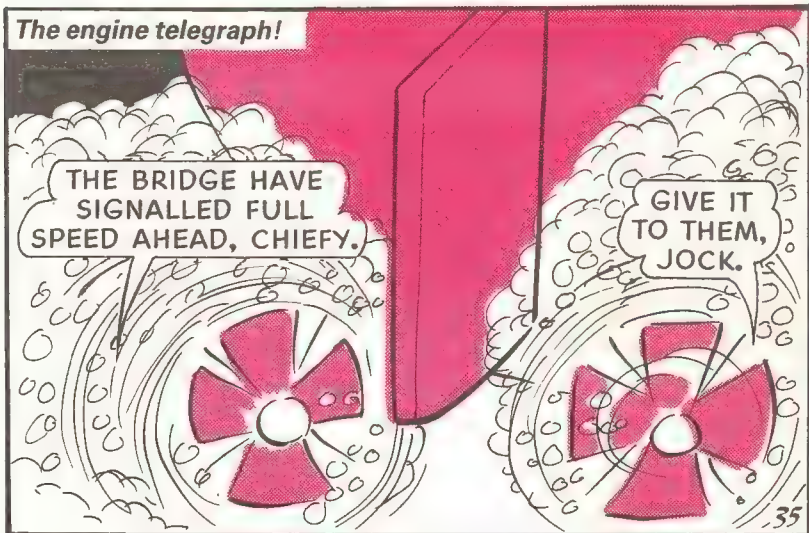
WHOOPSIE! WHAT HAVE I HIT?



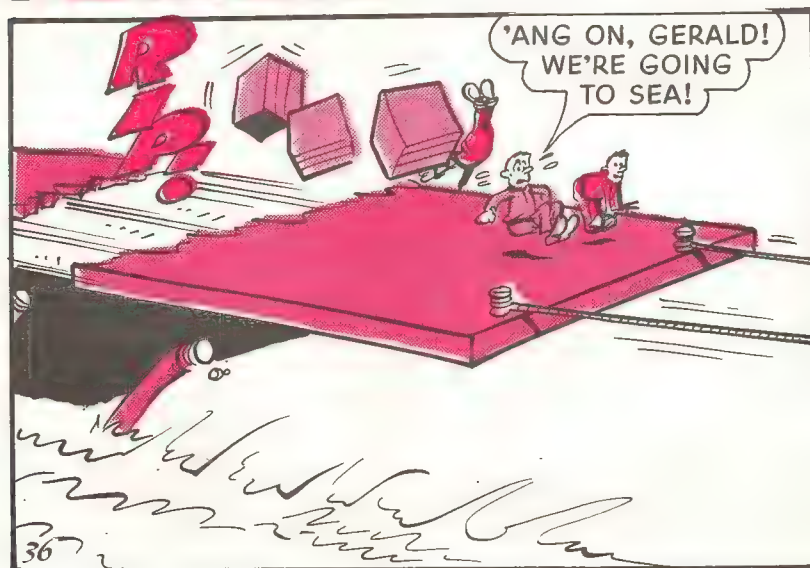
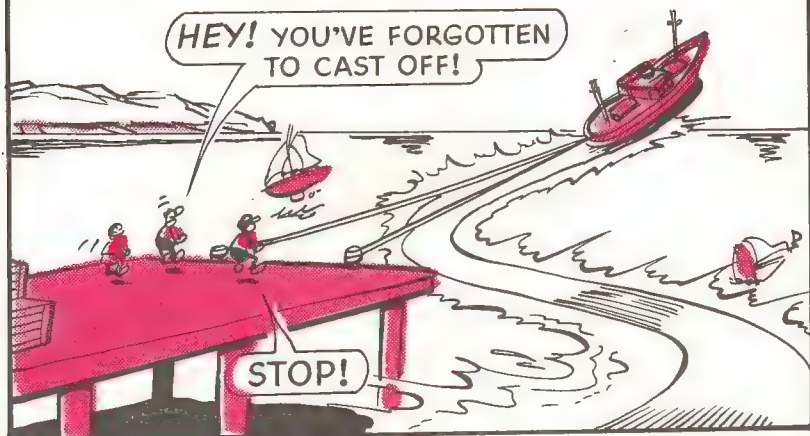
The engine telegraph!

THE BRIDGE HAVE
SIGNALLLED FULL
SPEED AHEAD, CHIEFY.

GIVE IT
TO THEM,
JOCK.

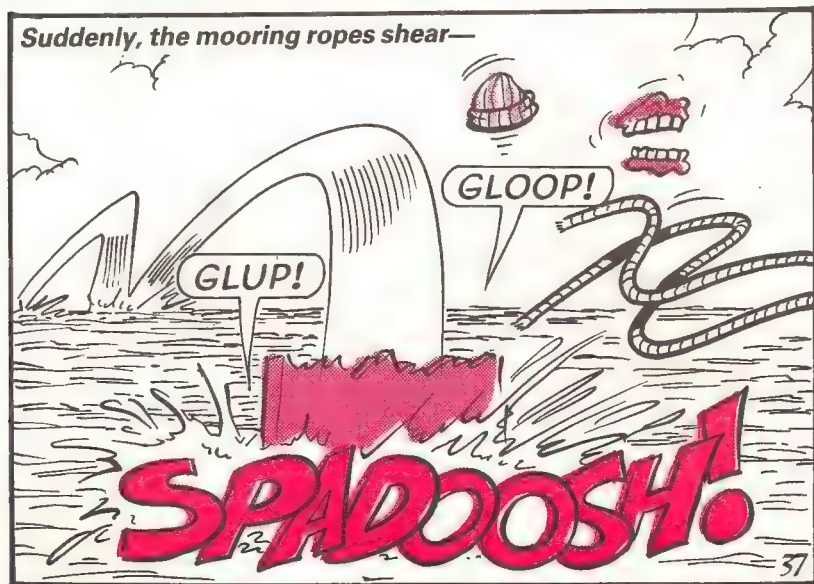


The S.S. Mercury speeds out to sea—

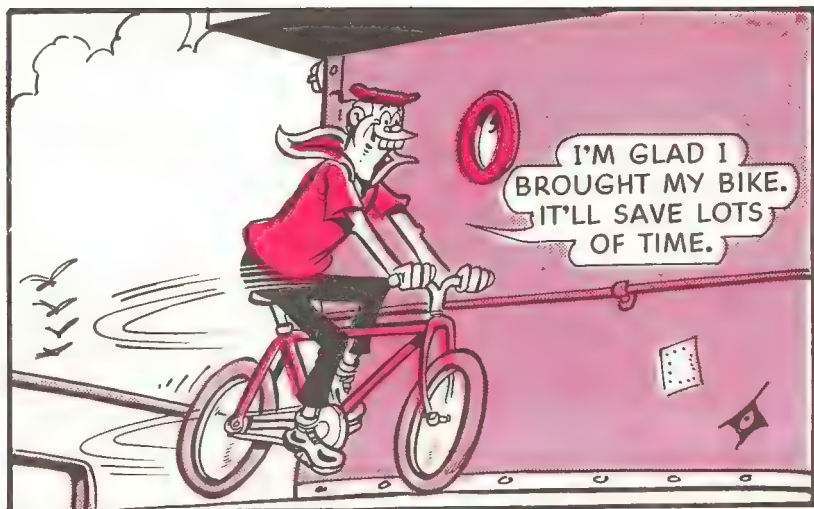




Suddenly, the mooring ropes shear—







**A flying cup of hot chocolate finds its mark —
the back of the helmsman's neck!**



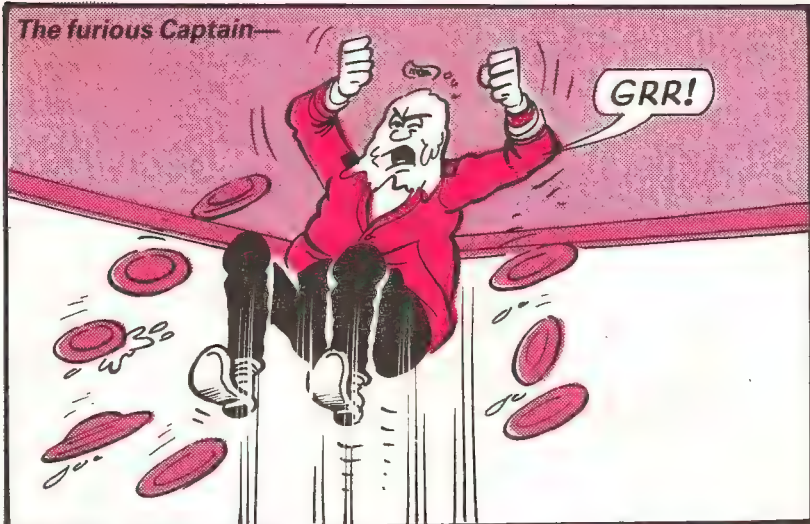
Out of control, the S.S. Mercury
zig-zags, slews and yaws—



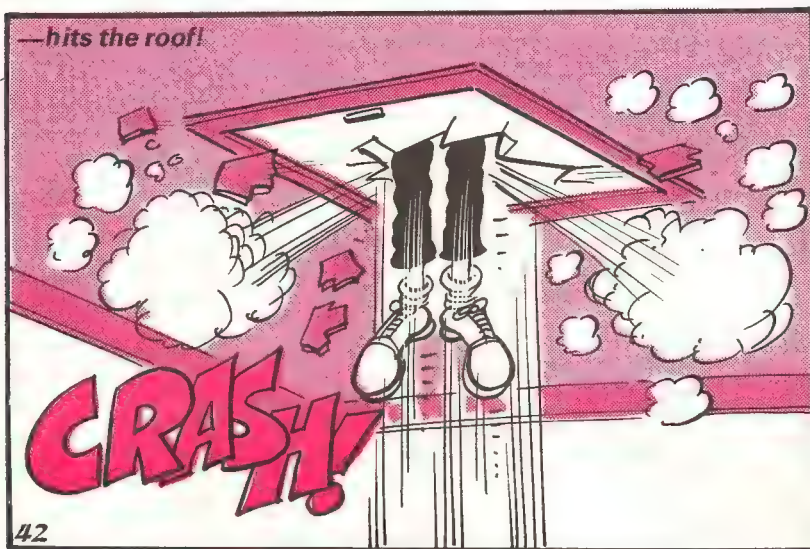
In the officers' galley.

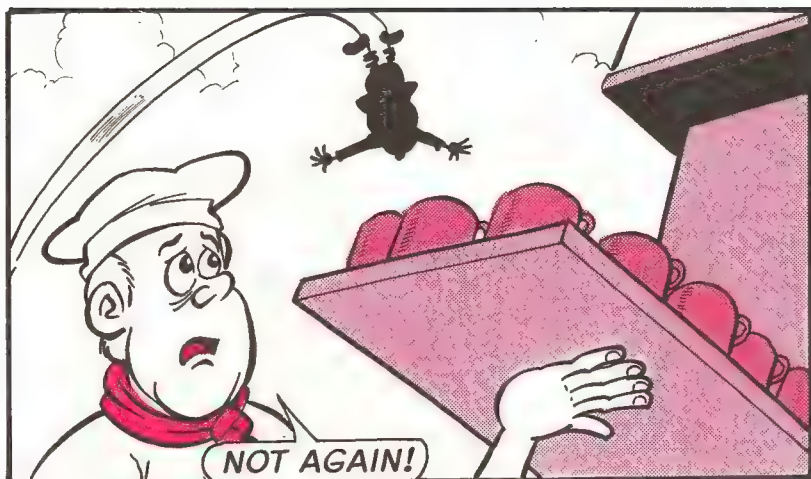


The furious Captain—



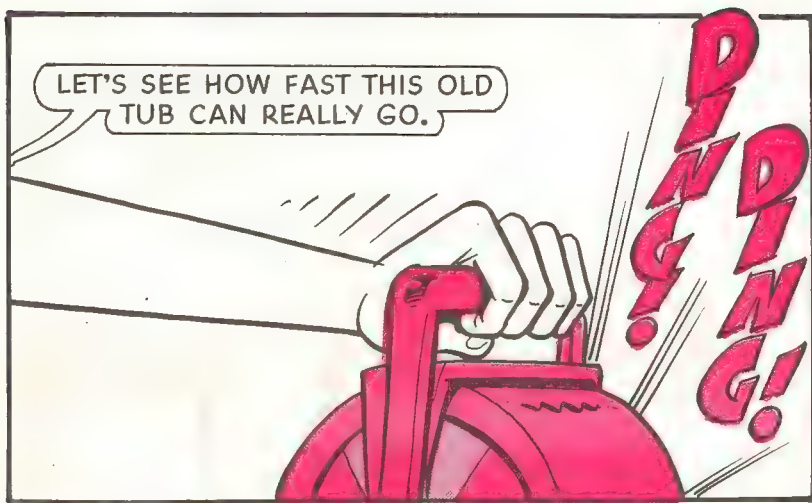
—hits the roof!





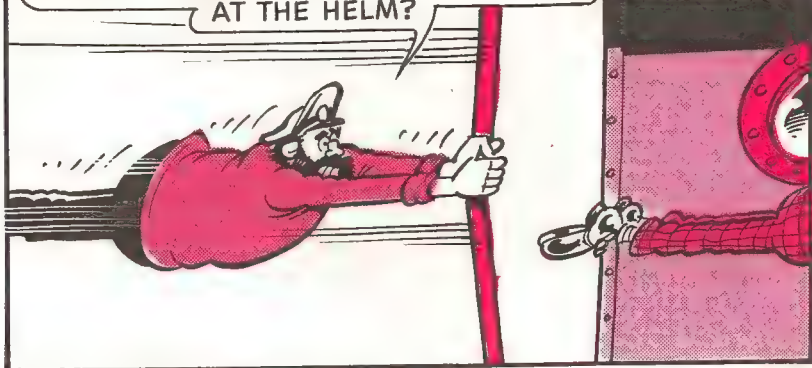




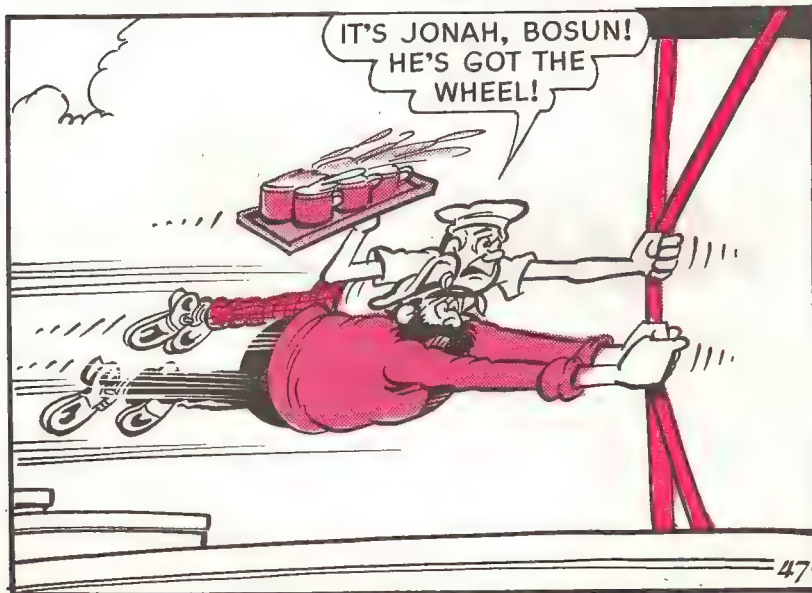


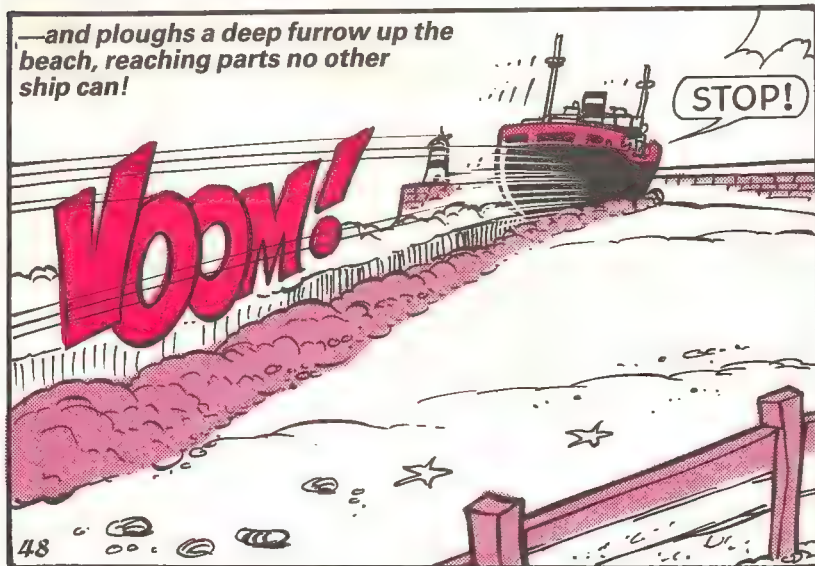
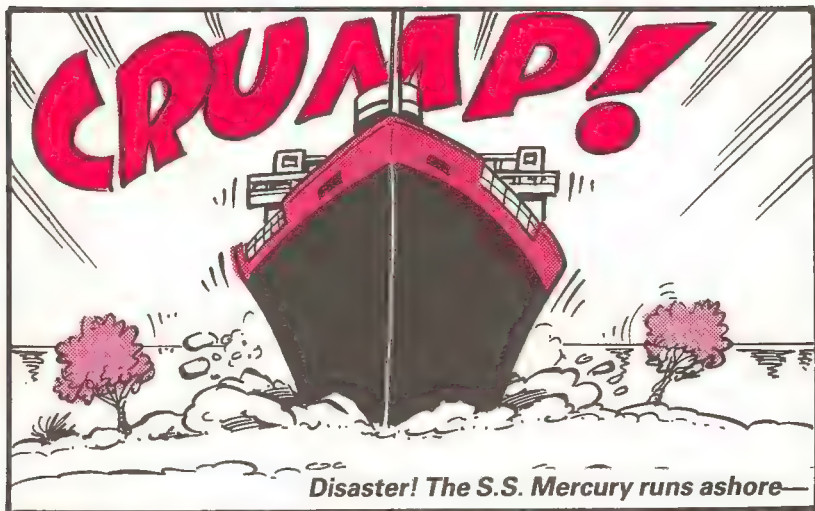
At maximum knots, the S.S. Mercury streaks ahead like a bullet from a gun—

WHAT THE DAVY JONES! WHO'S
AT THE HELM?



IT'S JONAH, BOSUN!
HE'S GOT THE
WHEEL!

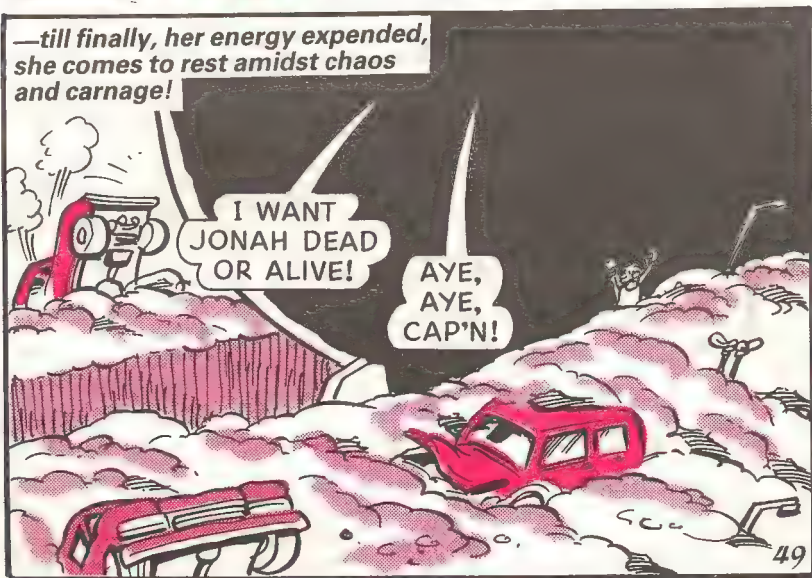




*The Leviathan sails up the High Street,
her momentum scarce
diminishing—*



*—till finally, her energy expended,
she comes to rest amidst chaos
and carnage!*



**More feared than the police, traffic warden
Betsie O'Flynn stomps on to the scene—**

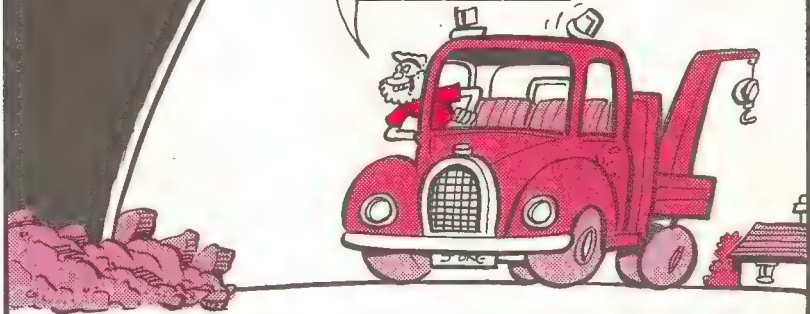


**YOU'RE PARKED ON
DOUBLE YELLOWS
SO DON'T TRY
AND SWEET
TALK ME,
SAILOR
BOY!**



Just then, Jonah Senior trundles up—

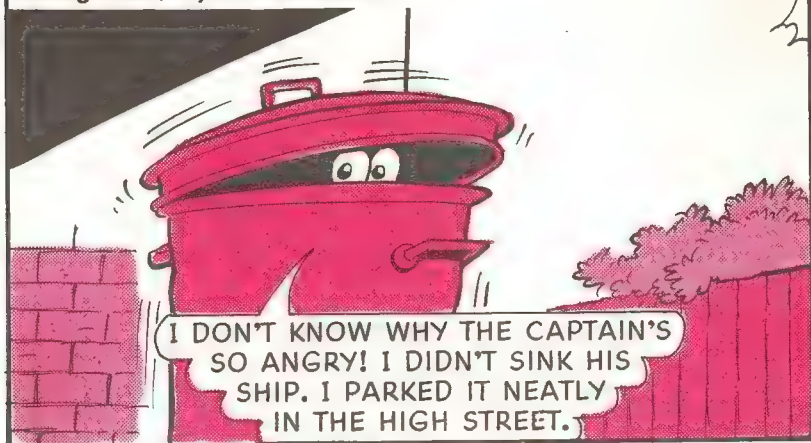
WELL, I'M BLOWED! A SHIP STRANDED IN
THE HIGH STREET. NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE CALLED OUT TO
ONE OF THEM.



PITY IT WASN'T A
BATTLE-SHIP. THAT
WOULD REALLY HAVE
MADE MY DAY.



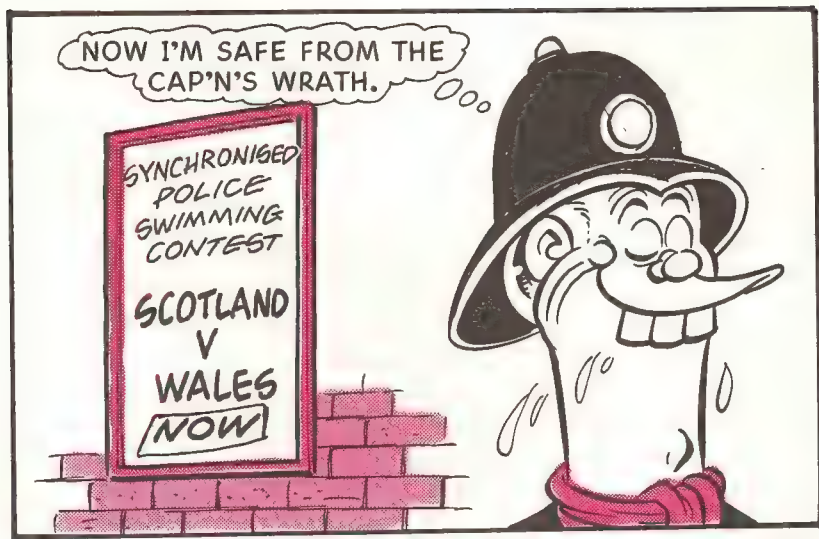
Meanwhile, Jonah has gone into hiding. Well, d'you blame him?

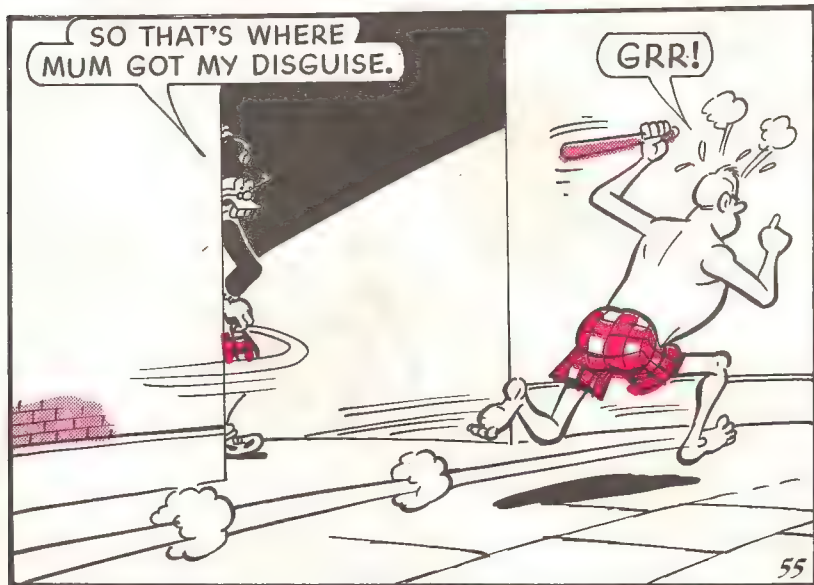


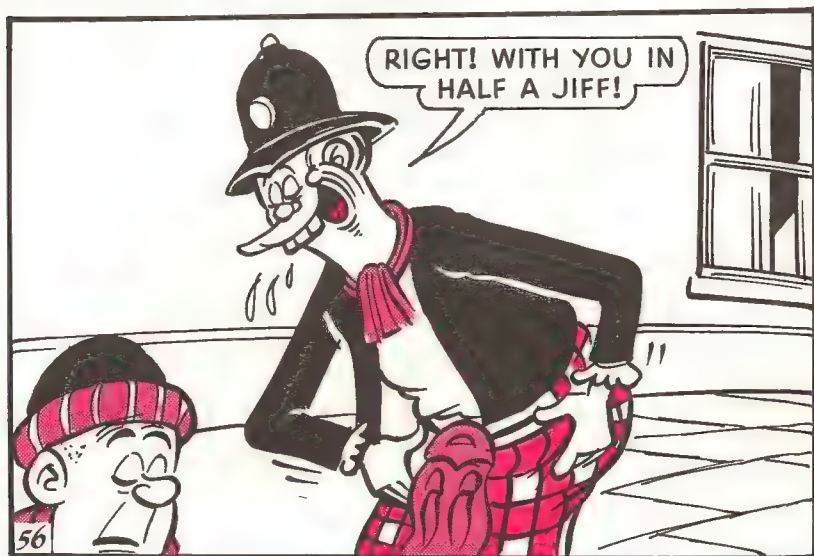
Jonah's mum hoves to—





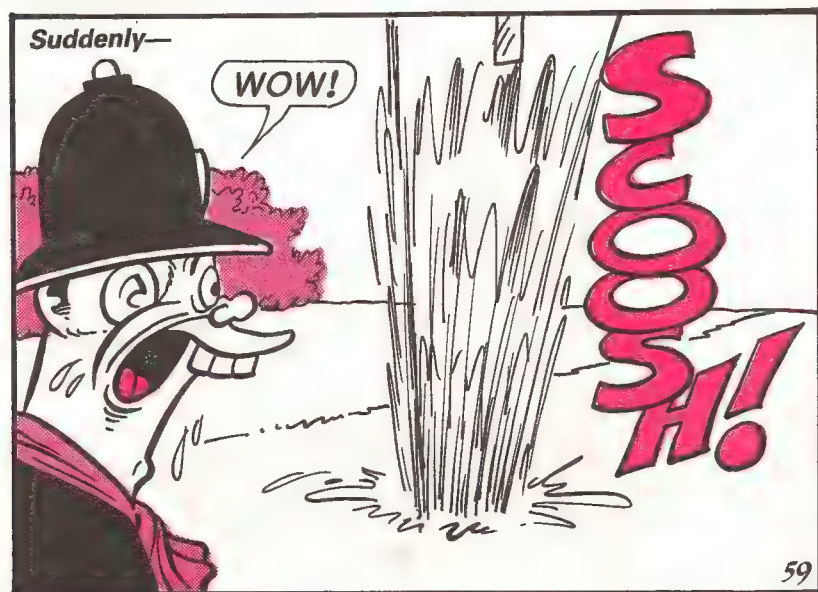
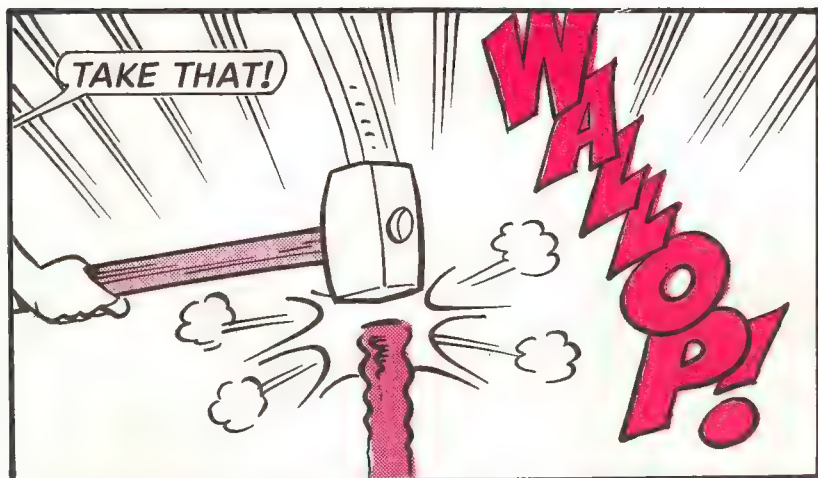


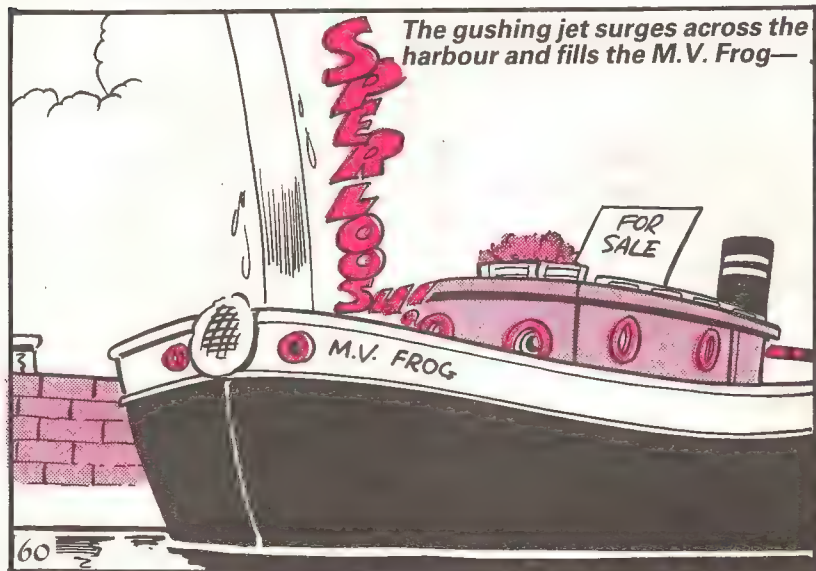
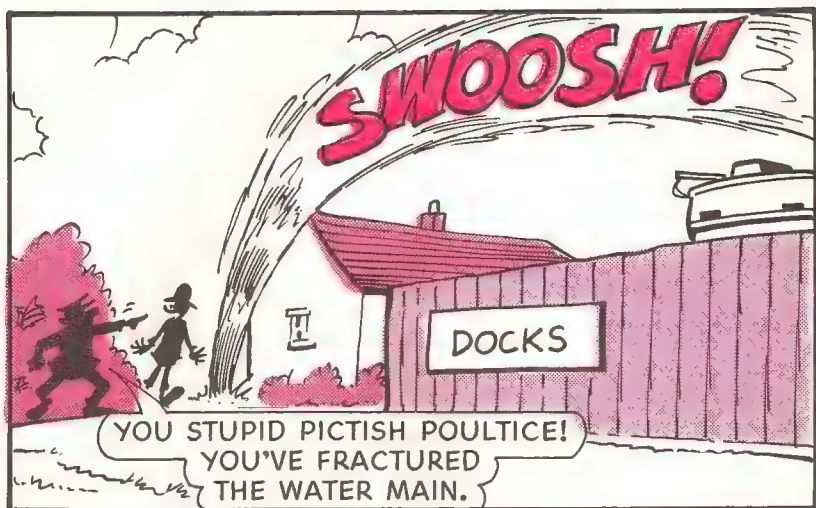












—to the gunwhales!

HELP!

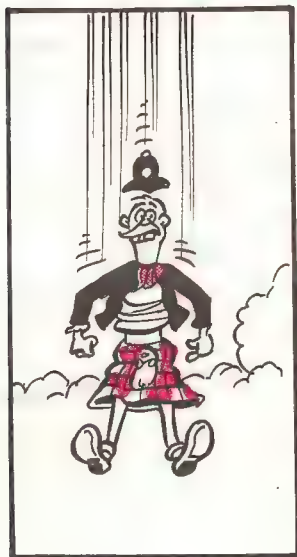
M.V. FROG

She sinks!

GURGLE!

GLOOP!



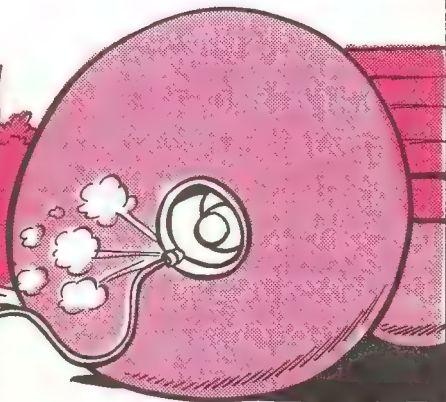


Later—

YOU'VE INJURED MY BACK. YOU'LL HAVE
TO TAKE OVER MY
SHIPWRECK BREAKDOWN
SERVICE.



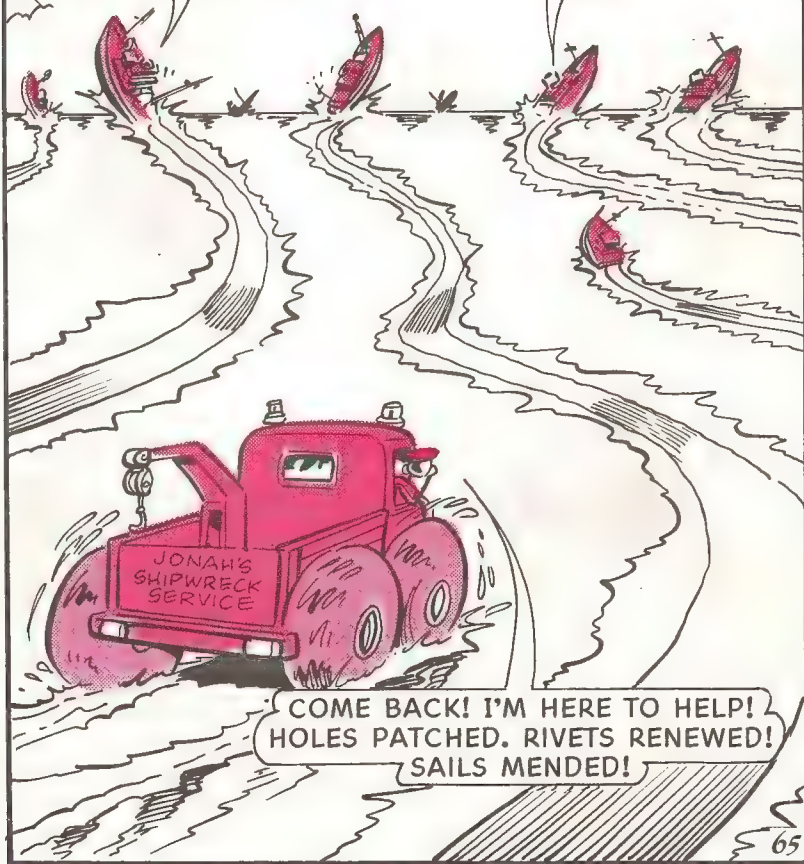
I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS —
HELPING MARINERS OUT OF DISTRESS.



***But no mariner in distress or
otherwise wants Jonah's help.***

**FULL SPEED AHEAD FOR
NEW YORK. JONAH'S
ON THE LOOSE!**

**DON'T LET
HIM NEAR
US!**



**COME BACK! I'M HERE TO HELP!
HOLES PATCHED. RIVETS RENEWED!
SAILS MENDED!**

Later—

DAD'S ON HIS FEET, AGAIN, SO I'VE BEEN
WRITING TO TRY TO GET A REAL SAILOR'S
JOB AND TODAY MY LUCK'S TURNED. I'VE
GOT A BERTH ABOARD THE
TITANIC II — AS LOOK-OUT!
LUCKY ME, EH?



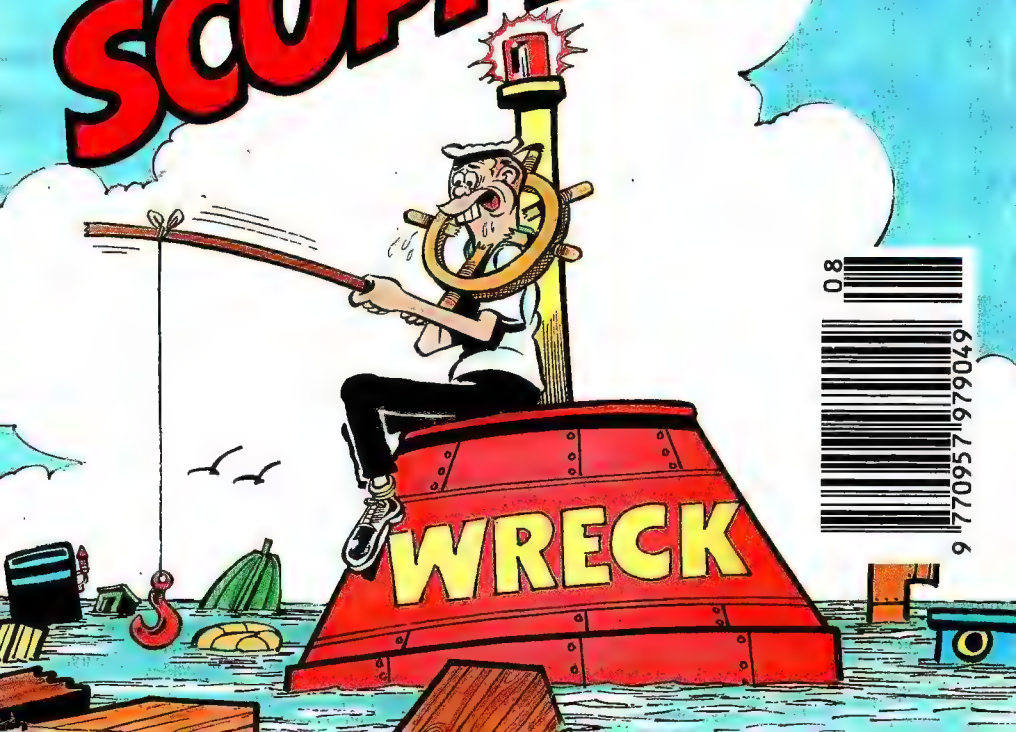
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185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

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BEANO

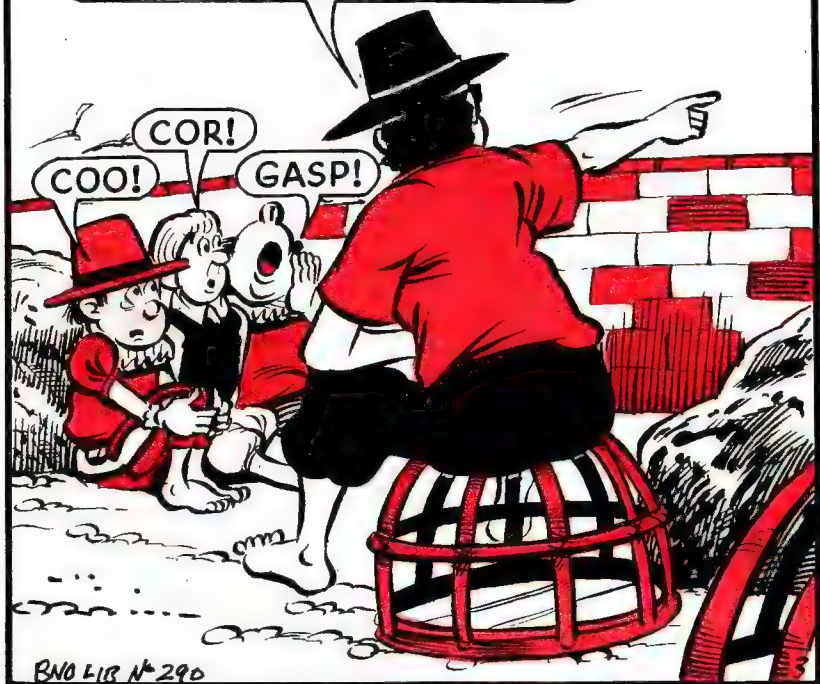
COMIC
LIBRARY
No. 290
50p

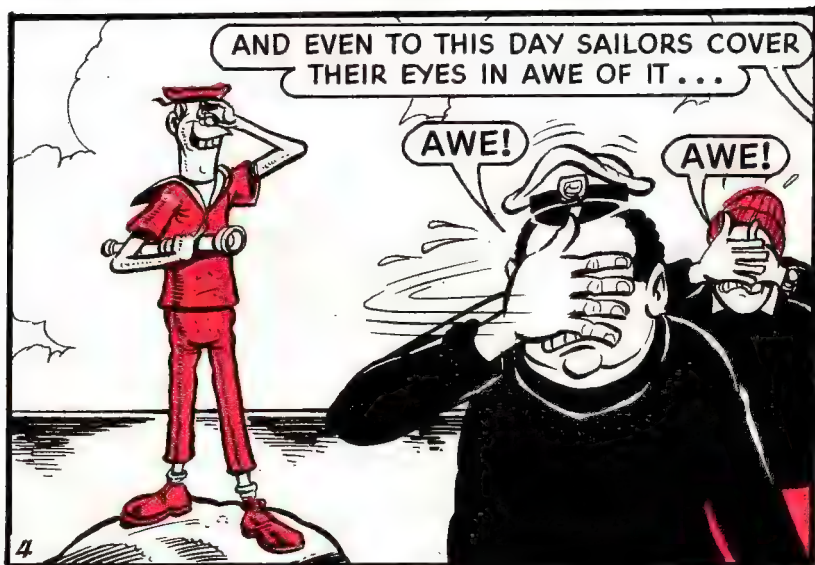
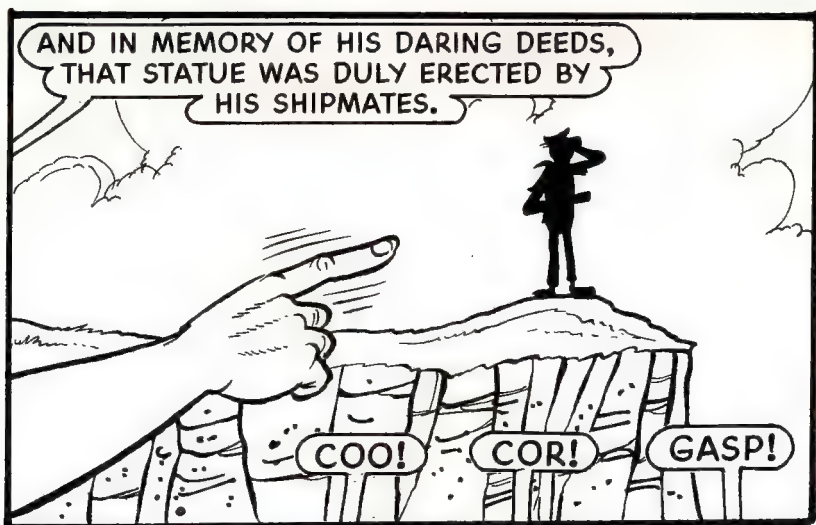
Jonah in SCUPPERED!



JONAH *in* "SCUPPERED!"

NO BRAVER,
STOUT-HEARTED SAILOR
SAILED THESE SEVEN SEAS
THAN GRANDFATHER JONAH —
MARINER! NAVIGATOR! EXPLORER!





BUT COVERING THEIR
EYES IS A VERY
GREAT PITY —

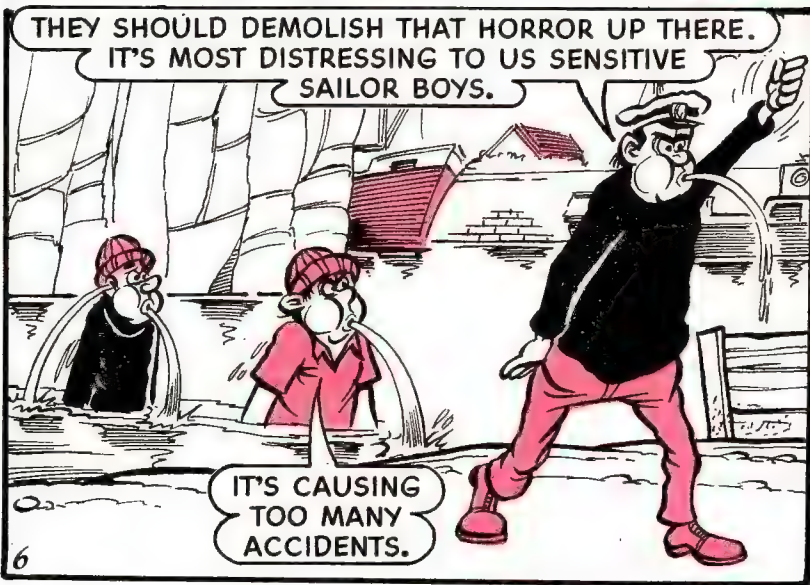
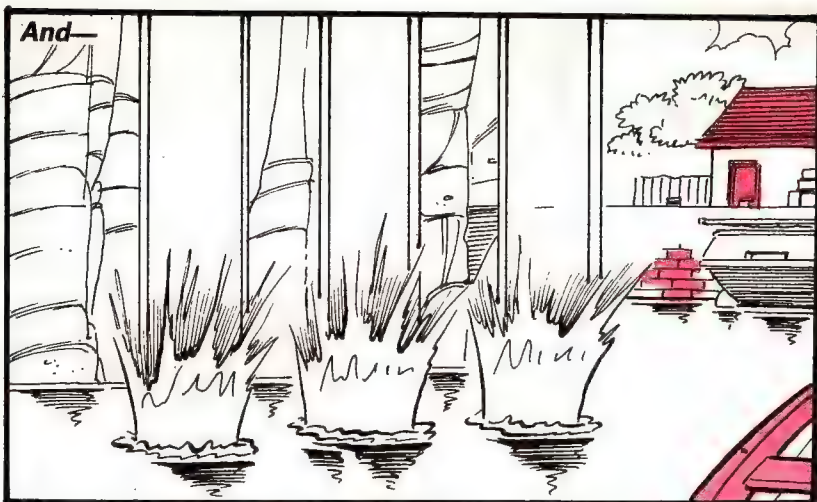
AAARRH!

—SEEING THE
STATUE'S ON
A CLIFF-EDGE!

EEH!

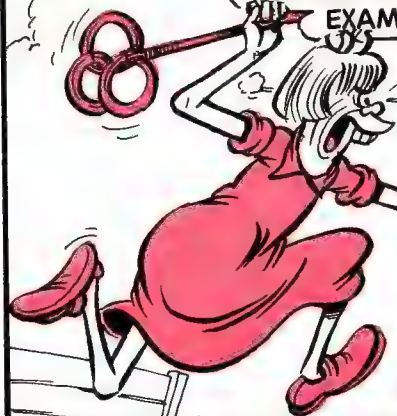
HELP!

ARR!



Suddenly—

HOW DARE YOU DISCREDIT MY DAD!
HE WAS A BRAVE SAILOR LAD, AND AN
EXAMPLE TO HIS SHIPMATES.



RUN!



WOULD YOU CARE
TO HEAR HIS TALE?
OF COURSE
YOU WOULD!

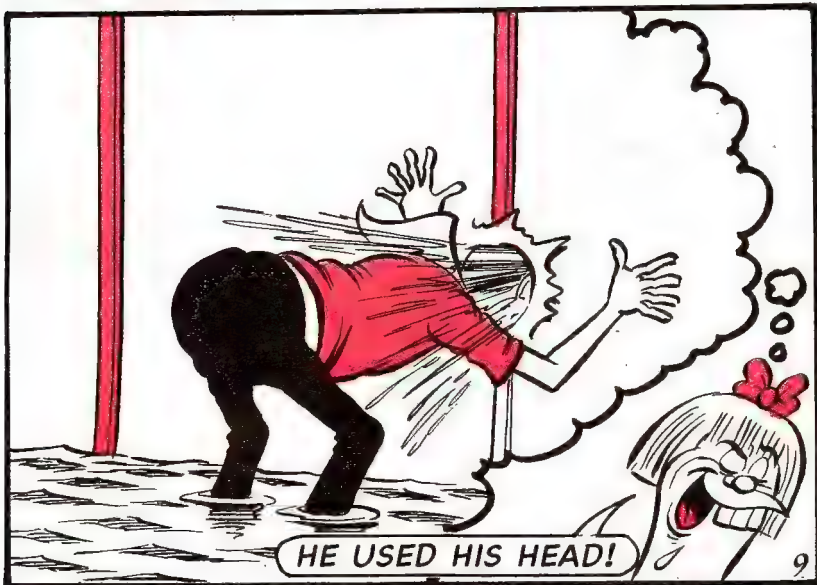
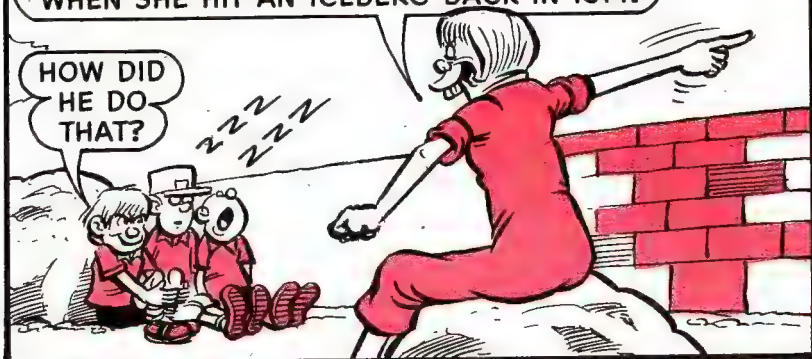


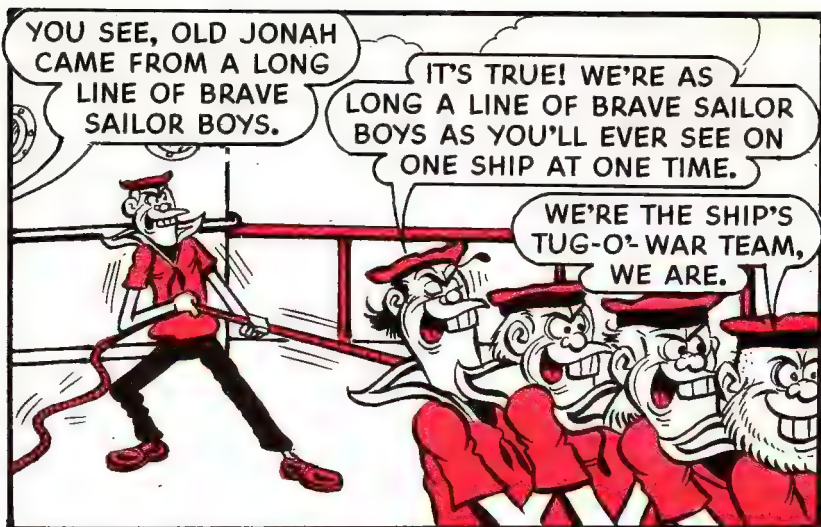


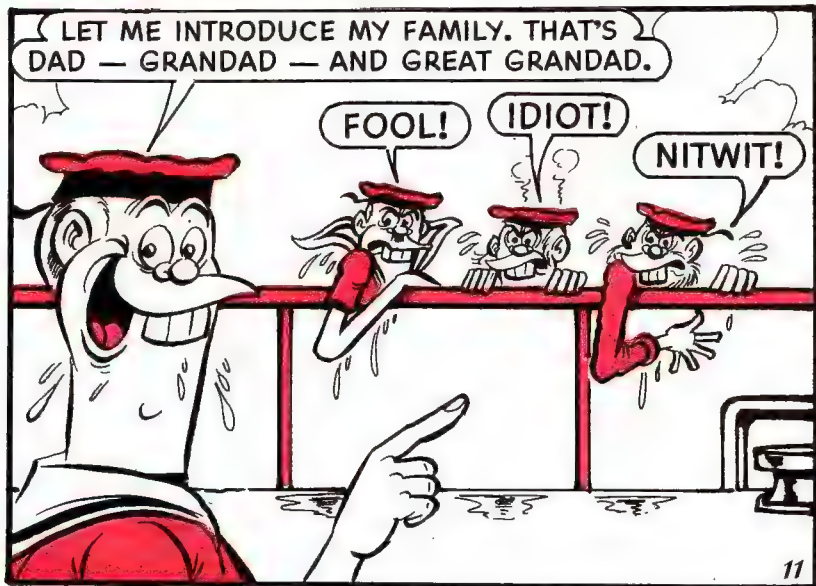
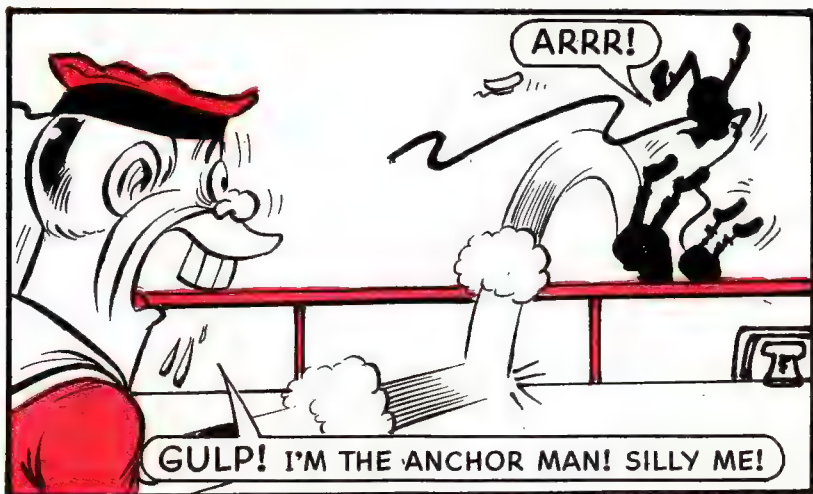
And the tale is told—

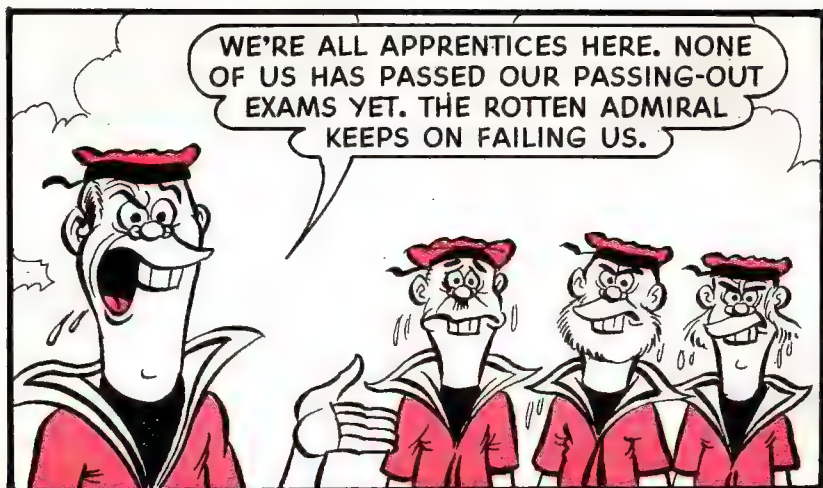
OLD JONAH, AS WE KNEW HIM, WAS
THE HERO WHO SAVED THE S.S. GIGANTIC
WHEN SHE HIT AN ICEBERG BACK IN 1914.

HOW DID
HE DO
THAT?

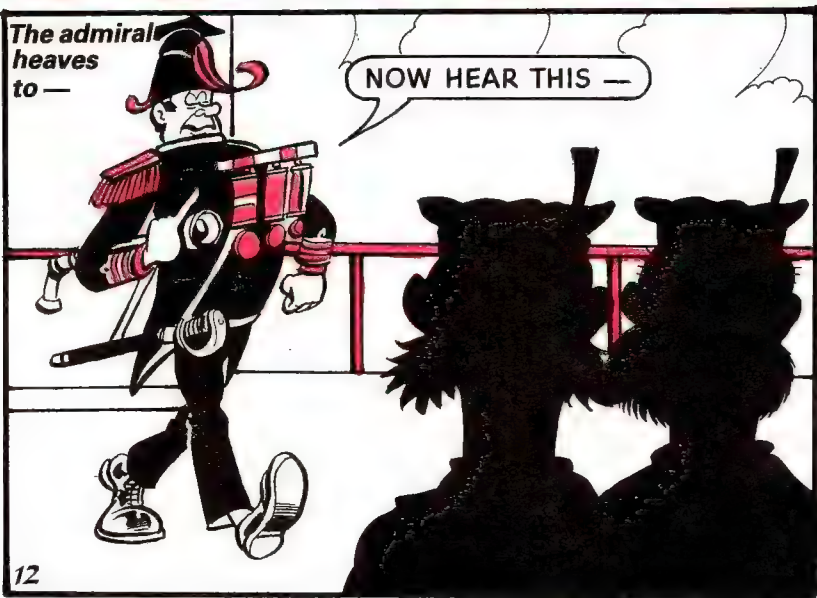








The admiral
heaves
to —





Soon—

I'VE GOT A BERTH ON
THE S.S. COLANDER.

SHIPPING
OFFICE

J. SIMPSON

PENSIONS

WE'RE OLD ENOUGH
TO DRAW OUR PENSIONS
RIGHT AWAY.

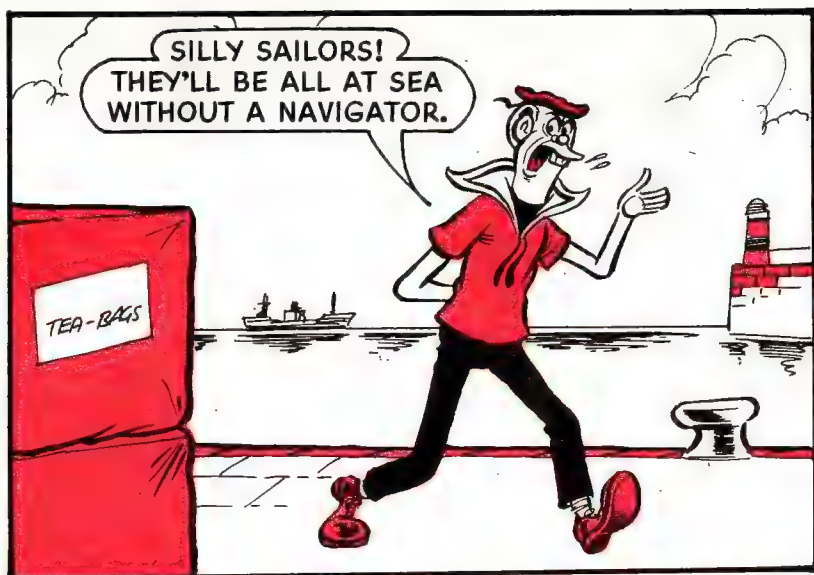


The Master of the Colander spies Jonah—

IT'S JONAH! I'VE BEEN
WARNED ABOUT HIM.

TUM-TE-
TIPPLE-
TUM!





Next second—

BEAT IT!
JOIN THE
ARMY!

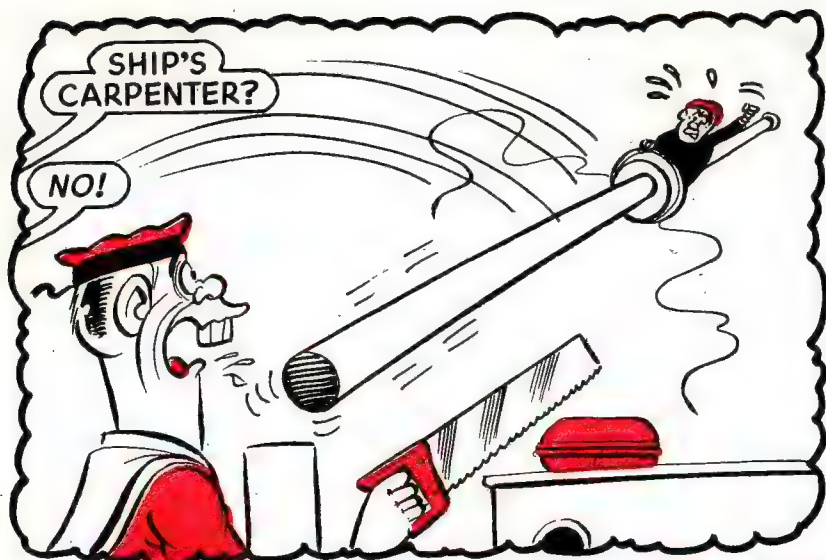
J-J-JONAH!

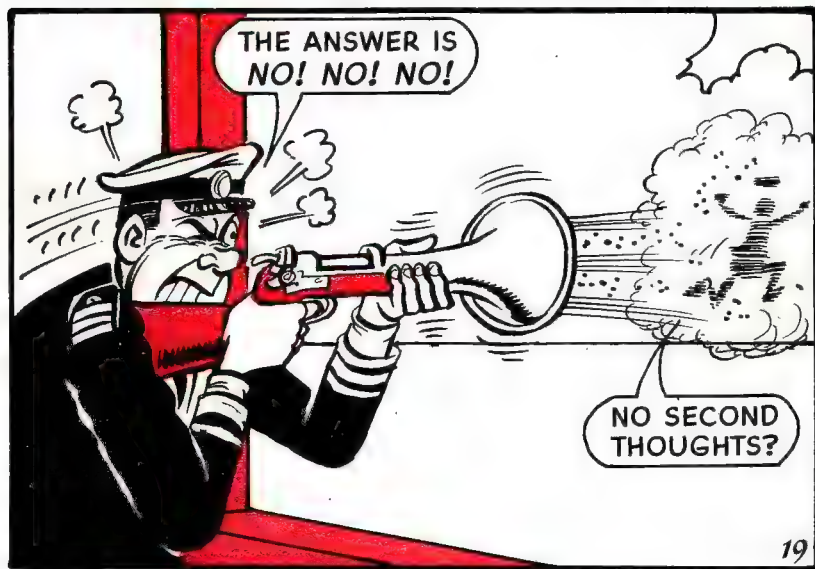
ARMY? THEY
DON'T HAVE
SHIPS, SILLY!

Jonah doesn't take no for an answer—

PLEASE, COMMODORE,
LET ME SIGN ON
AS SHIP'S COOK,
EH?

NEVER!





Presently—

WHAT I NEED IS A GOOD
NAVAL DISGUISE — AND
I'VE GOT IT!

J. SIMPSON
THEATRICAL
COSTUMIER



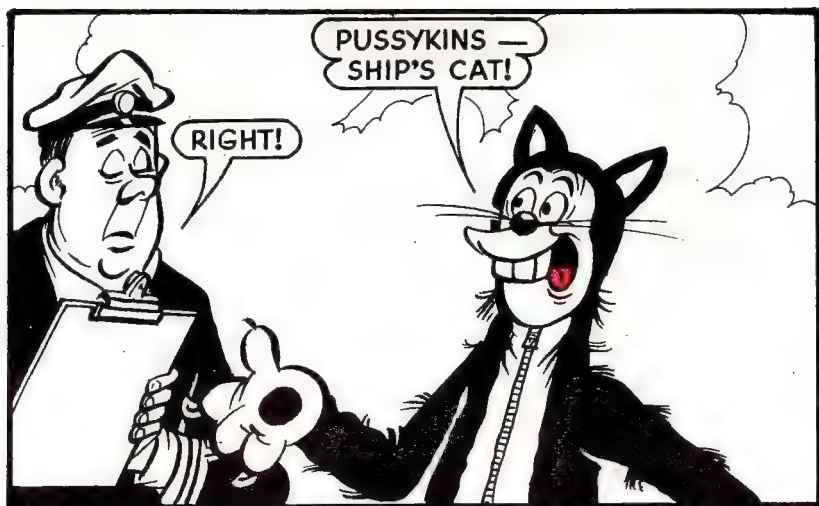
At the docks H.M.S. Wanchancy's crew embark—

WILKIE!
SHIP'S
GUNNER!

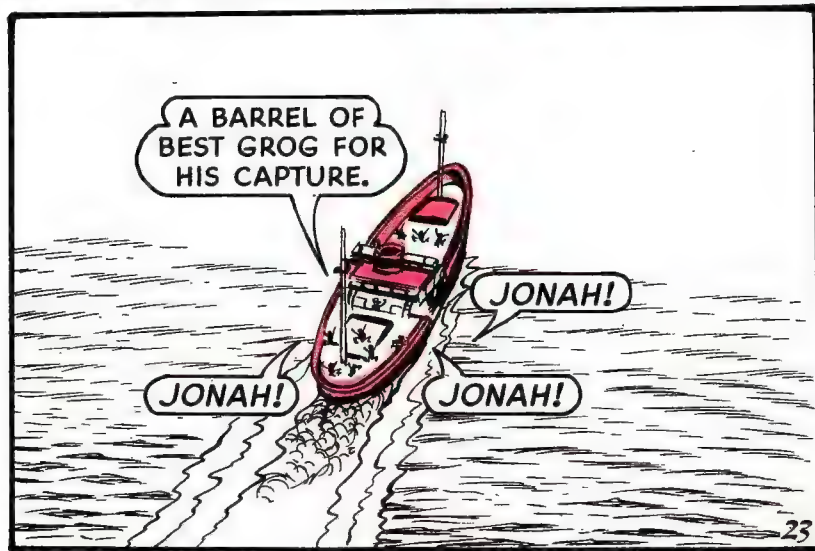
PONSOBY-
RICHARD!
BOSUN!

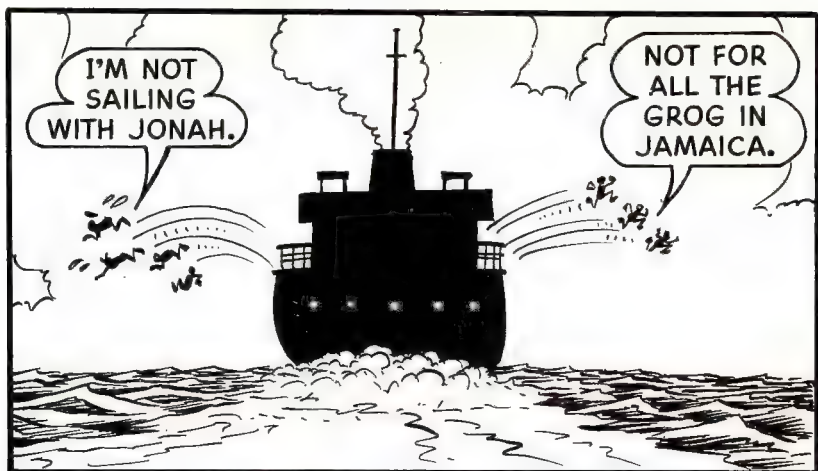
COX!
COX!

ALGY!
CABIN
BOY!









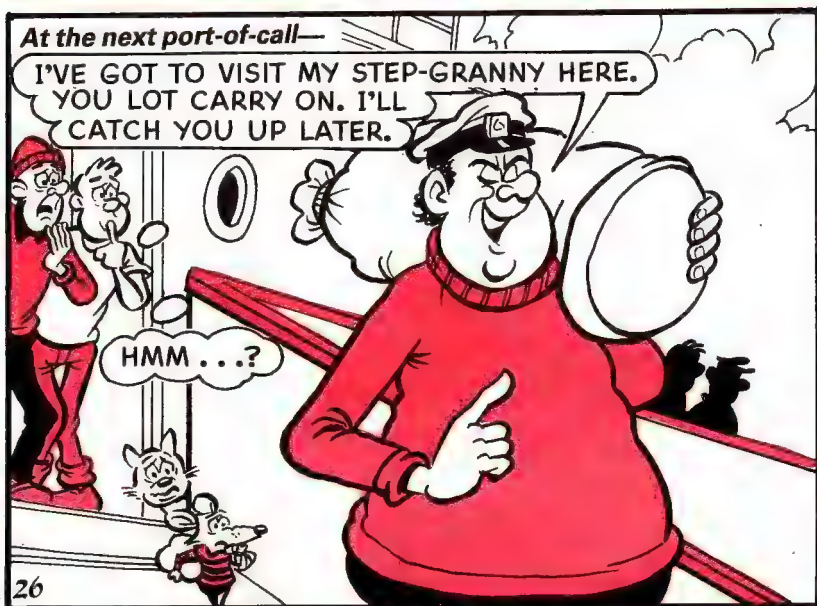
However, not all have left—

COME OUT, YOU
SCURVY SCALLYWAGS.

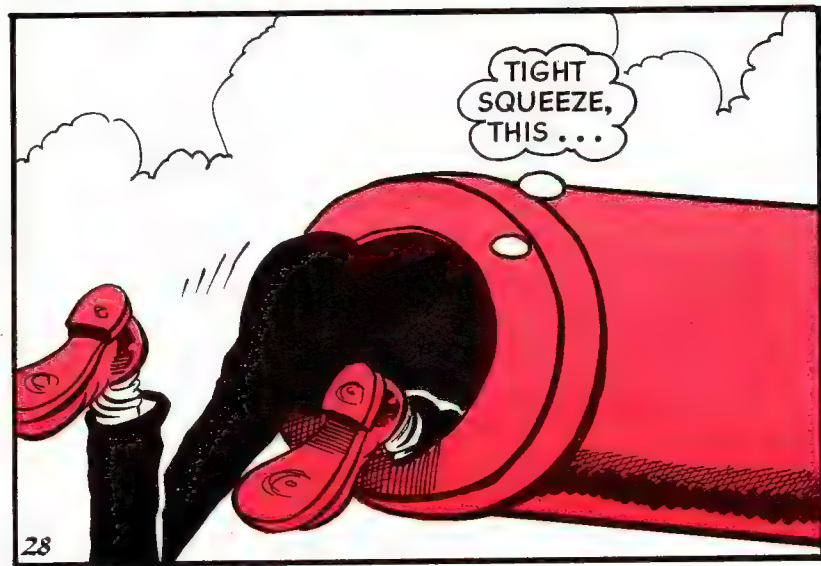
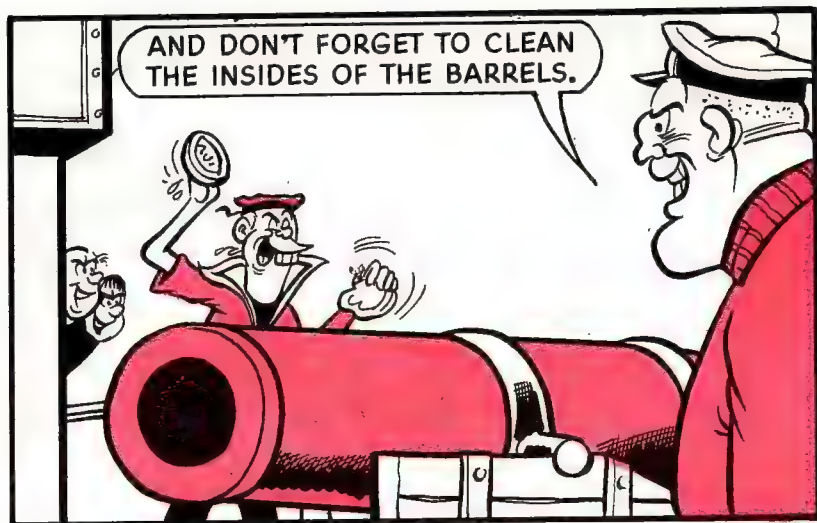
B-B-BUT,
W-W-WE'RE
J-J-JINXED.

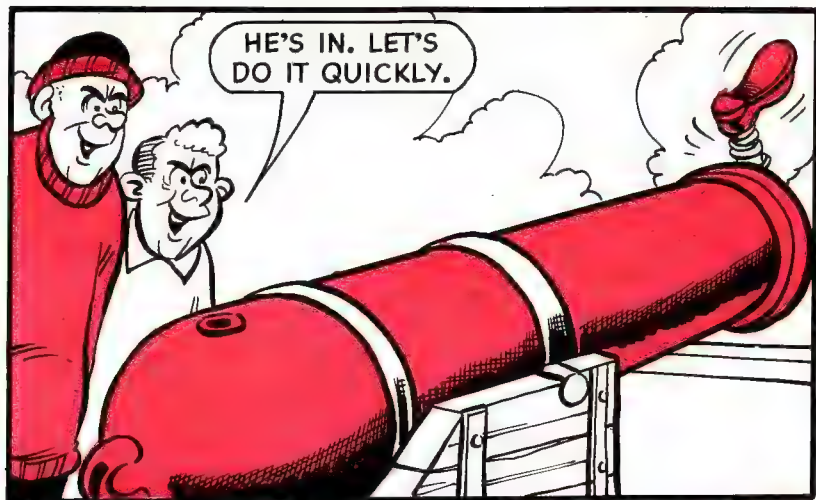
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY SUPERSTITIOUS
BALDERDASH. THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS
AS JINXES, HOODOOS, DEMONS
OR THINGS THAT-GO-BUMP-
IN-THE-DAY-OR-NIGHT.

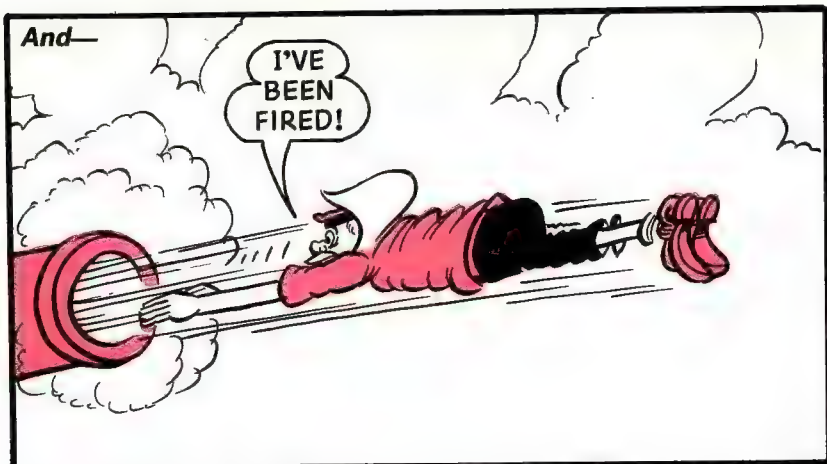






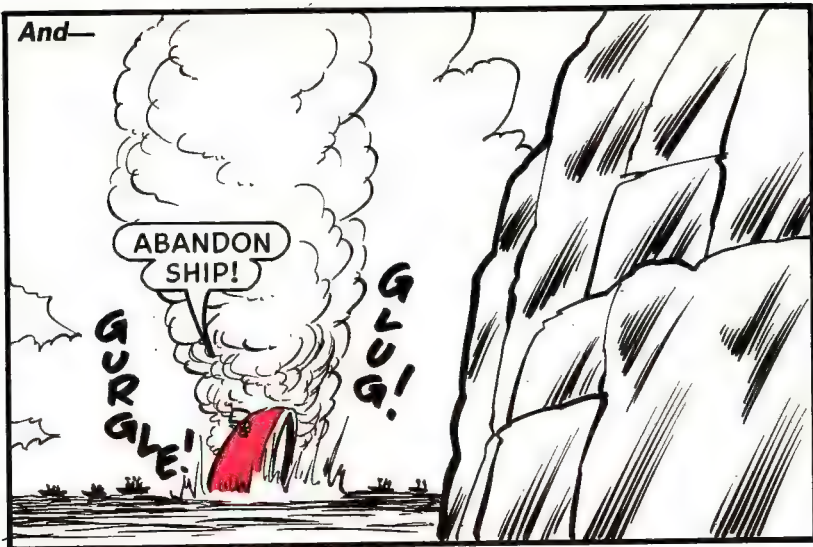




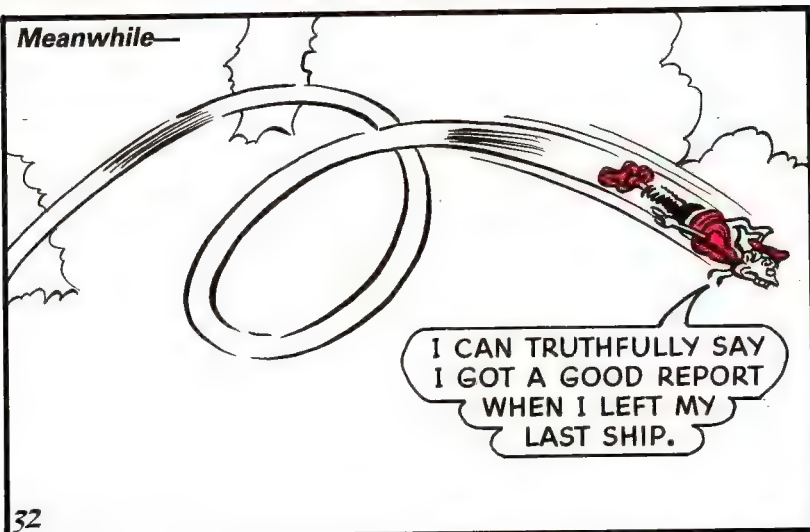




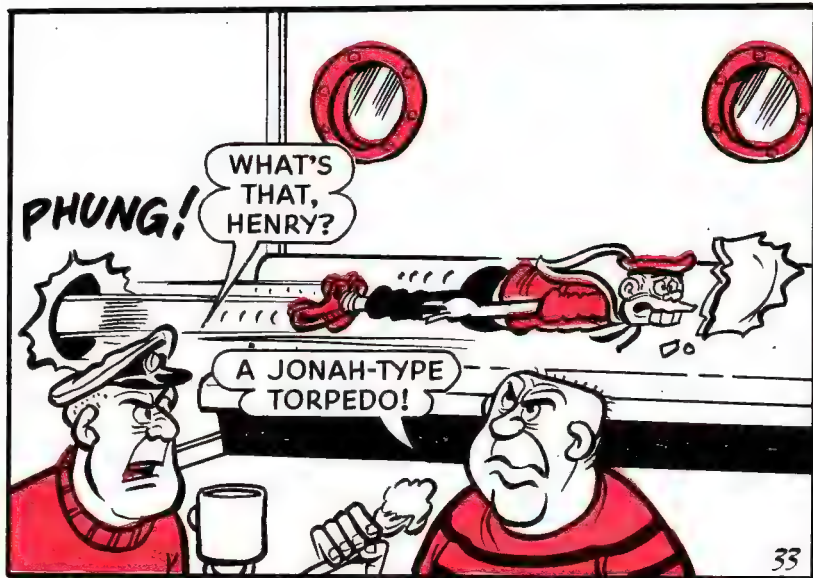
And—



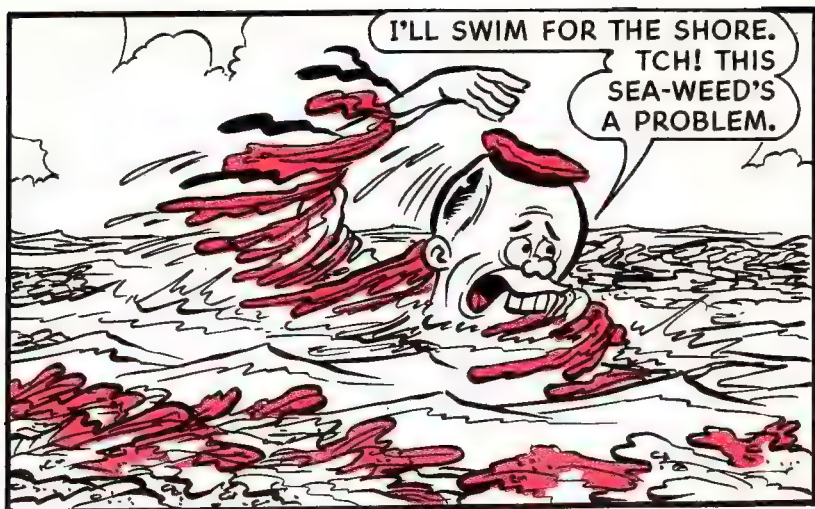
Meanwhile—

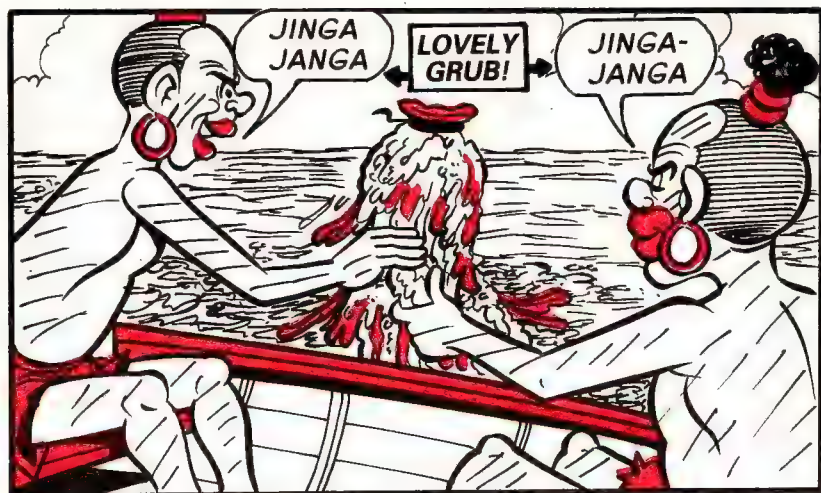


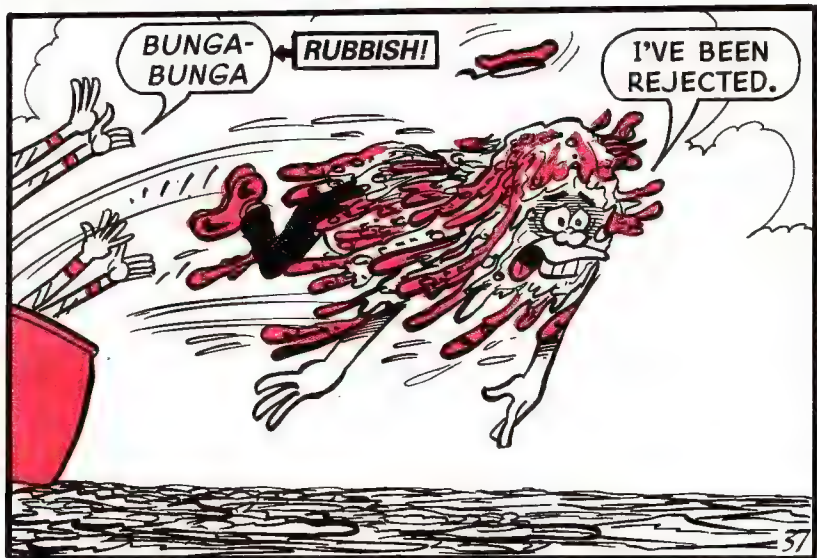
And then—



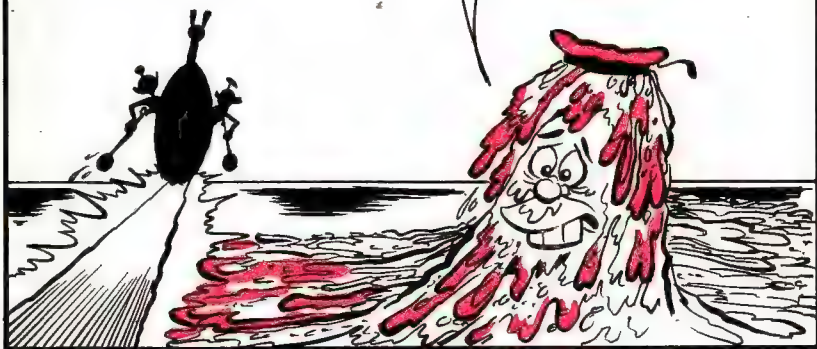








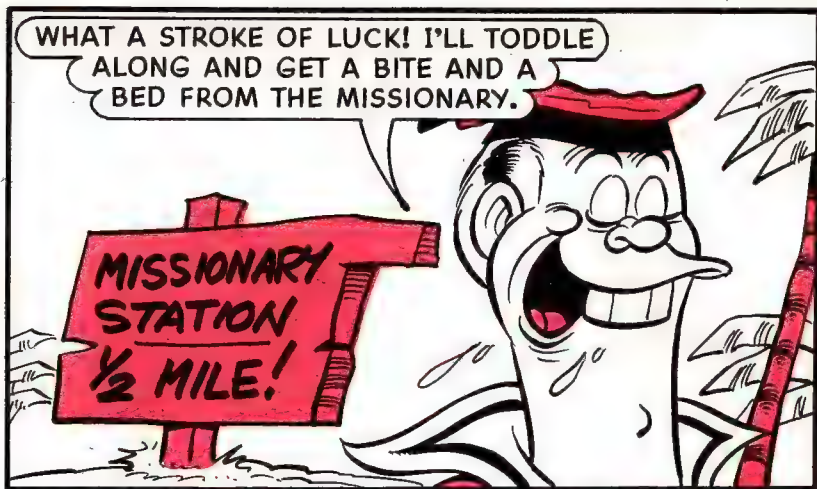
WHAT'S GOT INTO THEM? ANYONE WOULD
THINK THEY'D SEEN A GHOST.



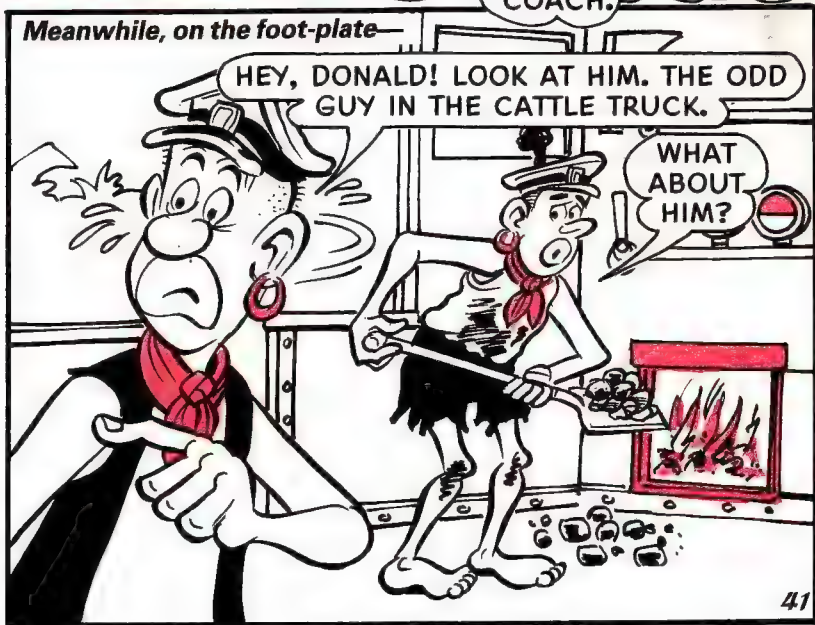
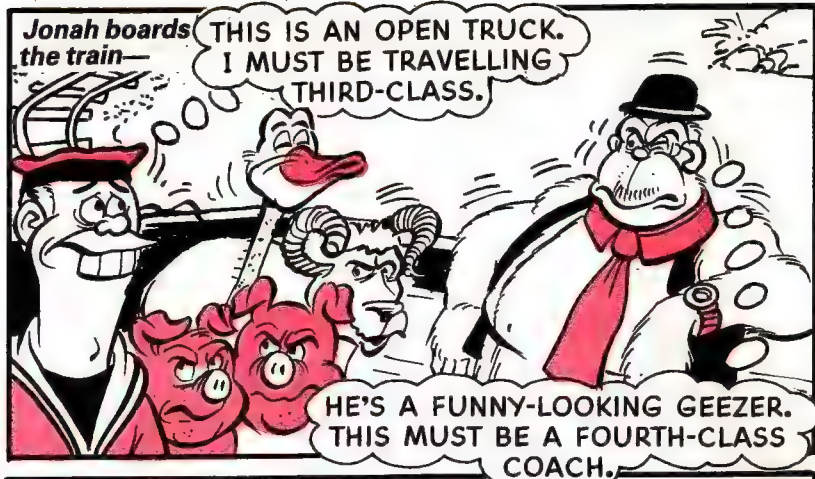
Later, Jonah is washed ashore—

DRY LAND
AT LAST!

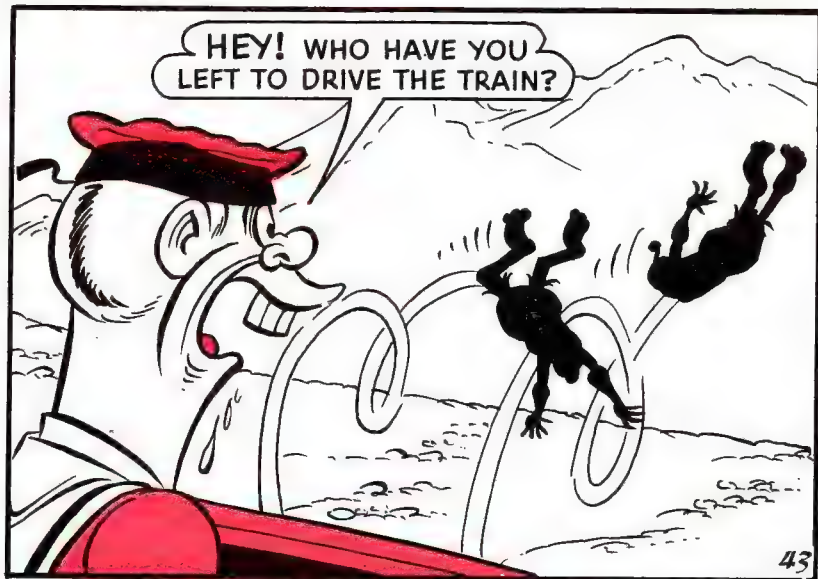


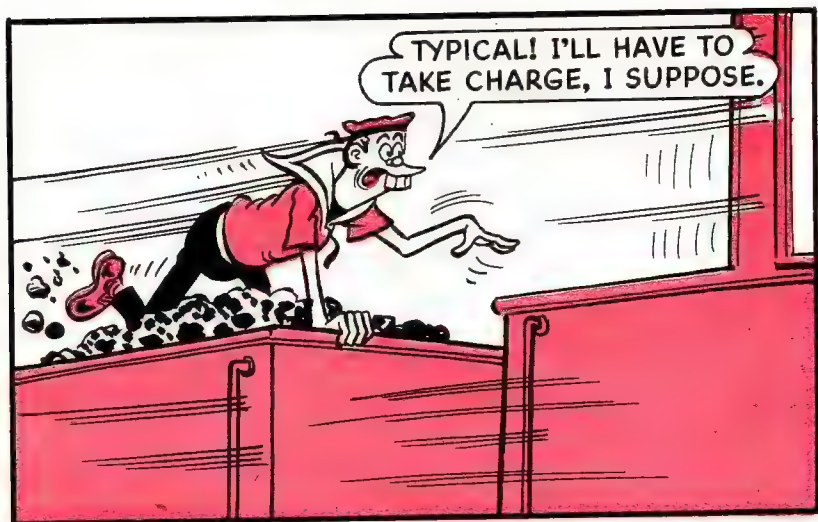


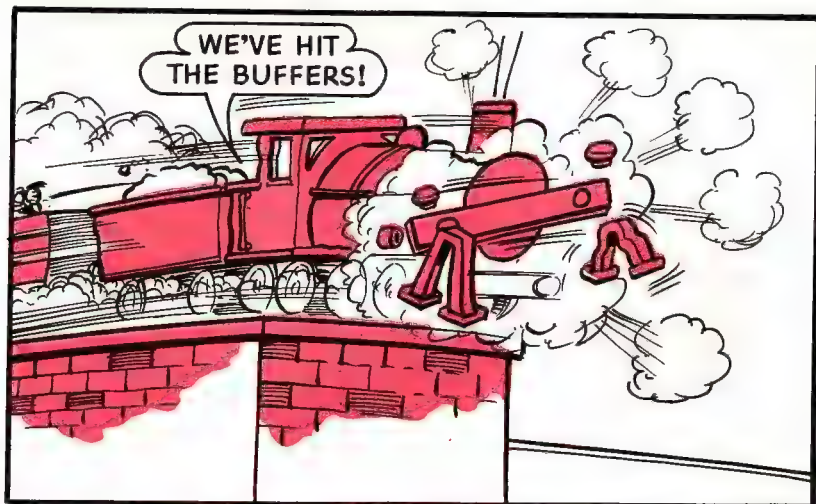




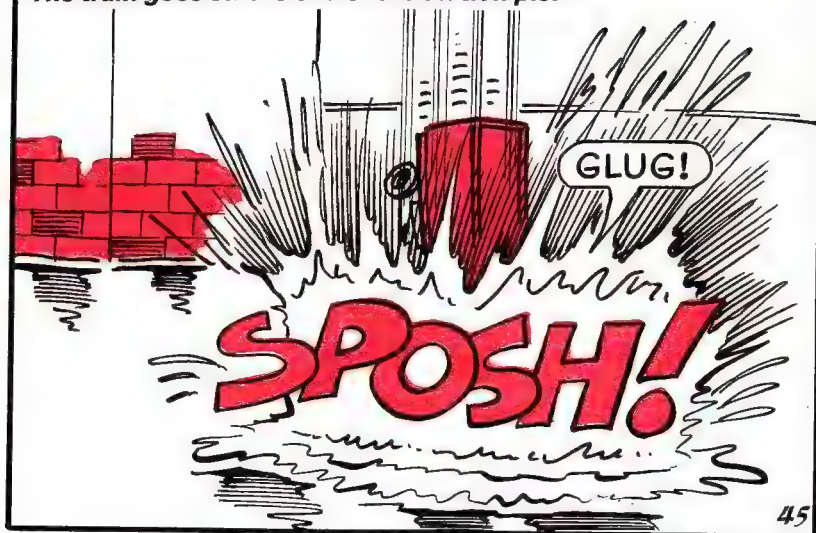








The train goes off the end of the station pier—







Later, Jonah is discharged—

I'M GETTING THE BLAME
FOR THE ACCIDENT. CHEEK!

HOPEFULLY NO
ONE WILL
RECOGNISE ME
UNDER THESE
BANDAGES.



I'M HEADING HOME —
BY BOAT, NOT TRAIN,
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



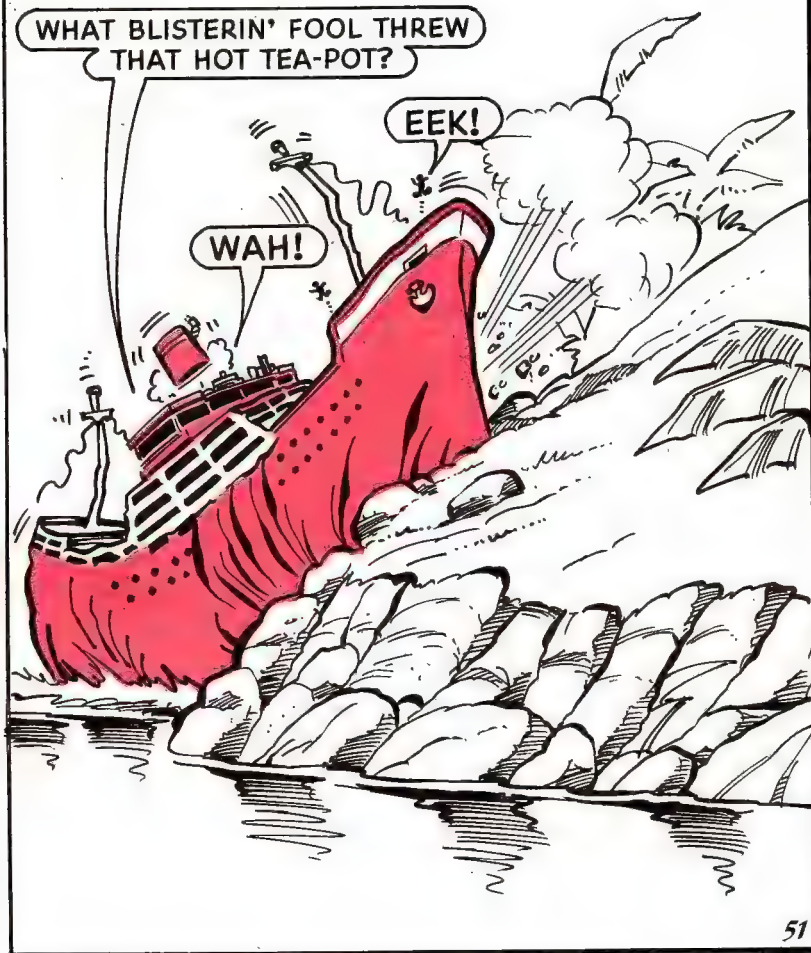


However, just then the captain's steward chances by—





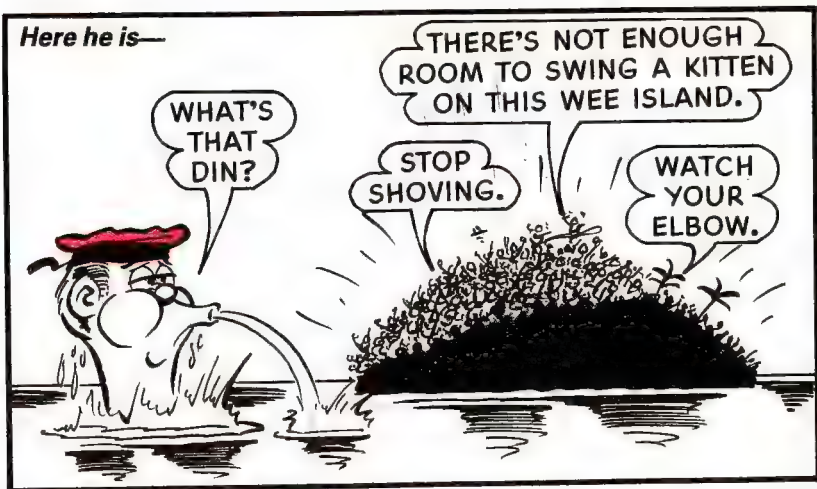
Out of control, the S.S. Wanhope runs ashore—



Yes, the face that's sunk a thousand ships has done it again—



Here he is—



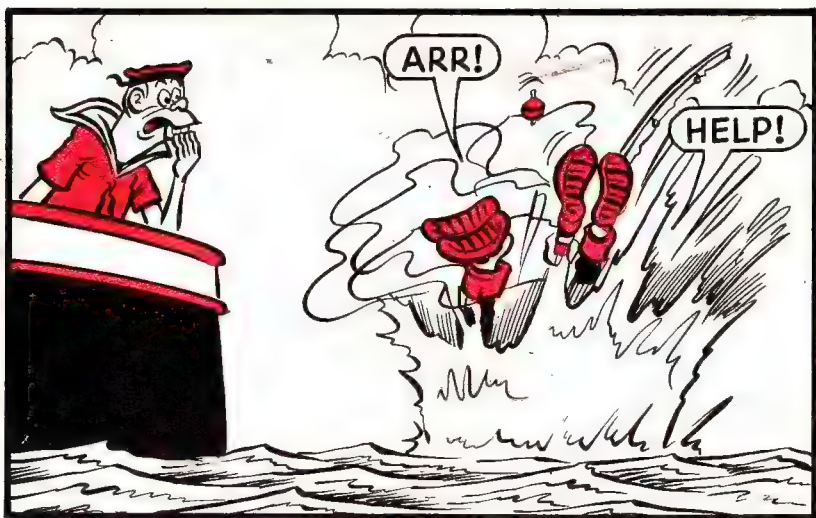


Sometime later—



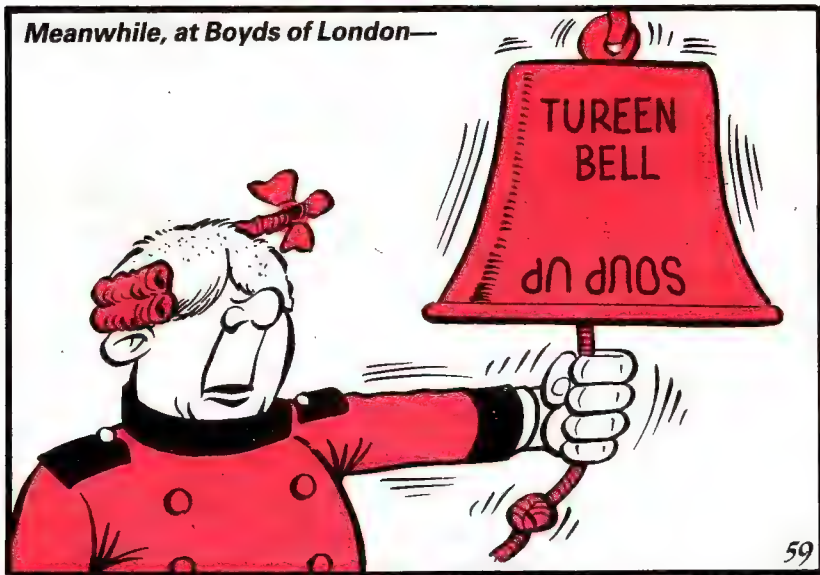


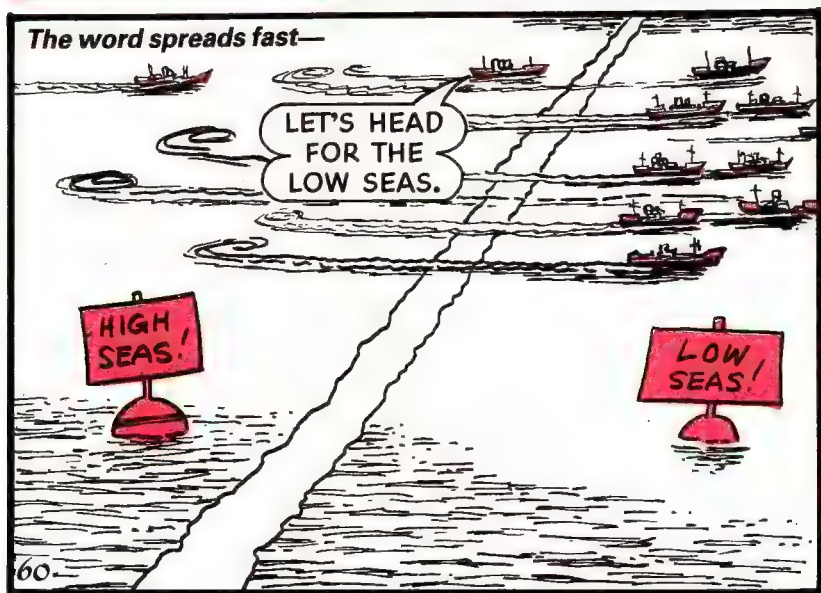






Meanwhile, at Boyds of London—





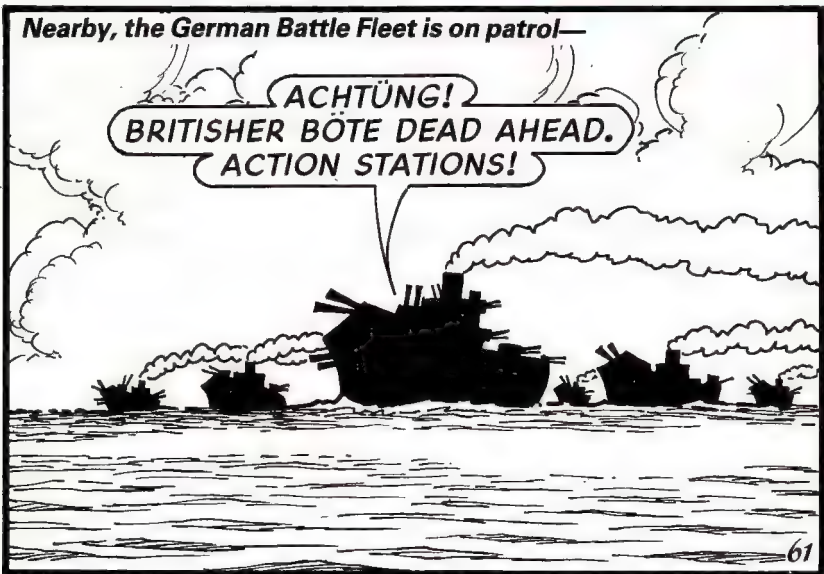
Meanwhile, the
First World War
has broken out—

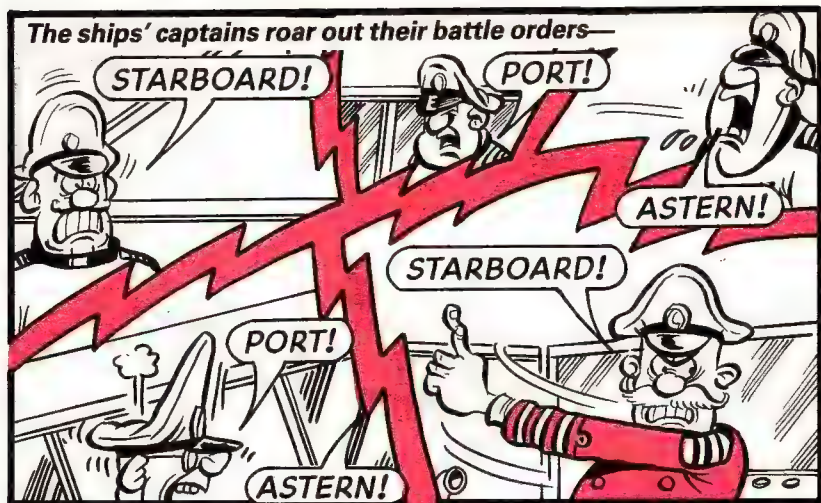
OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVES!
WITH LOTS OF TRULY CLOSE SHAVES!

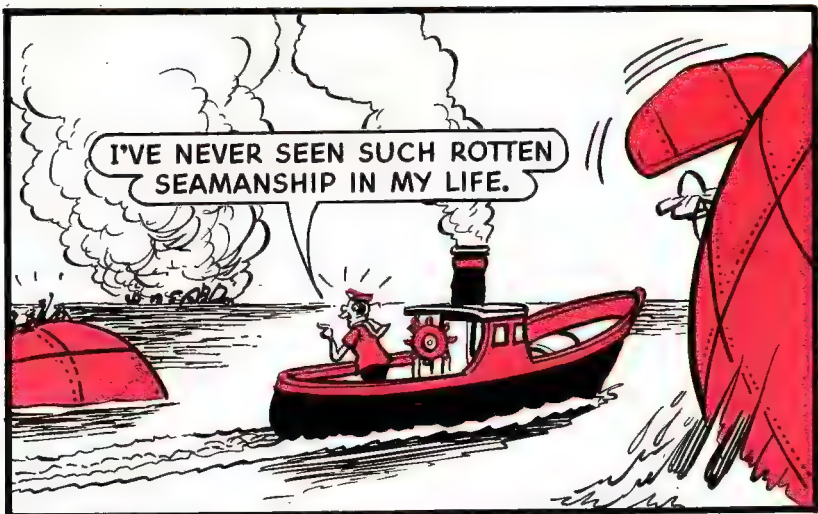


Nearby, the German Battle Fleet is on patrol—

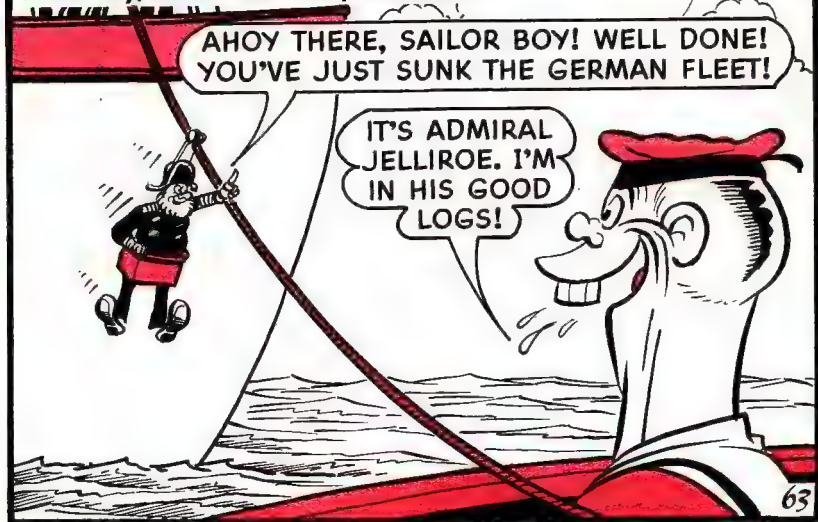
ACHTÜNG!
BRITISHER BÖTE DEAD AHEAD.
ACTION STATIONS!



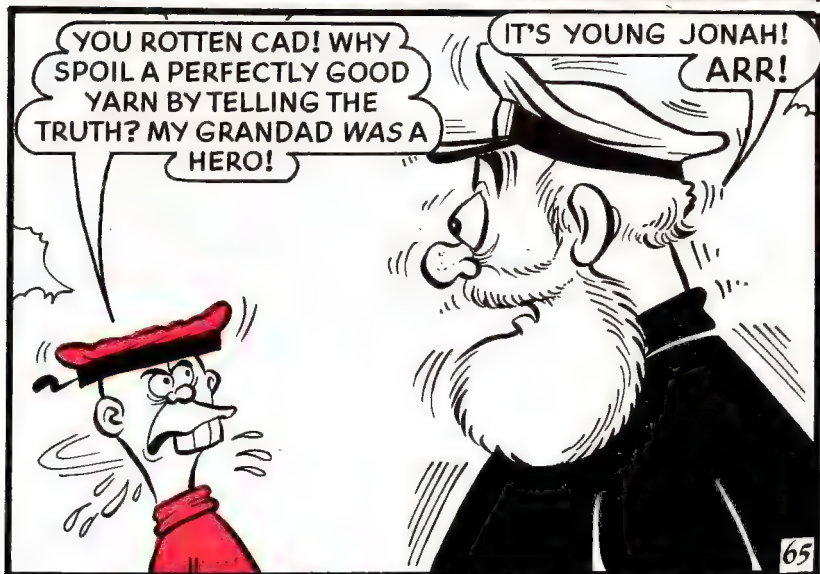


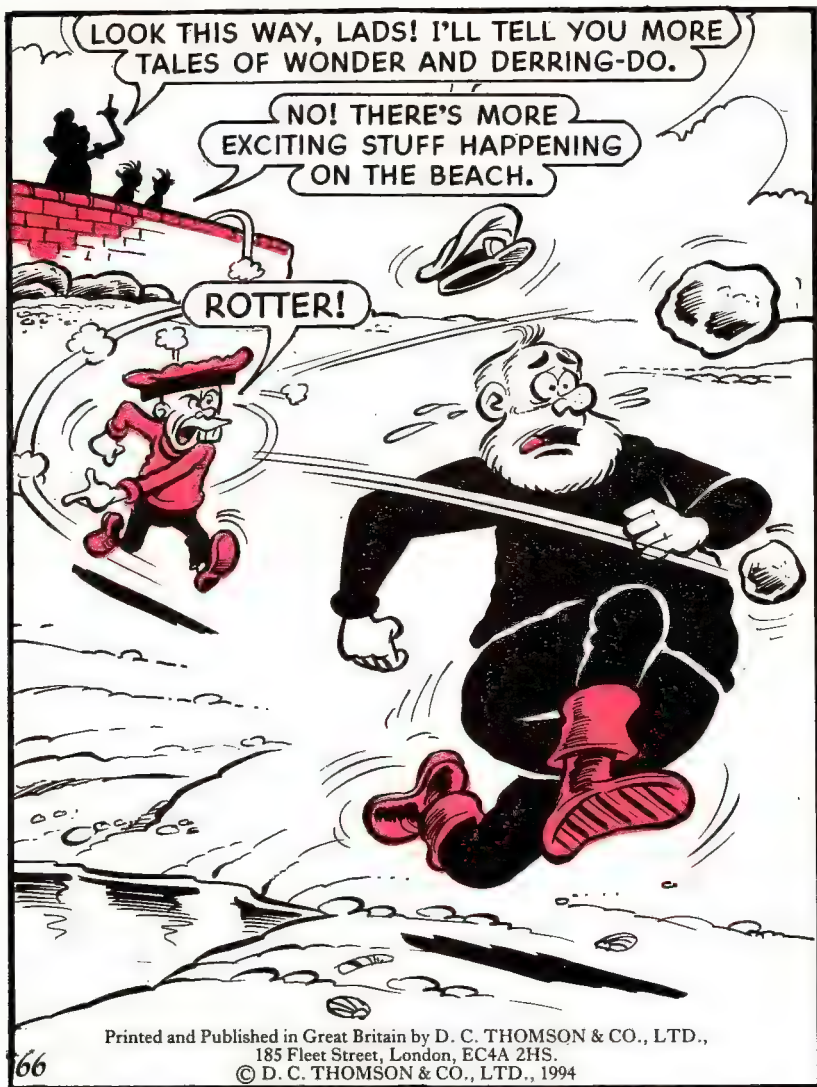


Presently, a British warship heaves to—









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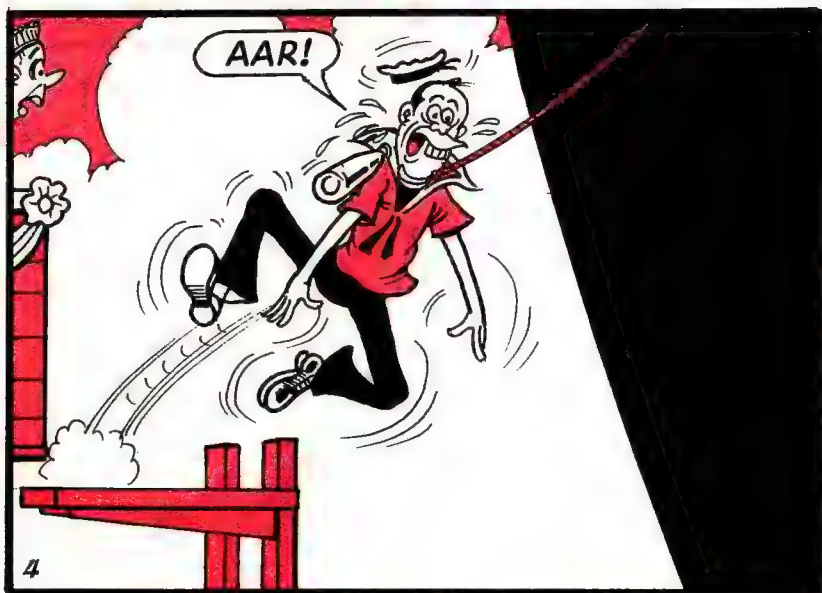
JONAH *in* "BOTTLESHIPS!"

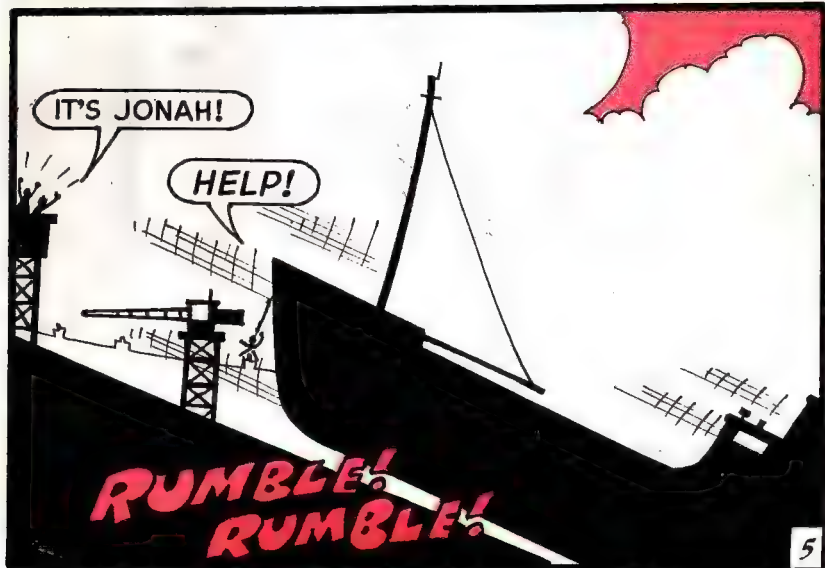
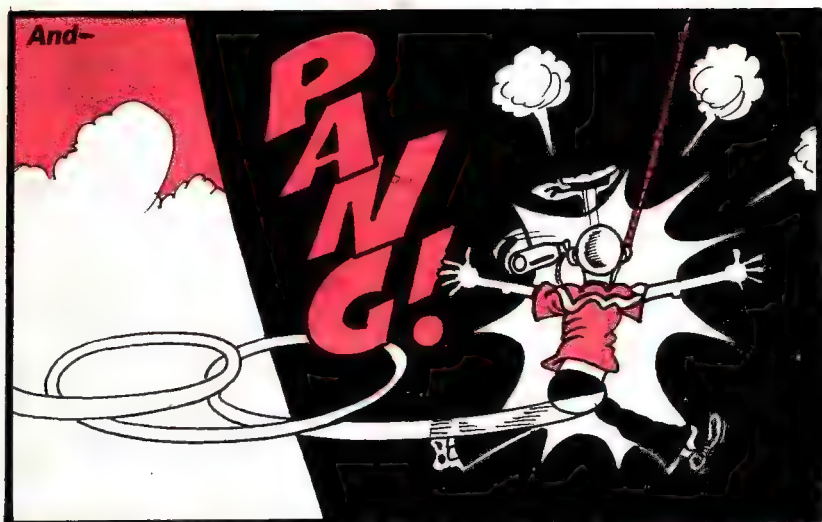


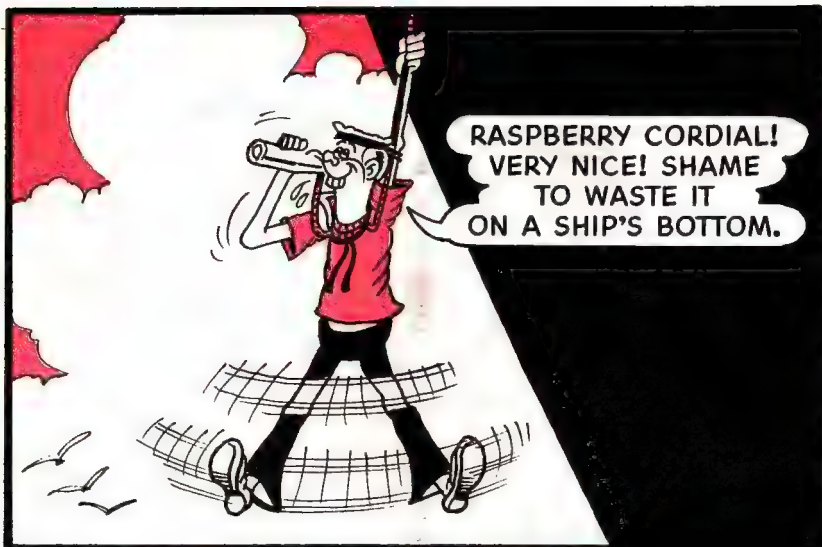
JONAHⁱⁿ "BOTTLESHIPS"

I NAME THIS
SHIP, LIGHTNING!

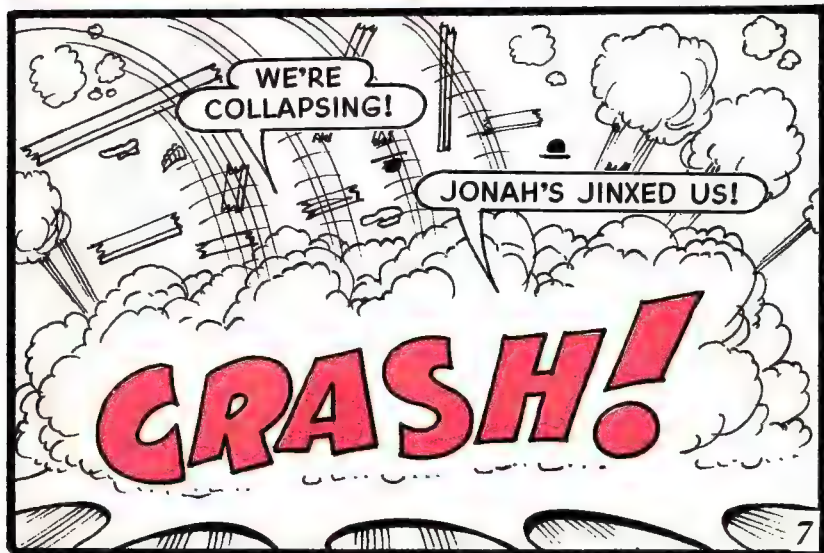


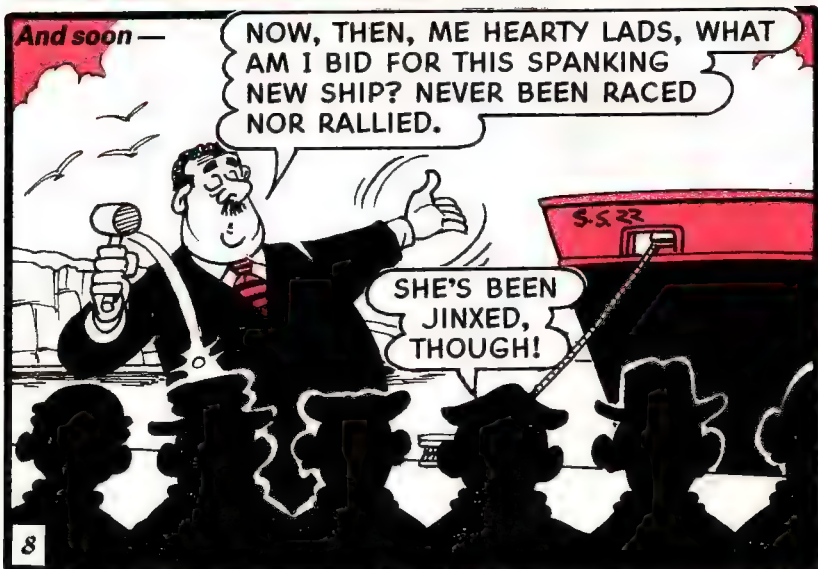
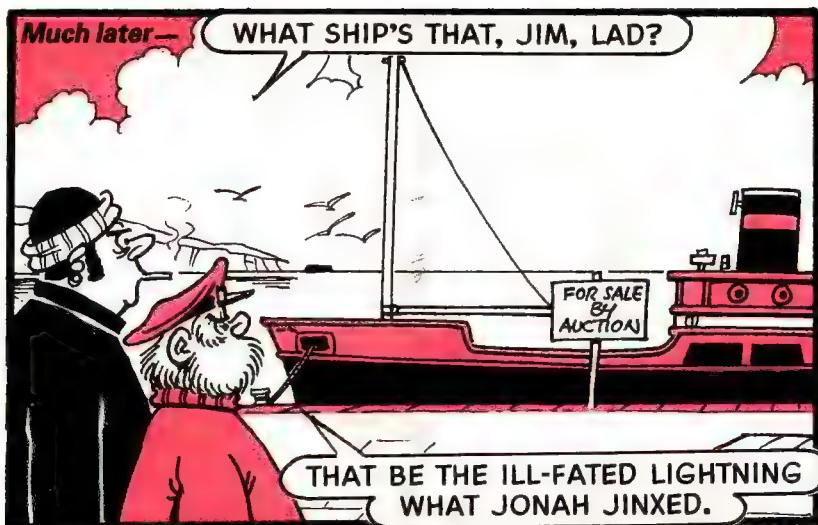




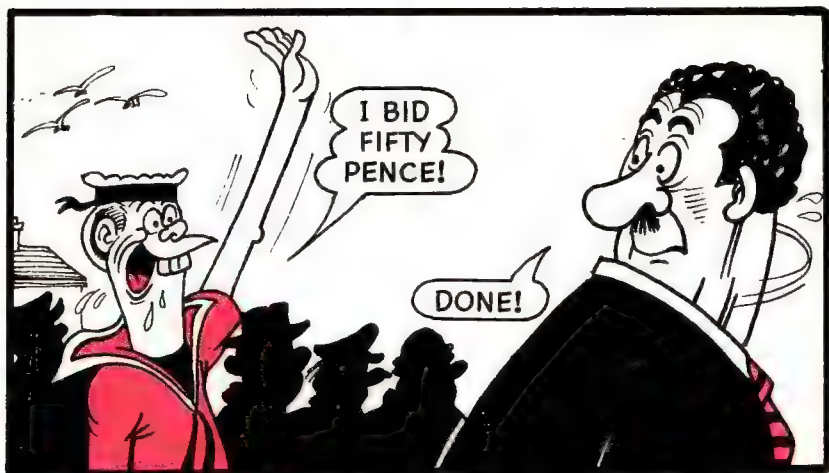


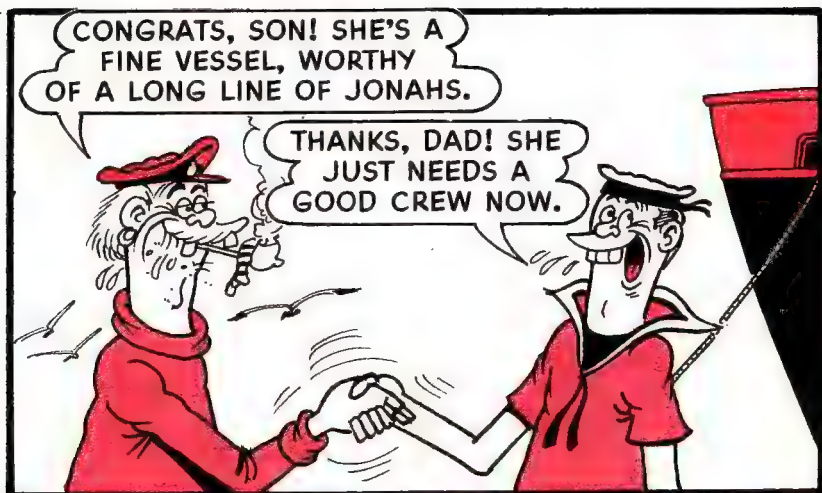
**Suddenly, the launching platform
shudders, creaks and yaws —**







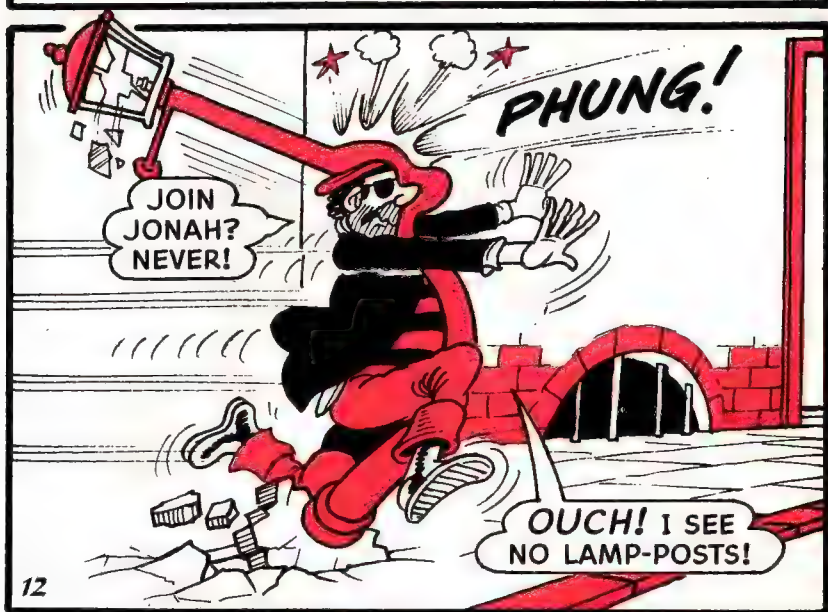


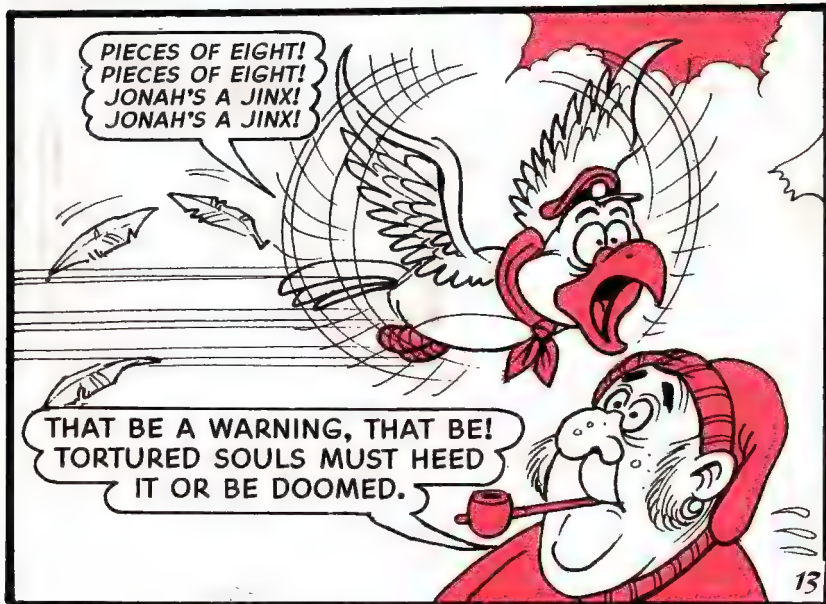
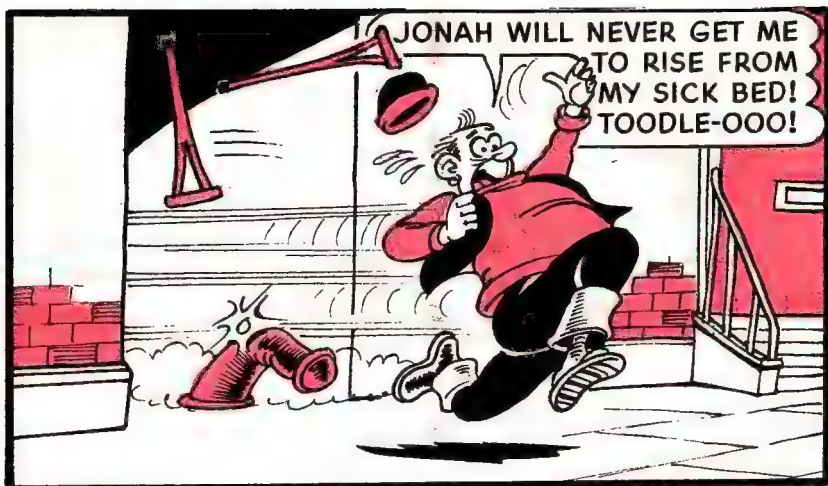


*The word spreads; panic
is unleashed —*

HI, GRANDAD!

SORRY, SON, I NEED
THIS FOR A QUICK
GETAWAY.





Later —

THAT'S FUNNY — THERE'S NOT A
LIVING SOUL TO BE SEEN.
THE TOWN'S DESERTED.



WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW IN
THE FOOTSTEPS OF GRANDAD EBENEZER.
HE KNEW HOW TO RAISE A CREW.





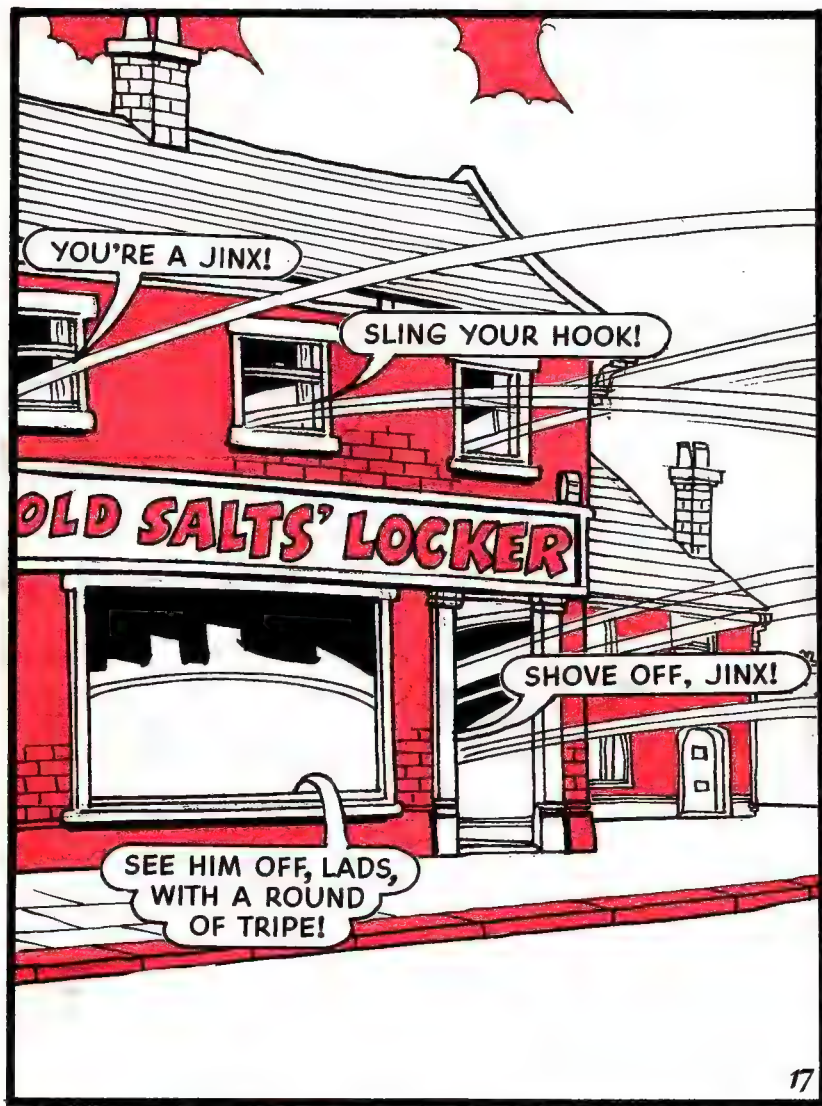
And—

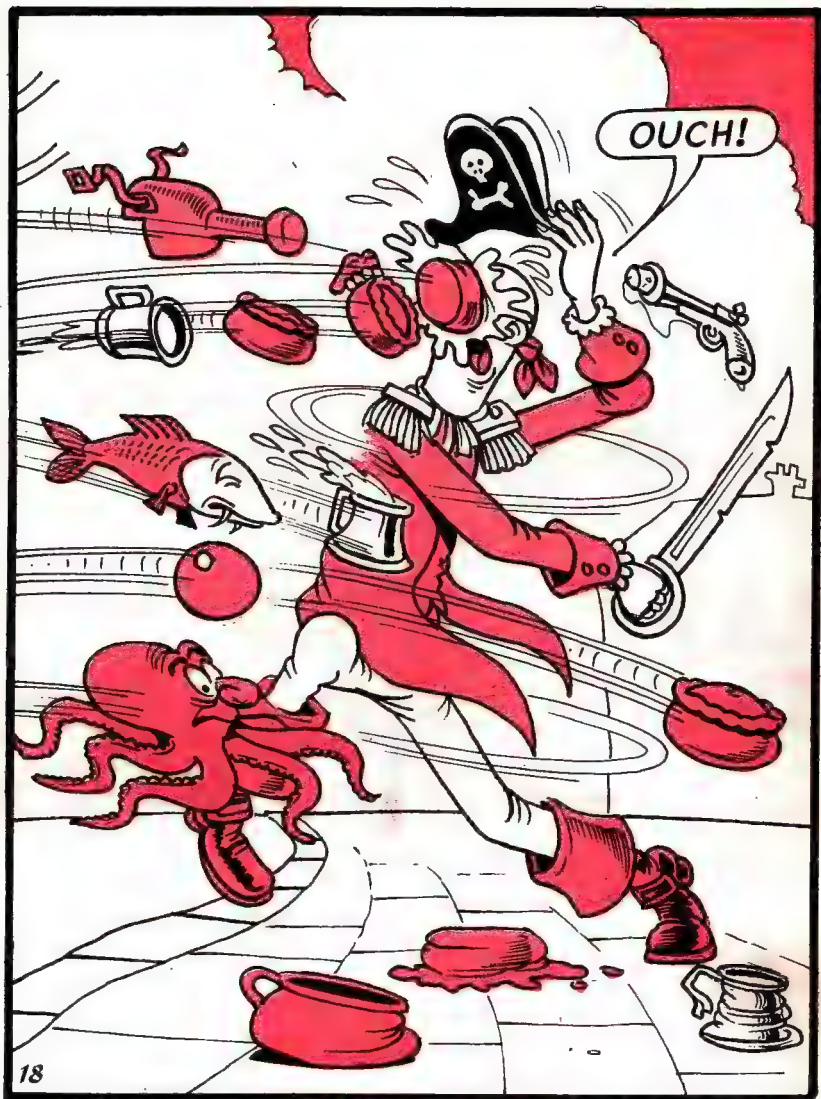
QUICK! HIDE!
JONAH'S COMING.

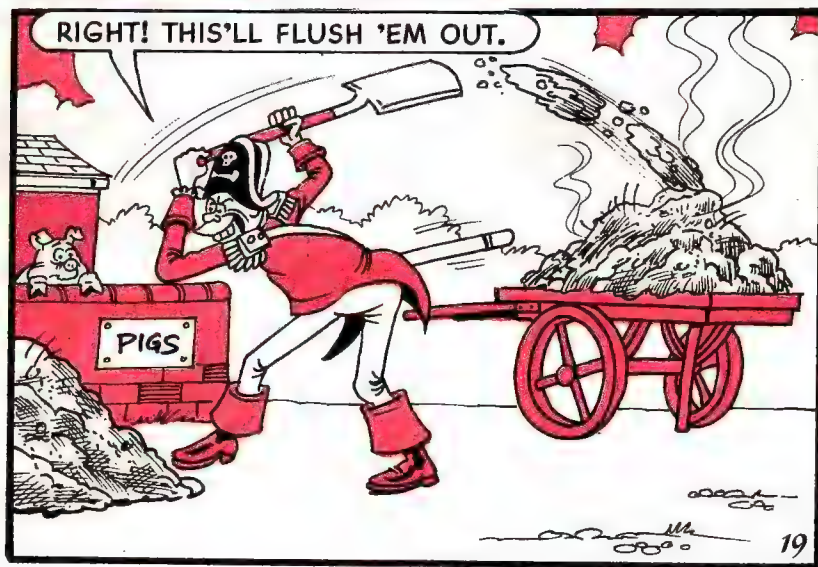
OLD SALTS' LO

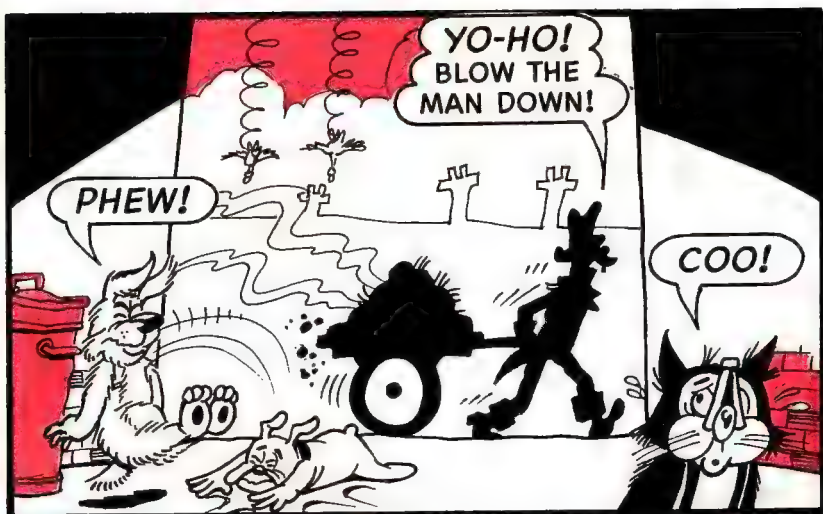
FRYING
TONITE

AVAST, YE SCURVY
DOGS! SHAKE A LEG!
SIGN ARTICLES WITH
CAPTAIN JONAH!

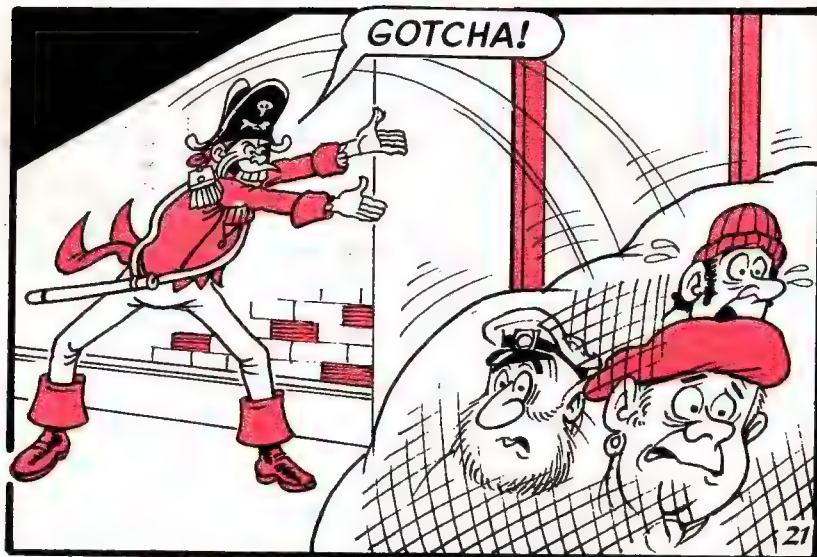


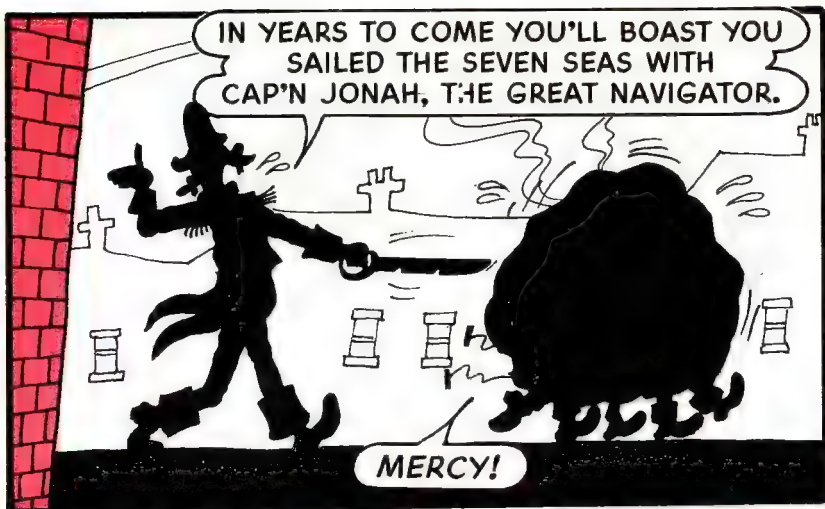


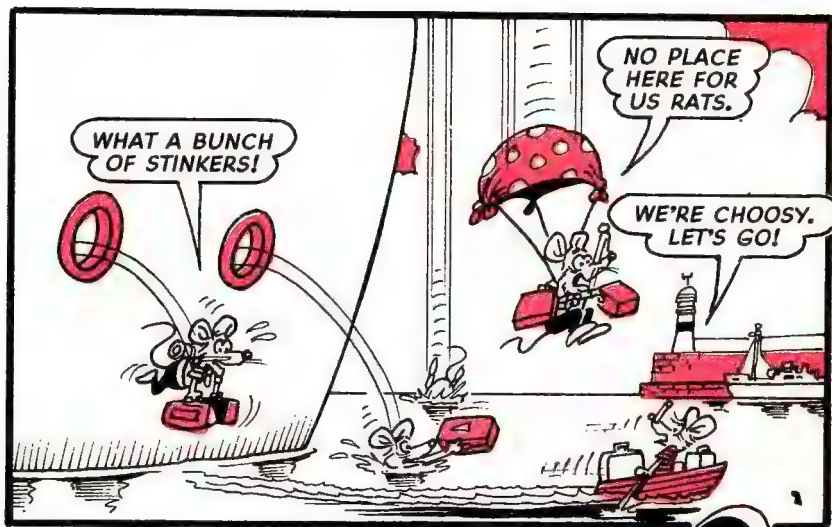


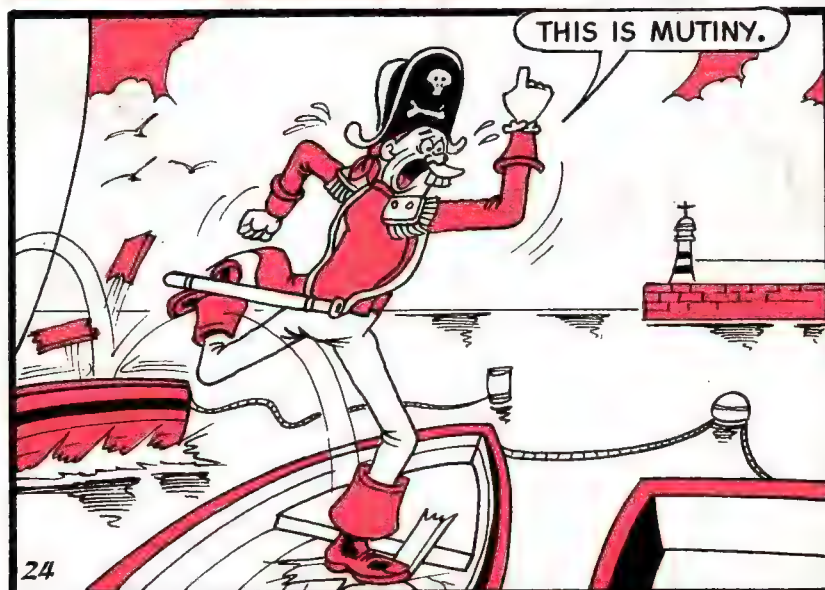
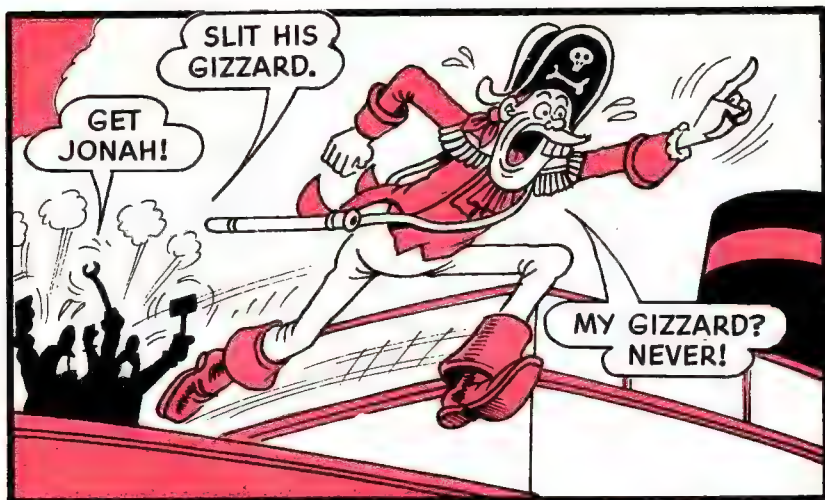


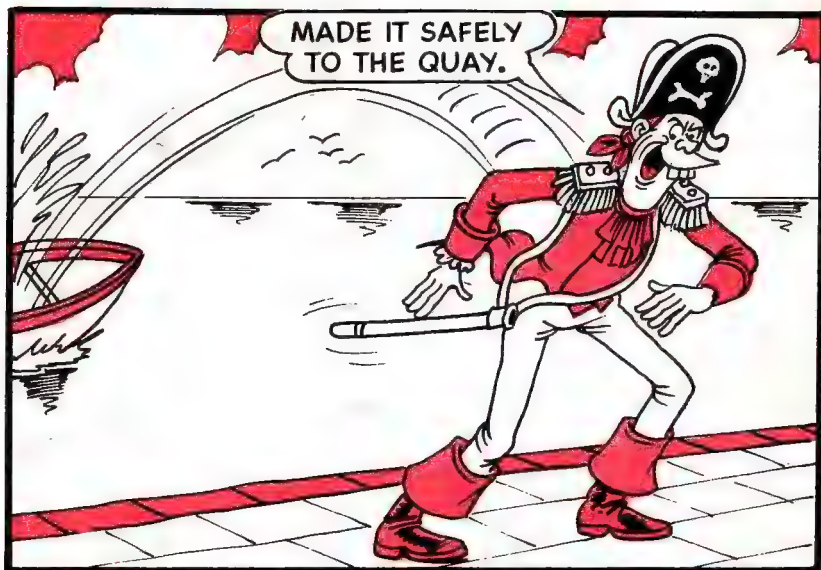
Sure enough, two seconds later —









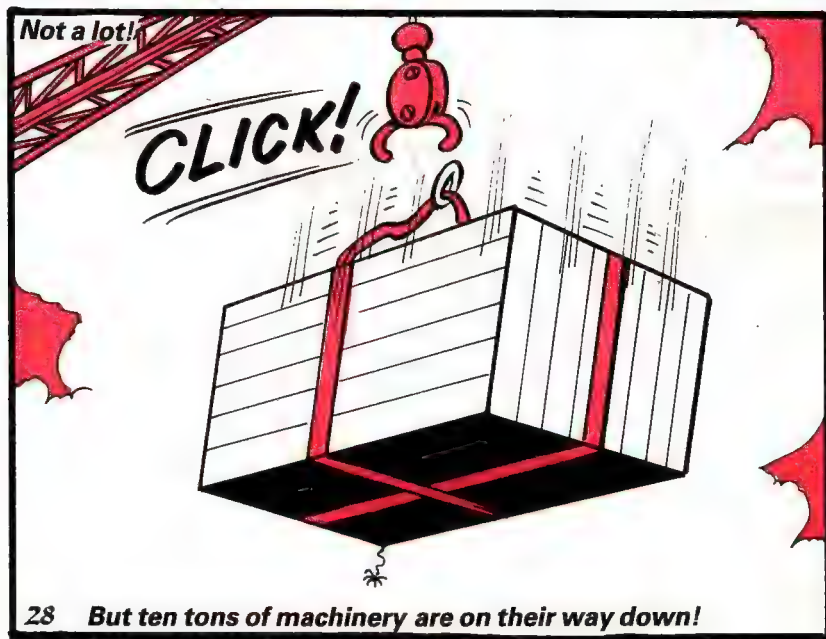




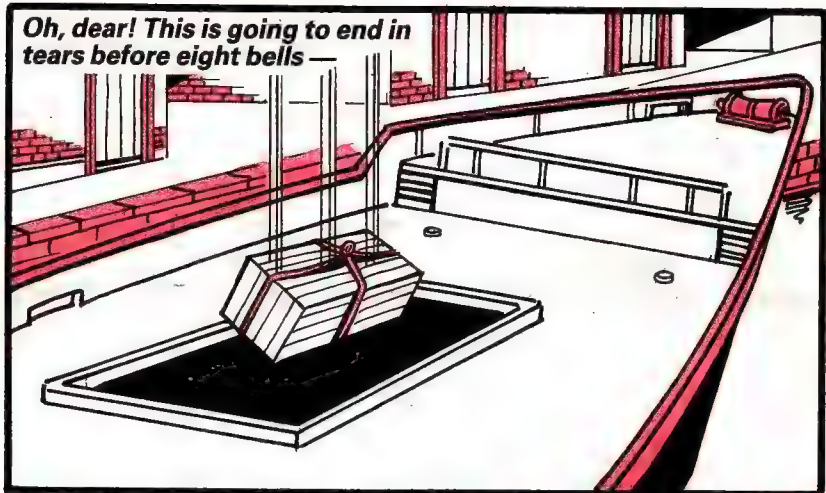
THAT'S AS
NASTY A
BUNCH AS
I'VE UPSET
FOR WEEKS.

I'LL SHELTER IN THE
DRIVER'S CAB.





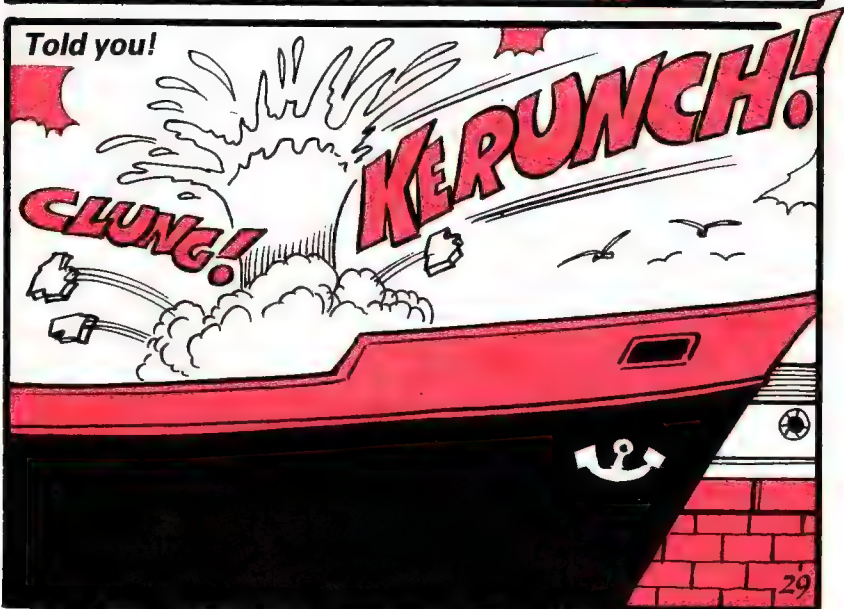
Oh, dear! This is going to end in
tears before eight bells —

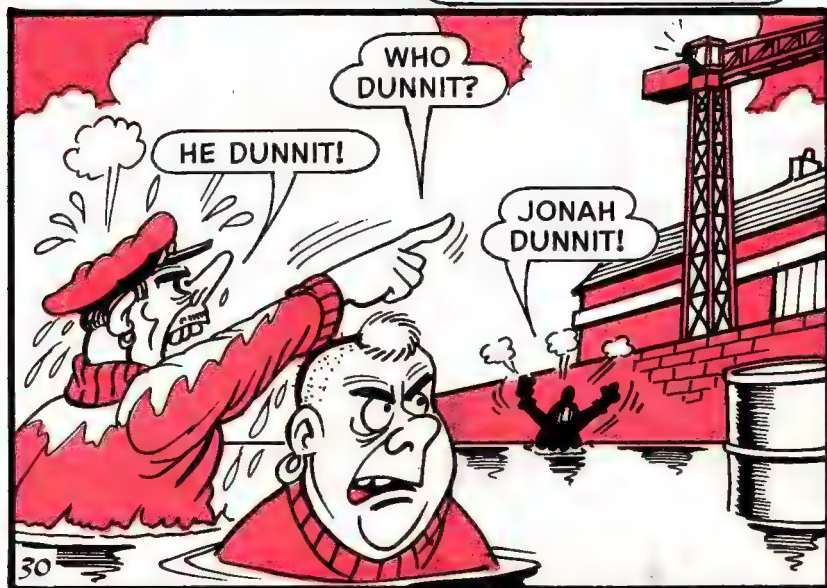


Told you!

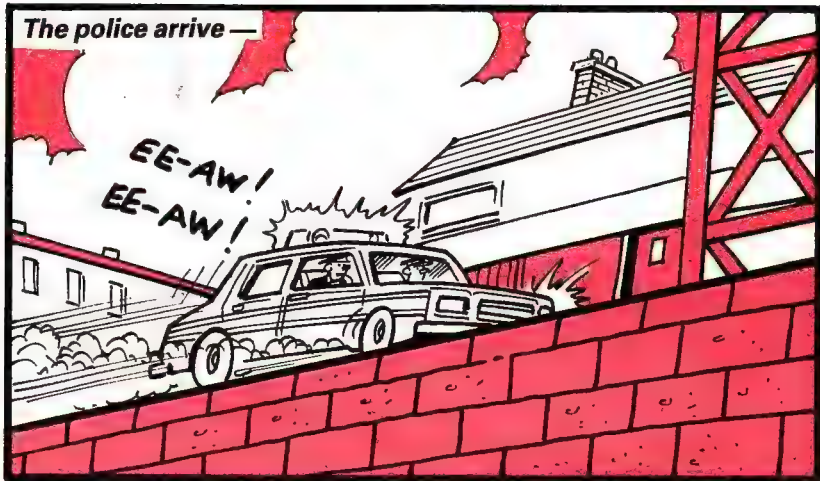


CLUNG! **KERUNCH!**





The police arrive —

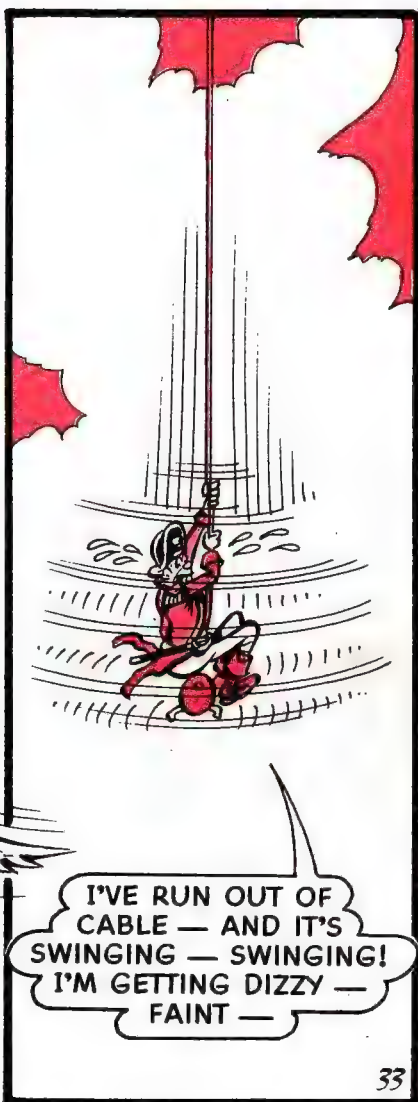


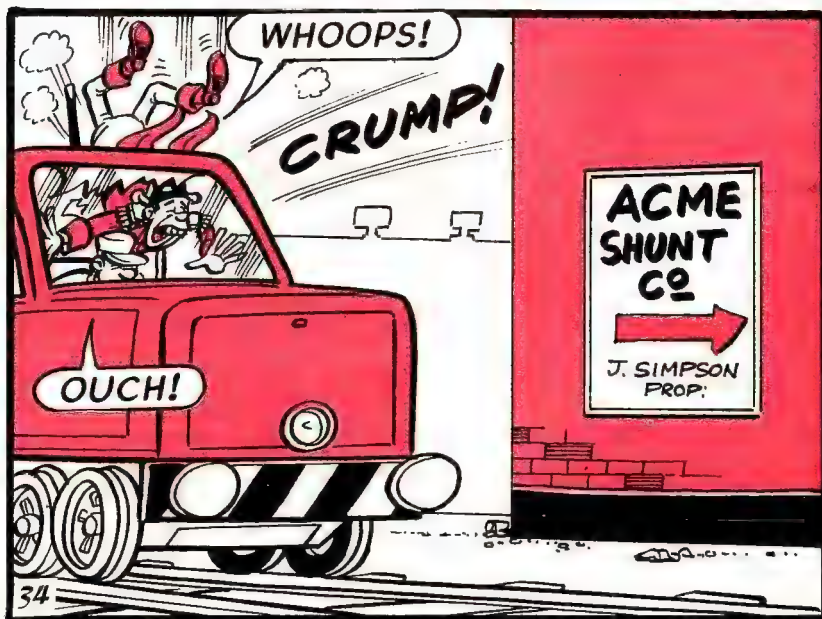
JONAH'S UP IN
THAT CRANE'S CAB.

I'LL FETCH
HIM DOWN!





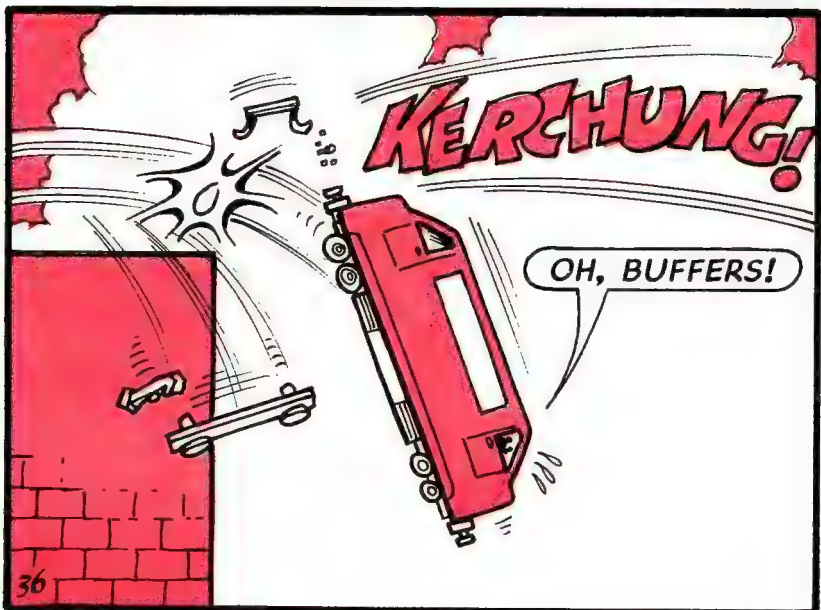
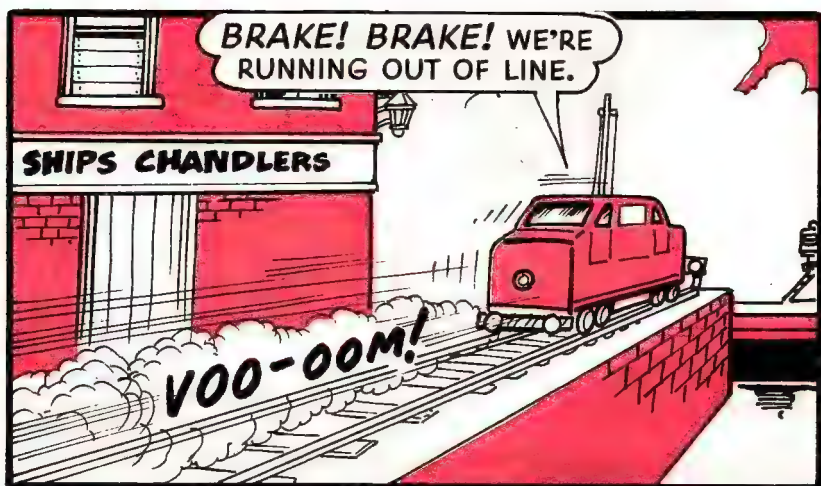


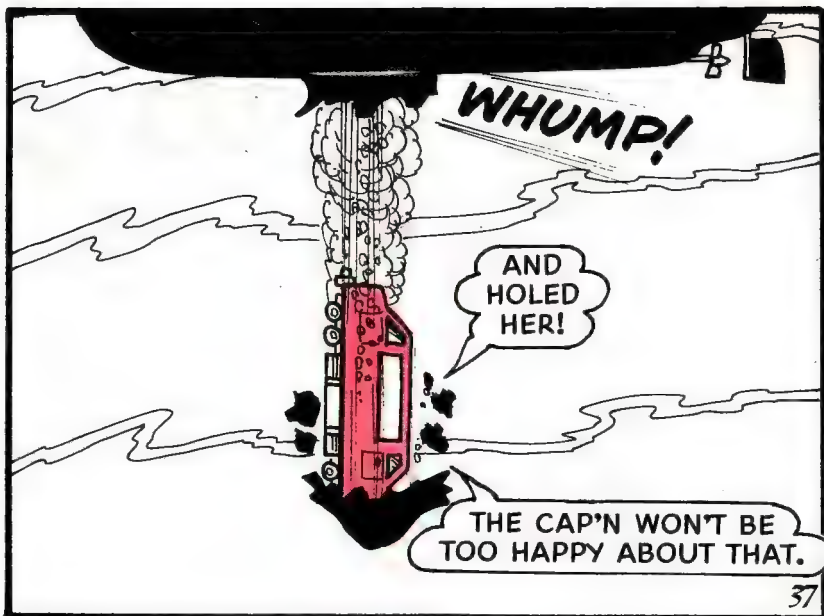


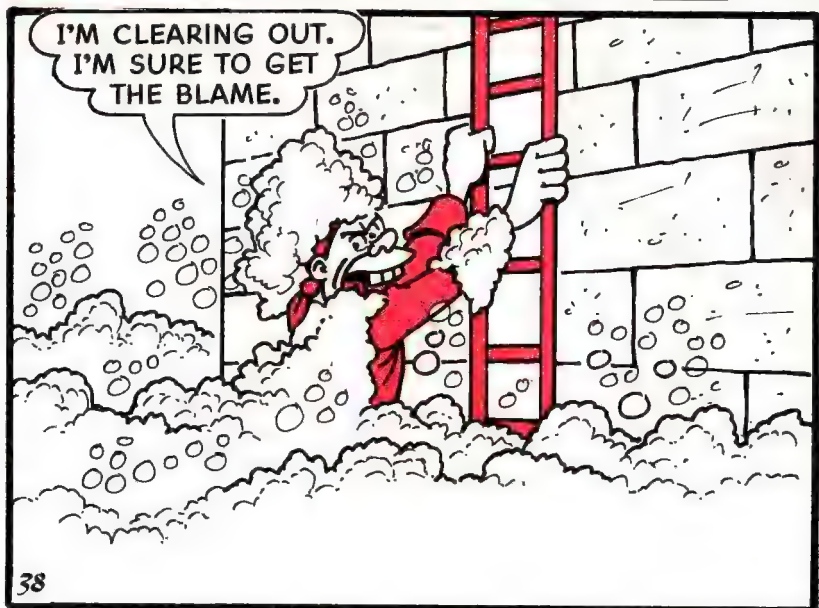


GET OFF,
YOU GREAT LUMP
OF BLUBBER! THE
THROTTLE'S JAMMED
WIDE OPEN.

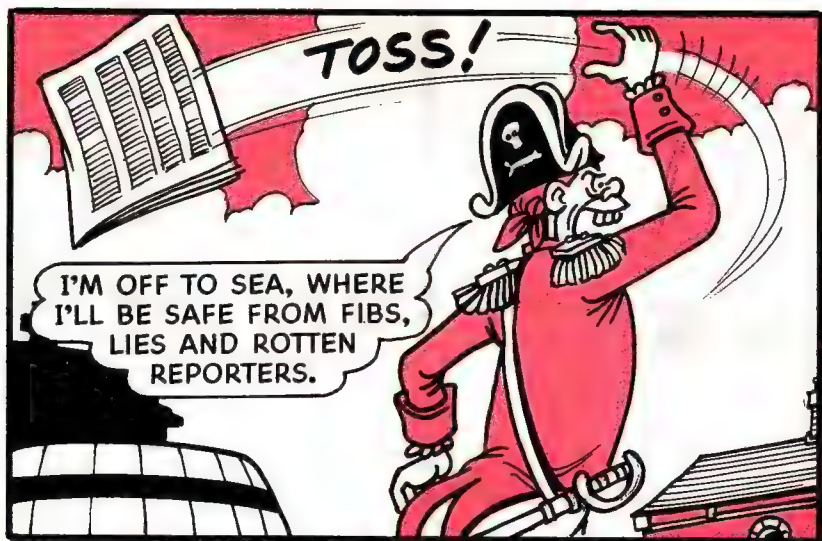
THROTTLE

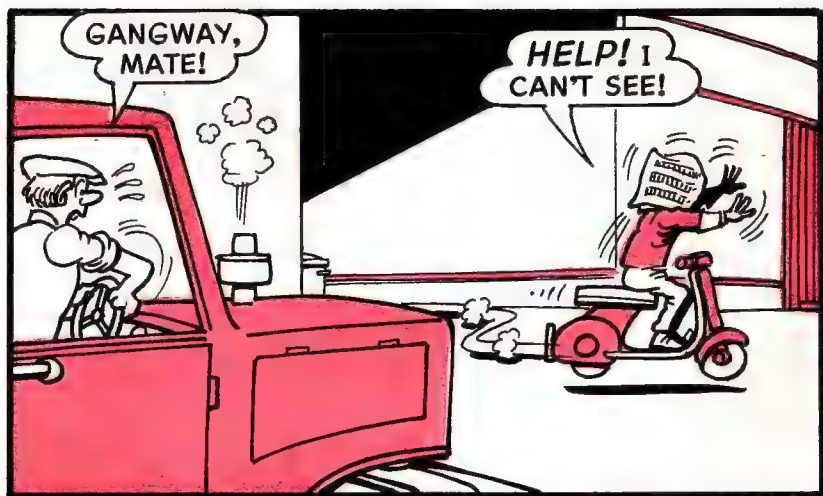


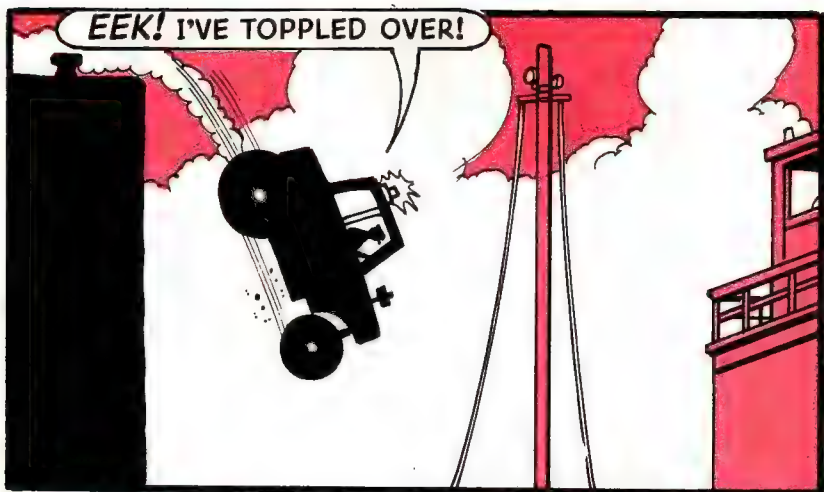


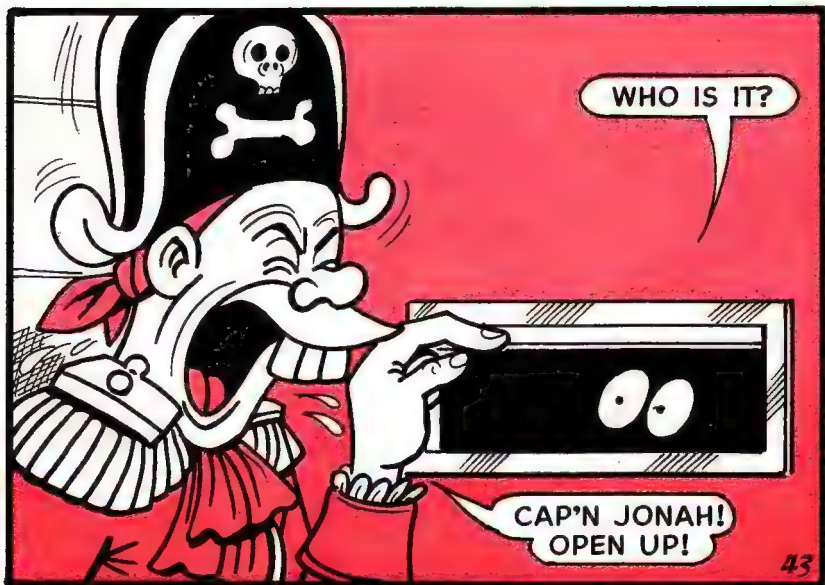


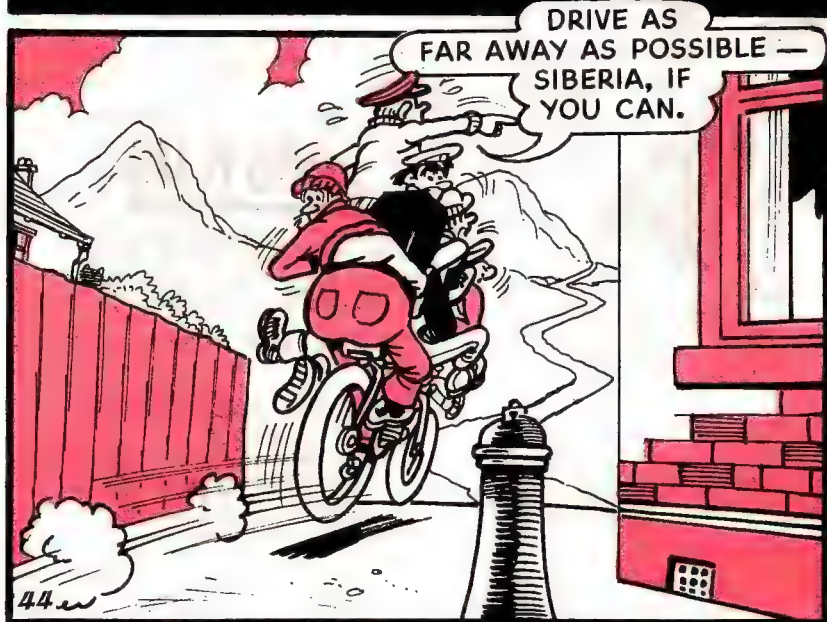
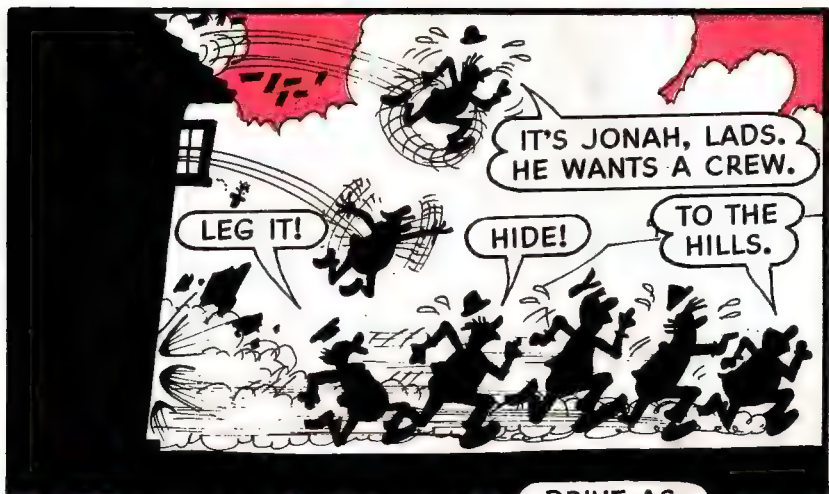


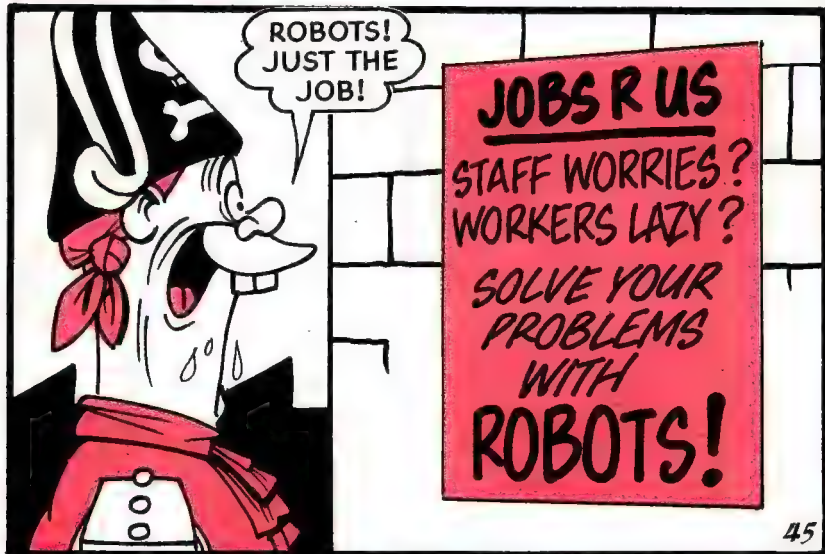
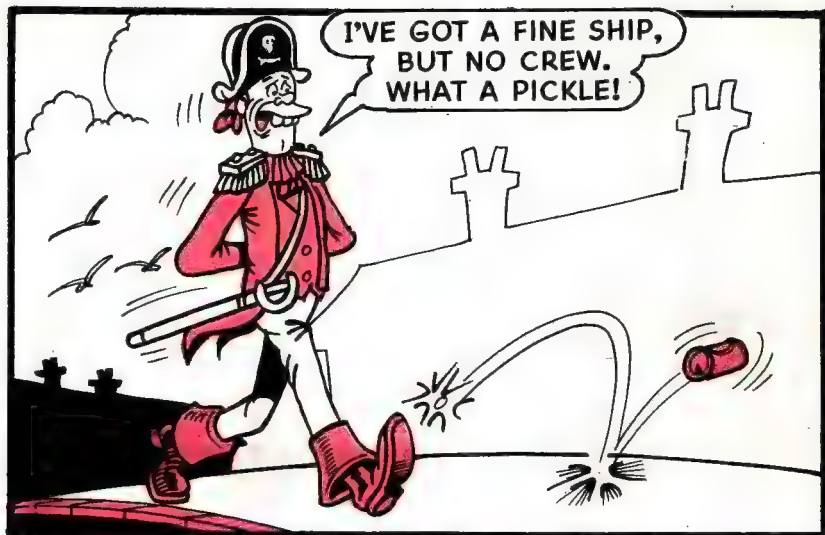


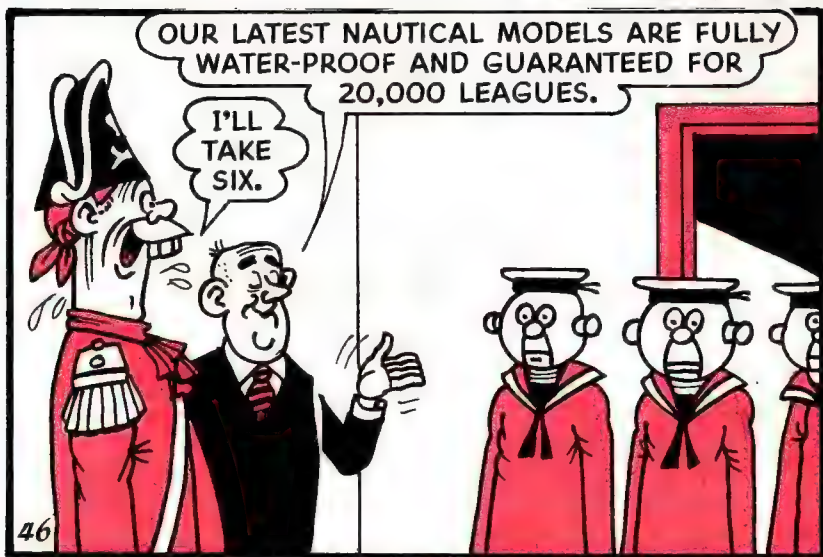
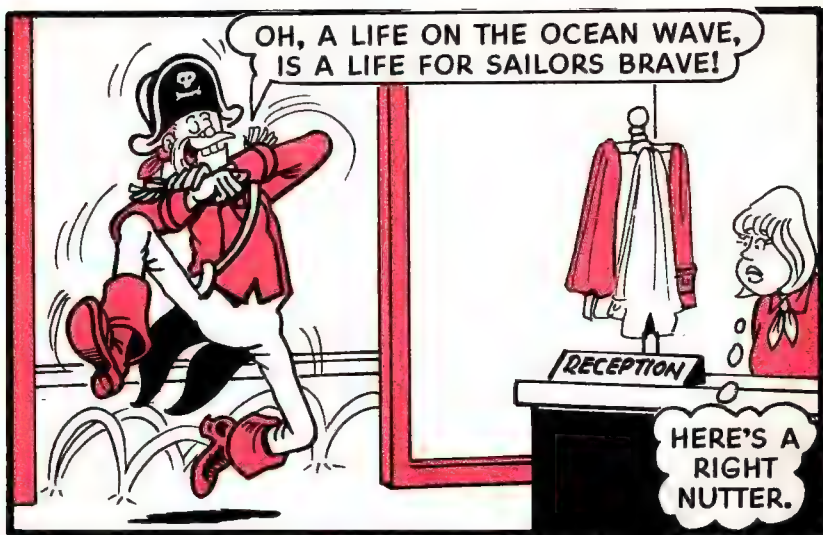




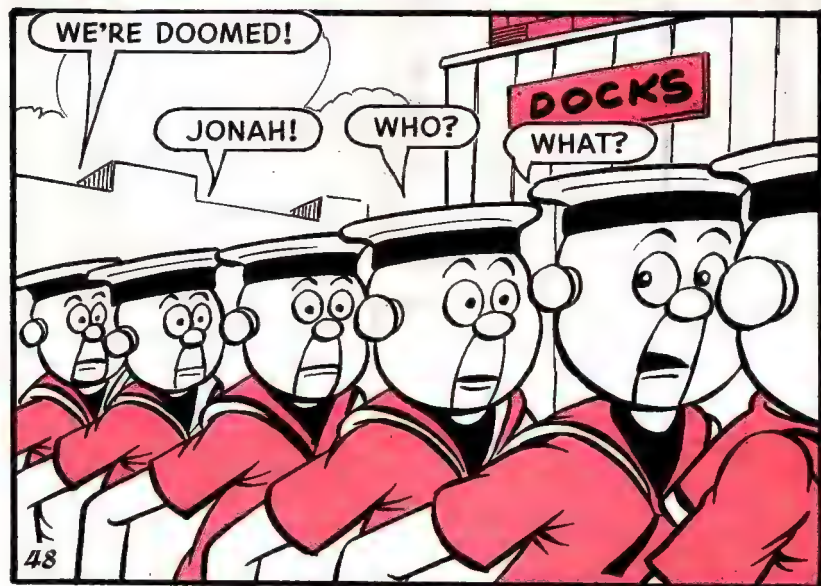
















BY JINGO! MECHANICAL MATELOTS! WHATEVER NEXT?



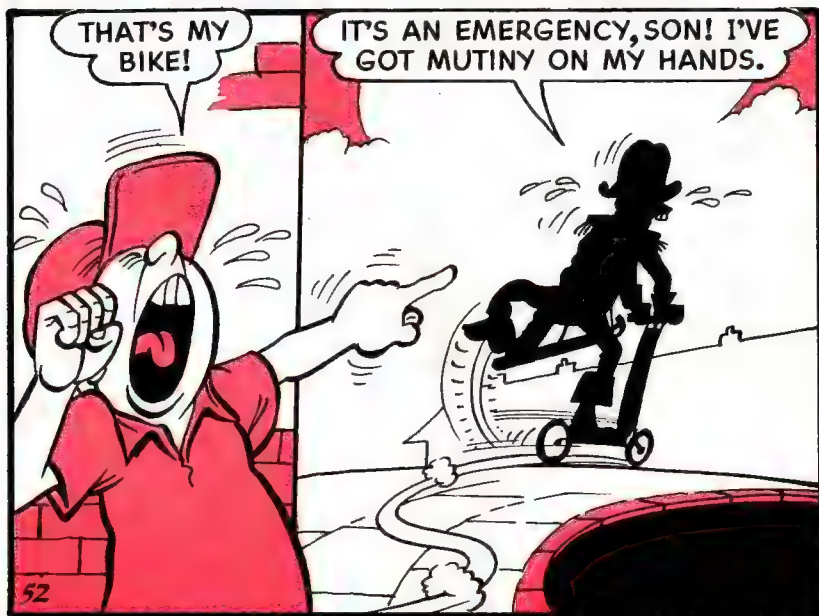
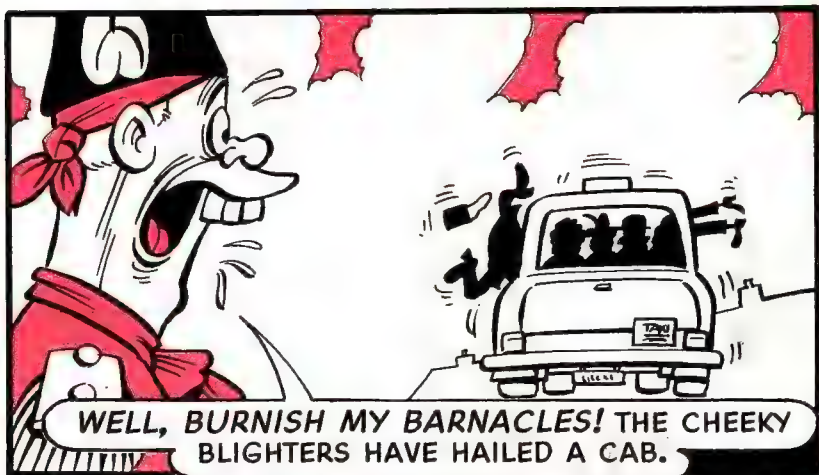
The robots quickly disguise themselves —



And —

TAXI!

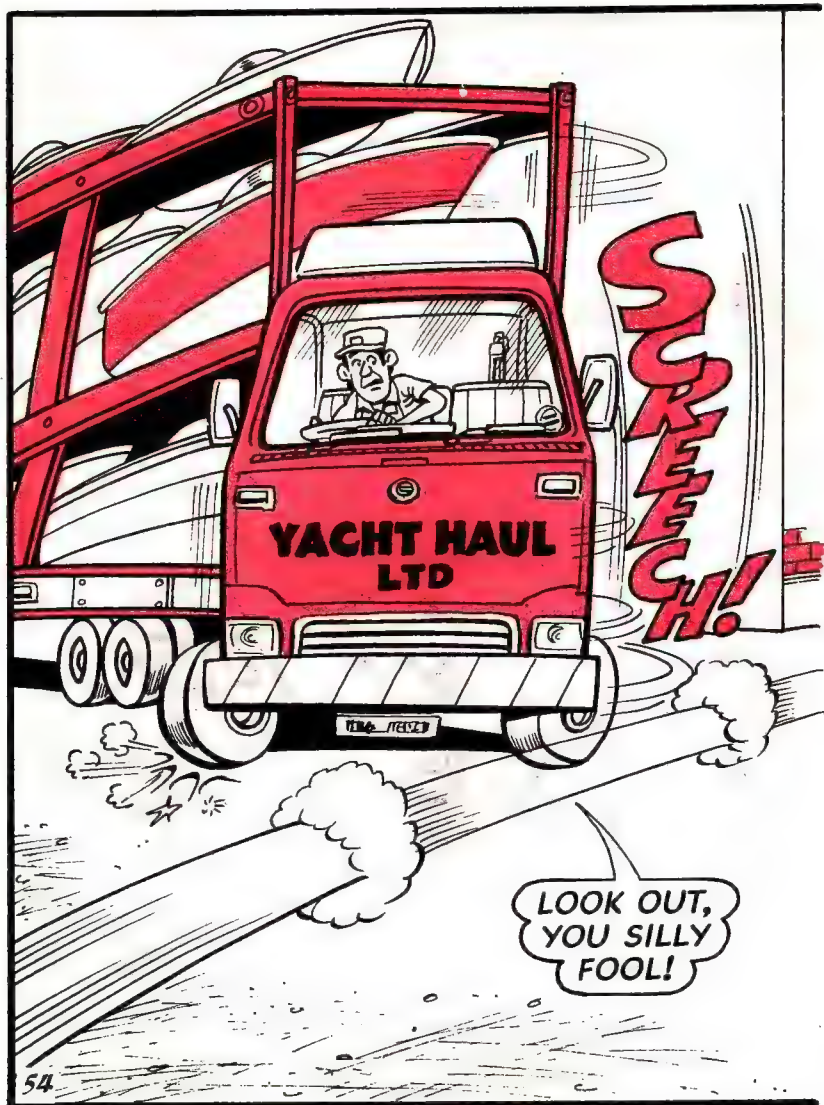




OH, CORKS! I'M NOT USED TO SCOOTERS.
HAVEN'T QUITE GOT THE HANG
OF THE STEERING.

LOOK OUT!
JONAH'S
COMING.





GIVE ME PLENTY
SEA ROOM, MATEYS!



And —

DREADNOUGHT DREDGERS

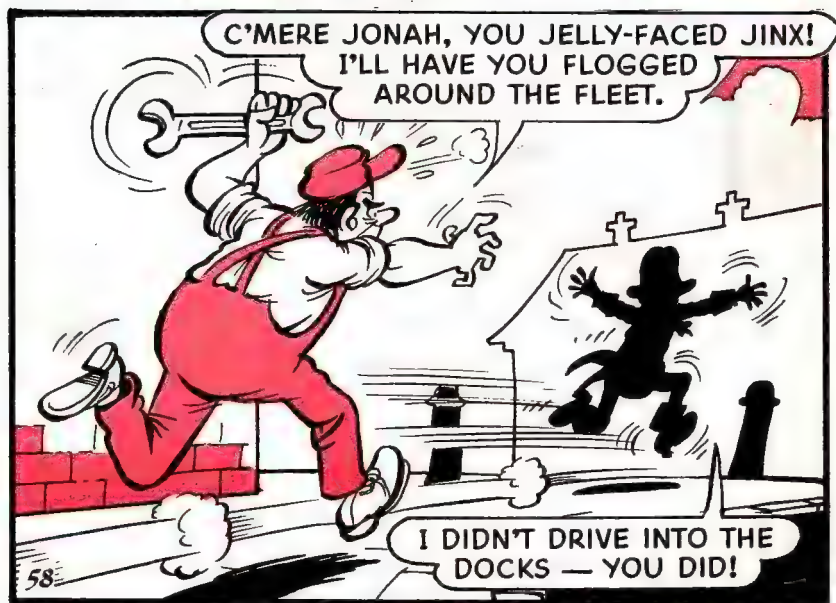
HELP!

VIROOM!





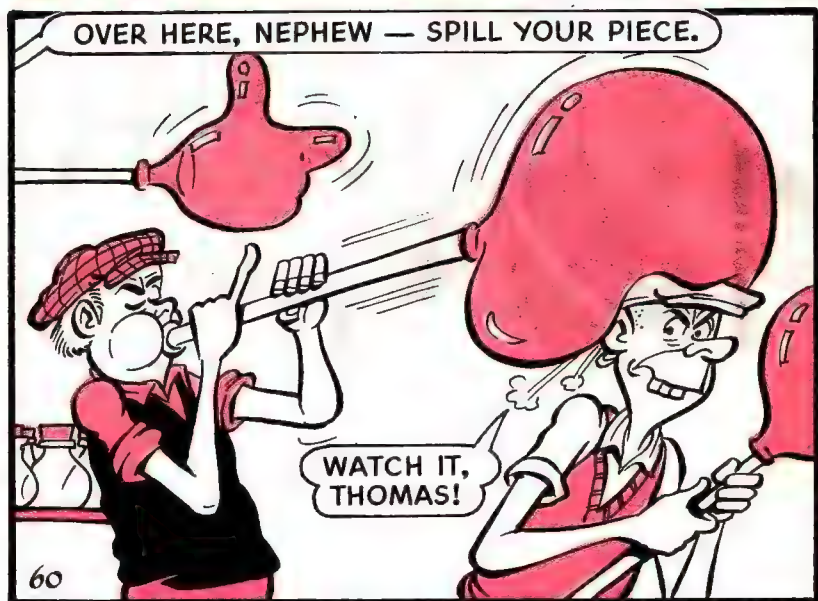
ARR! I'VE SWERVED OFF
THE END OF THE JETTY —
ALL BECAUSE OF THAT FOOL.



MY UNCLE HORATIO'S THE DOORMAN
IN HERE. I'LL GET HIM TO
HIDE ME UNTIL THE HUE
AND CRY DIES DOWN.

BOTTLE FACTORY





LISTEN, CLINT. NEPHEW'S
IN THE DEEPEST MIRE ... GOT
AN IDEA HOW TO KEEP HIM
OUT OF TROUBLE,
THOUGH ...



Meanwhile —

HARBOUR MASTER

**ATTENTION!
CRISIS
MEETING!
ATTENTION!
ALL
MARINERS!
SUBJECT-
JONAH!**

DOES
THAT
MEAN
US?

AYE, LAD!
MORE DOOM!
MORE GLOOM!
C'MON!



The meeting is in very full session —

ORDER!
ORDER!

CALM DOWN, ME BRAVE SAILOR BOYS!

ORDER!

JONAH
MUST
GO!

EXPORT
HIM!

NO!
TRANSPORT
HIM!

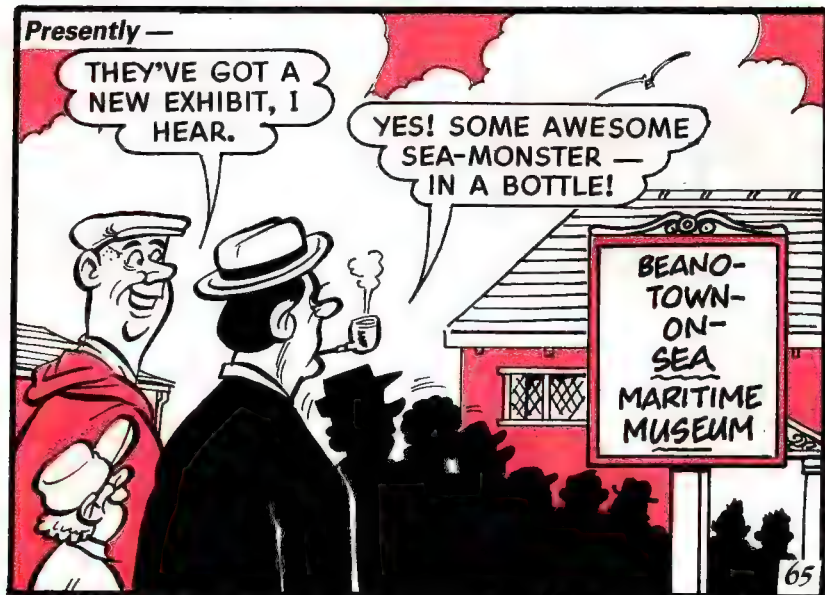
NO — SCUTTLE
HIM, I SAY!



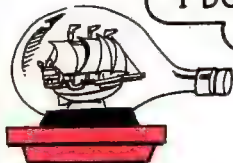
One harkening
later —



Presently —



And here it is —



SCHOONER
GALLON
GALLEON

I DON'T THINK THIS IS FUNNY!
UNCORK ME, I SAY!
AND DECANT!



MAN OF WAR

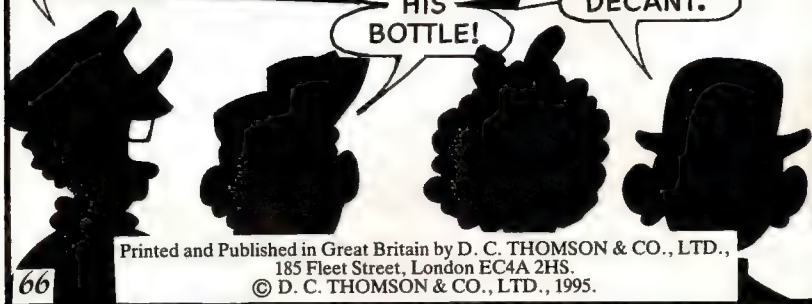


HO!
HO!

JONAIUS
JINXIUS

I LIKE
HIS
BOTTLE!

SORRY, JONAH —
WE CAN'T
DECANT.

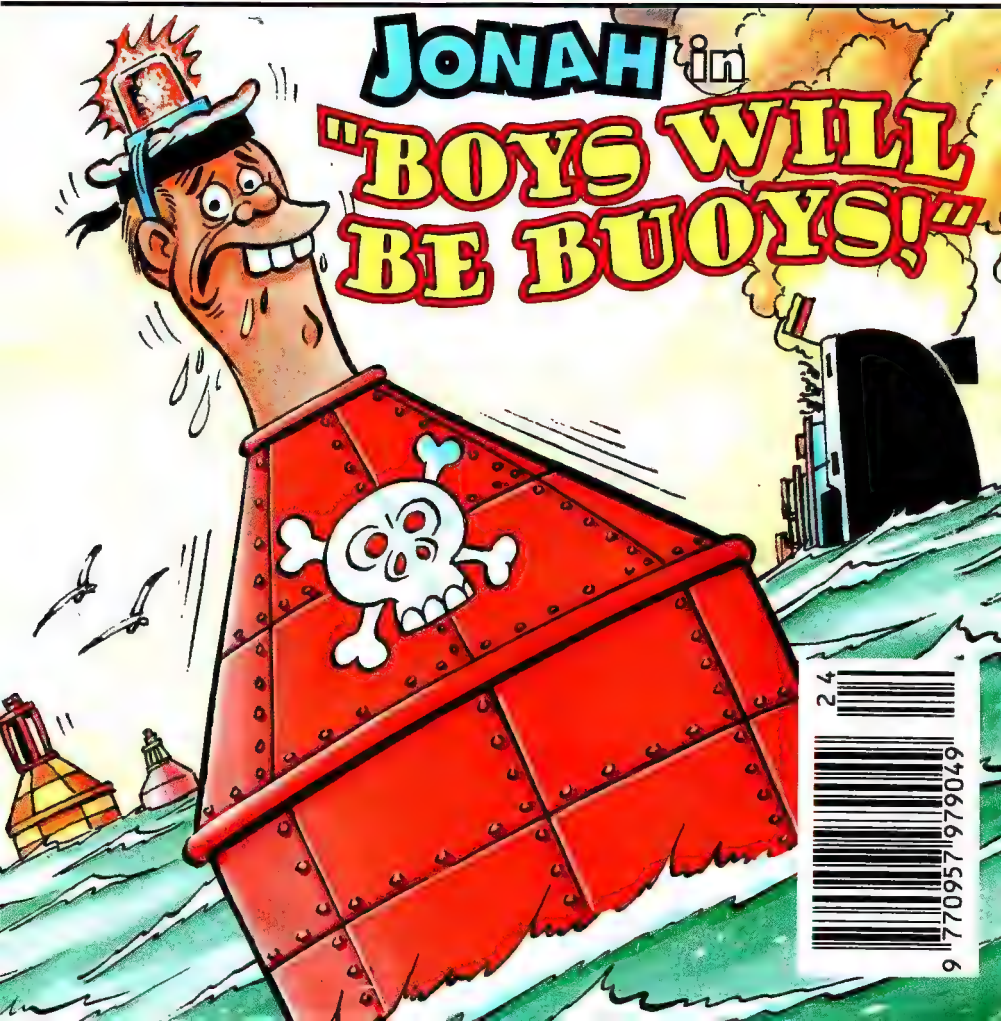


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BEANO

COMIC
LIBRARY
No.330
50p



JONAH *in* "BOYS WILL BE BUOYS"

OH, DEARIE ME!
I'VE HAD A WEE MISHAP!



MISHAP? ROT! THAT'S THE TENTH
BUOY YOU'VE RAMMED THIS WEEK. YOU'RE
BECOMING AN EXPERT!

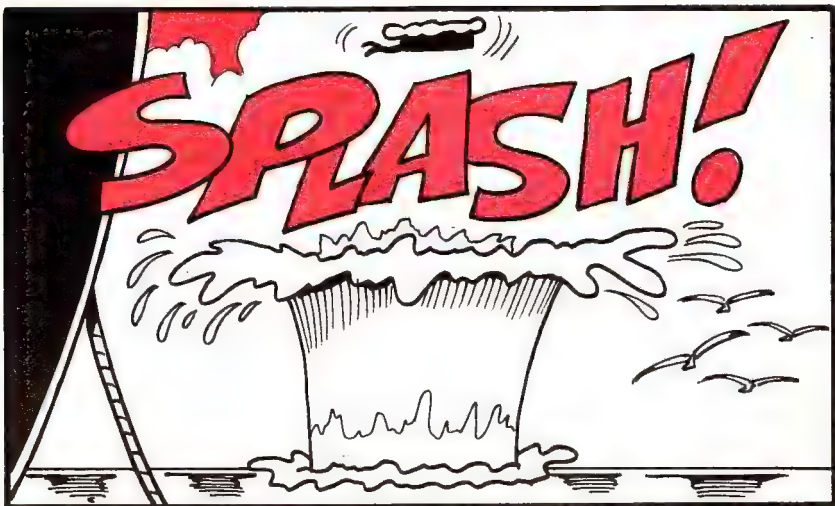
CLONK!

OW!

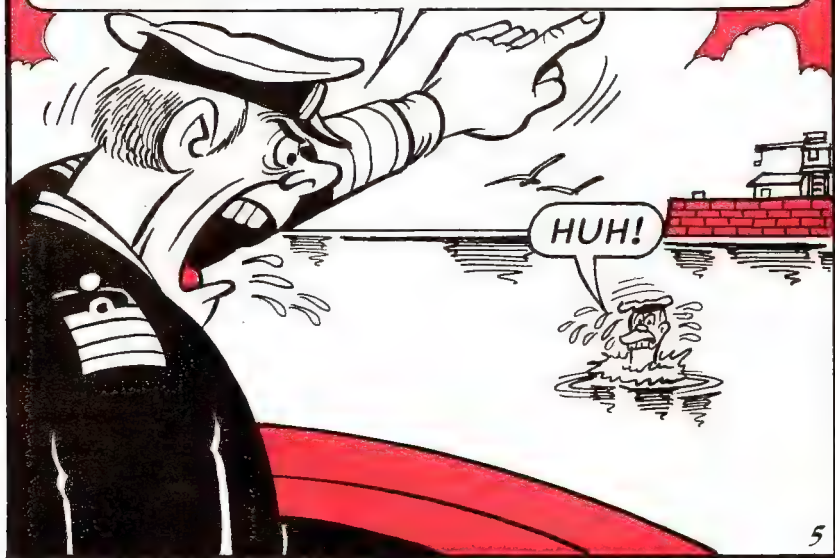
GERROFF!

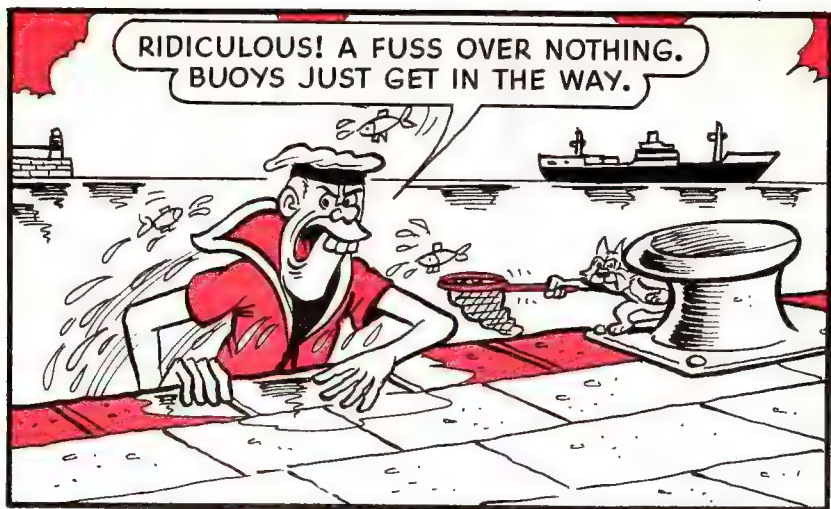
WHUMP!

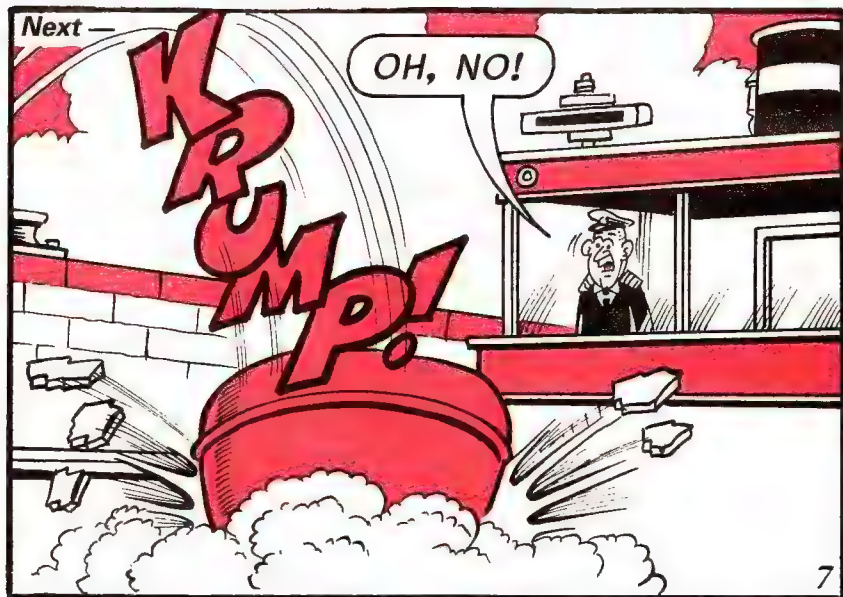
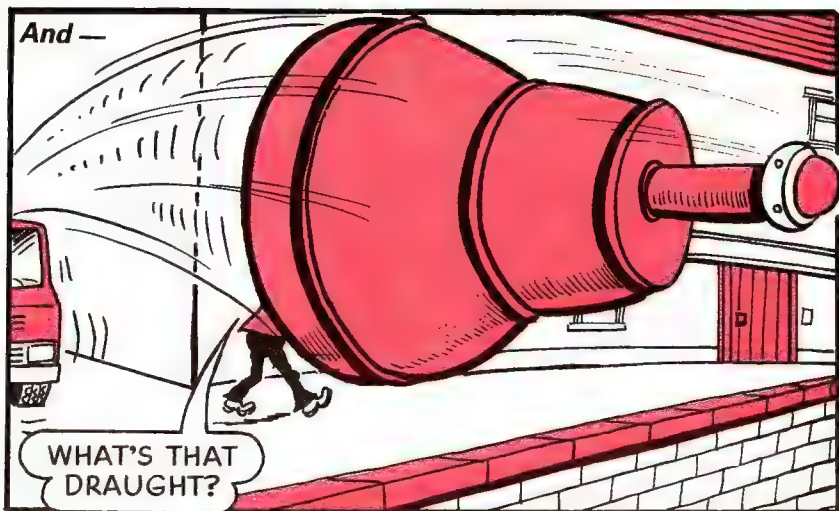
OYAH!



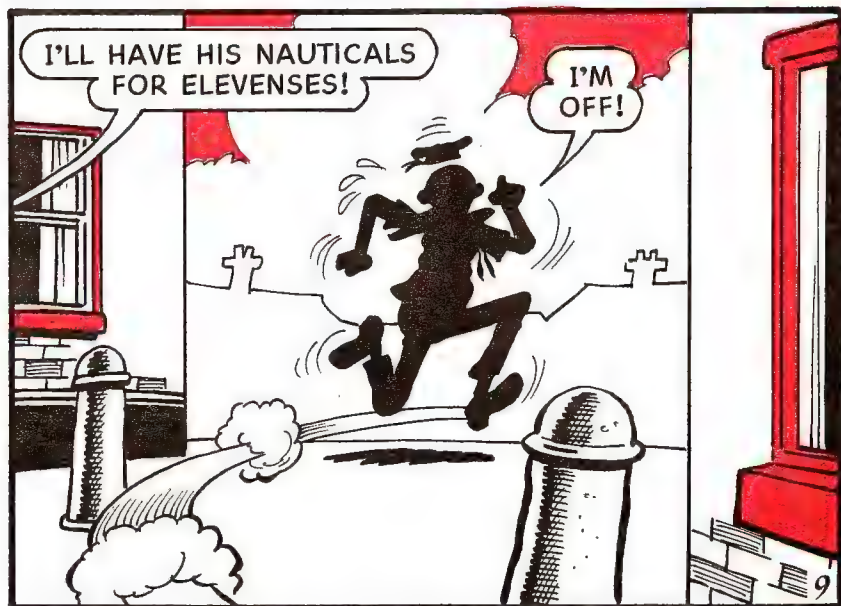
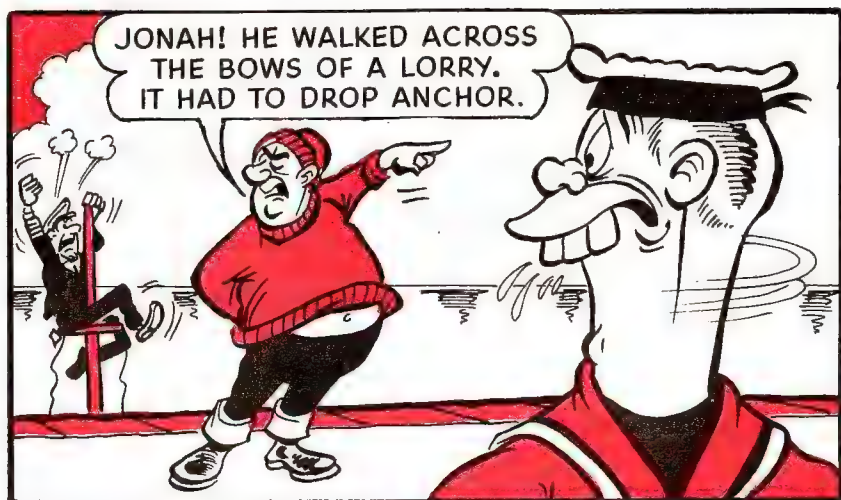
NOW HEAR THIS — YOU'RE DISMISSED FORTHWITH!

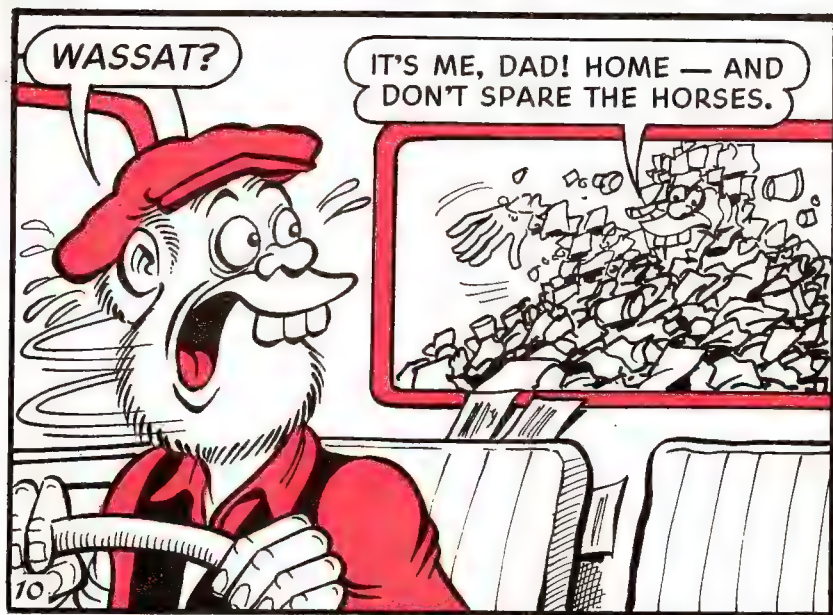
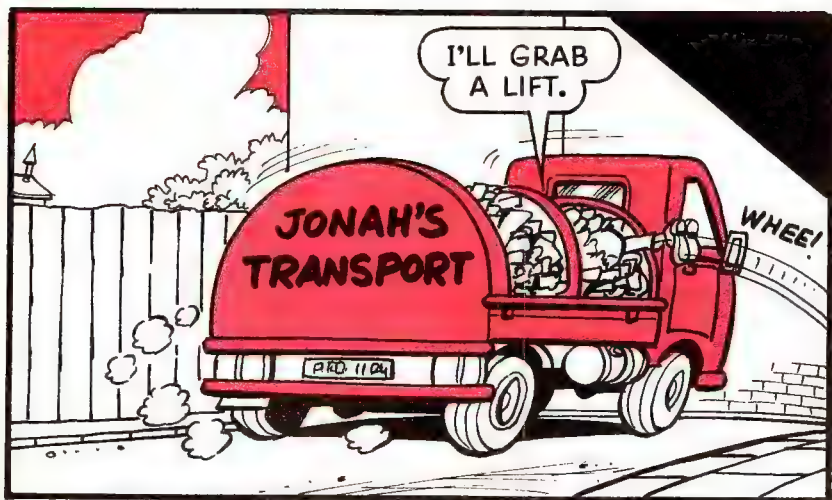




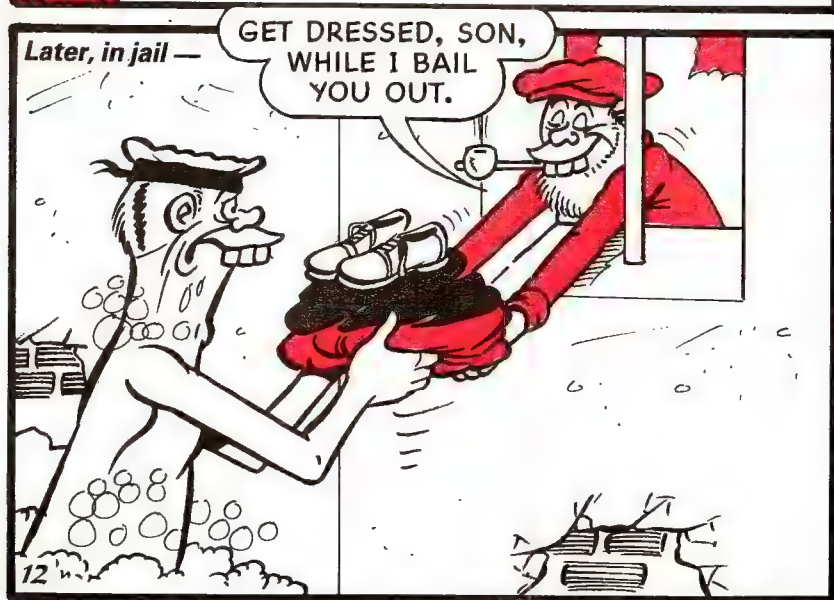
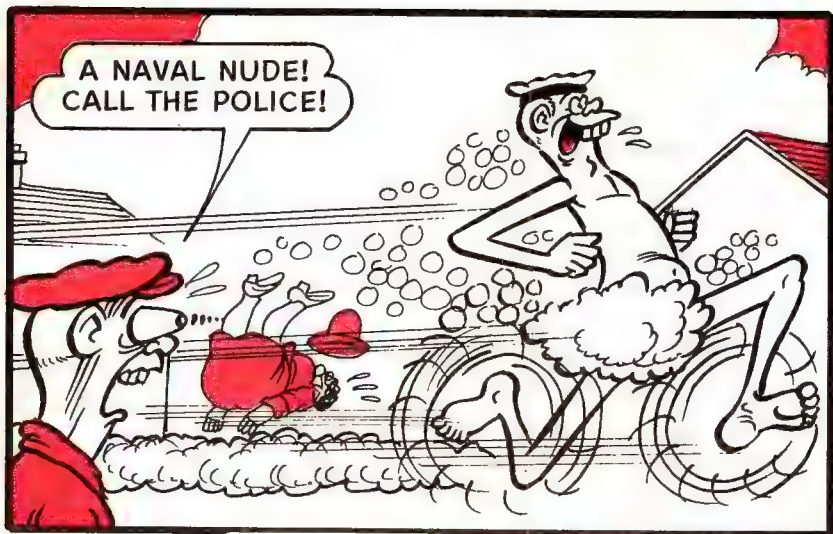












I RECKON IT'S ME THAT'LL TEACH
THEM A THING
OR TWO IN HERE.

NAVAL COLLEGE

OPEN
2-6 BELLS

BERTHS
AVAILABLE



Soon, the new students fall in for their first lessons —

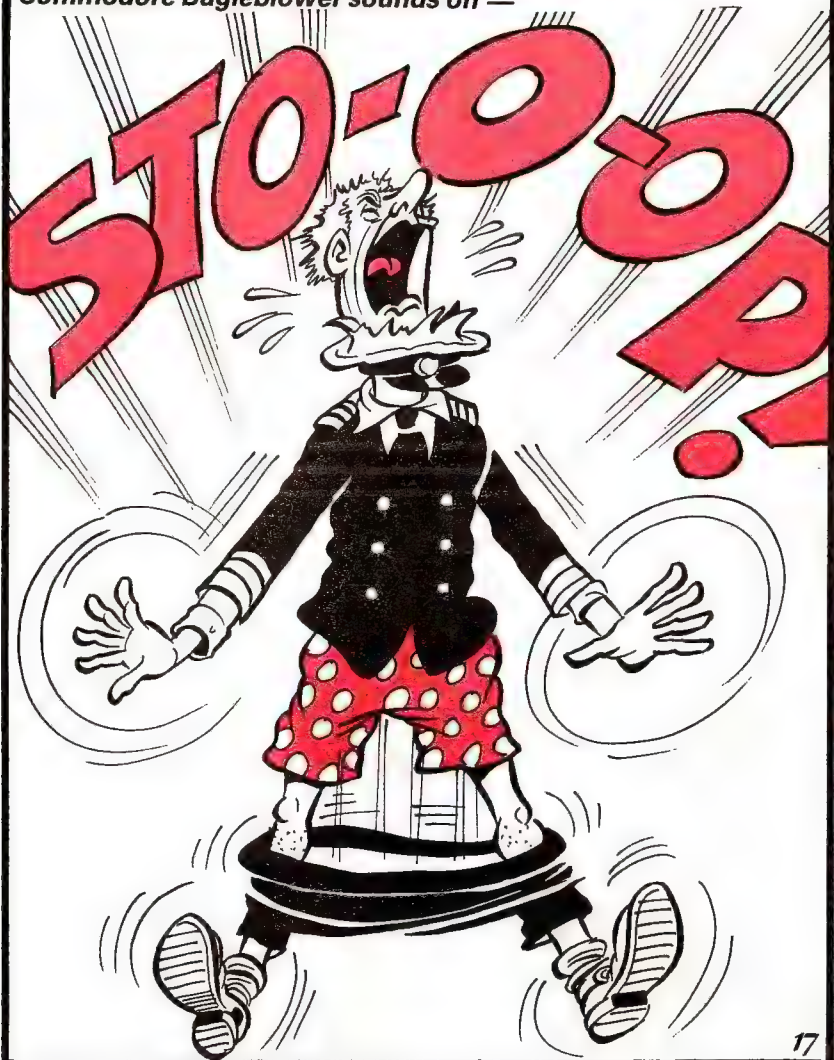
SOUND YOUR SIREN NO. 6!
DROP YOUR ANCHOR NO. 2!
SLOW AHEAD NO. 1!







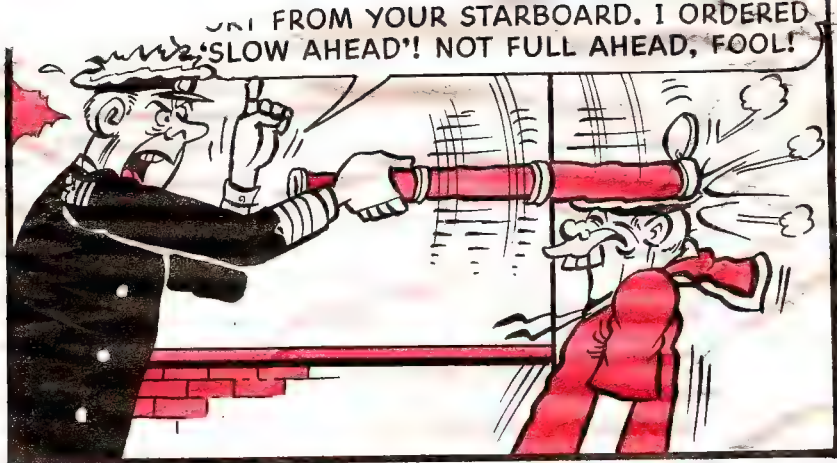
**Never having witnessed such shocking seamanship,
Commodore Bugleblower sounds off —**





WHO, SIR? ME, SIR.
OF COURSE, SIR. I COME FROM A
LONG LINE OF SEAFARERS.
I KNOW MY BEAM FROM MY AFT.



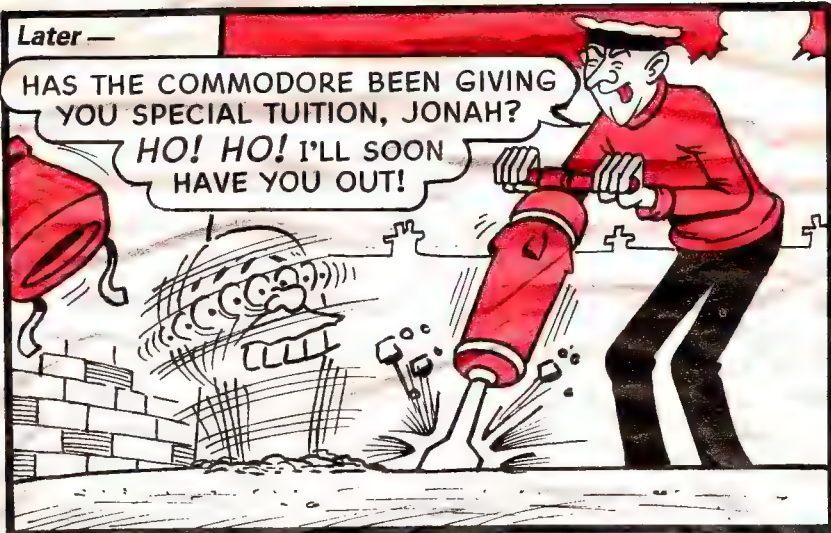




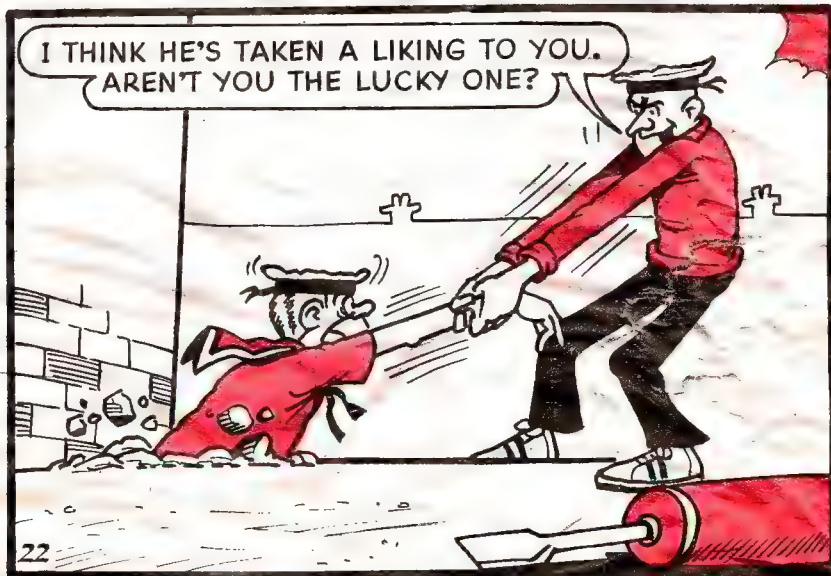
Later —

HAS THE COMMODORE BEEN GIVING
YOU SPECIAL TUITION, JONAH?

HO! HO! I'LL SOON
HAVE YOU OUT!



I THINK HE'S TAKEN A LIKING TO YOU.
AREN'T YOU THE LUCKY ONE?



Two weeks later —

LOOK! I'VE GOT MY
SKIPPER'S 'A' LEVELS.



YIPPEE! I'VE BEEN CERTIFIED!

ACTUALLY, IT'S A FORGERY —
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN
GET RID OF 'EM.



Presently —

BOY! THE VERY
JOB FOR ME!

CERTIFICATED
MARINER
WANTED

I'VE BEEN CERTIFICATED, CAP'N.
CAN I HAVE THE JOB?





Soon —

LOOK AT ME!
I'LL NEVER BE
RECOGNISED!

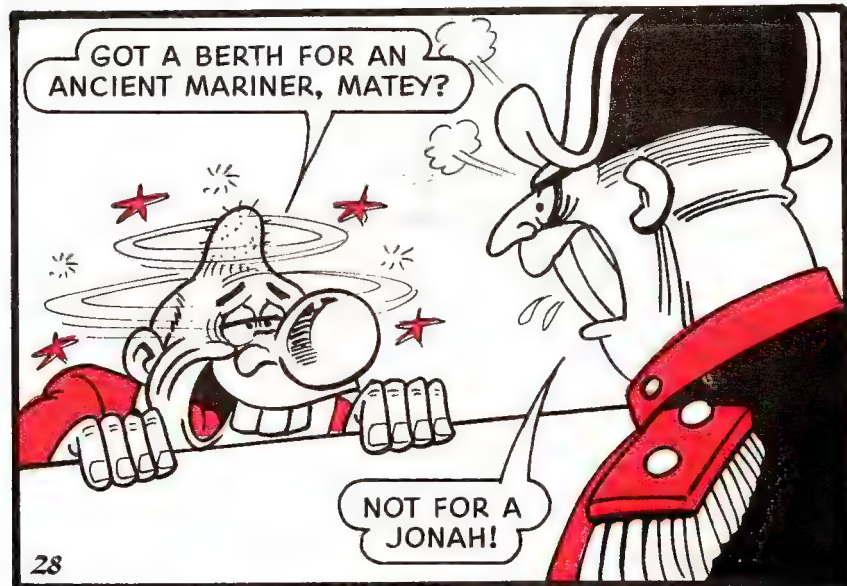
BACK
DOOR



And —

AHOY, THERE, ME HEARTIES!
IT'S ME, CAP'N DIPP!
SEEKING A SHIP.

BEANO LINE
SHIPPING
OFFICE



SLING YOUR
HOOK!

I'LL TAKE THAT
AS 'NO', SHALL I?

WOP!

OOF!

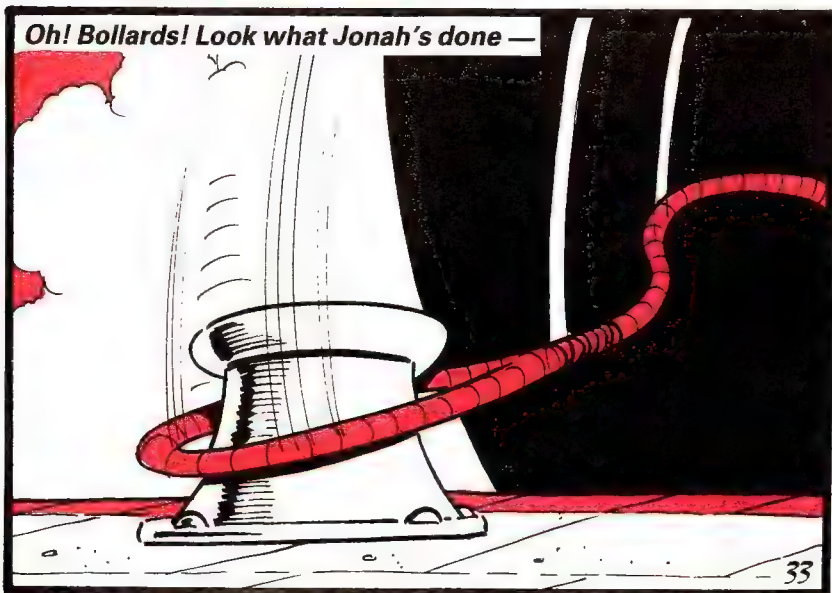
OUCH!

ZUMP!

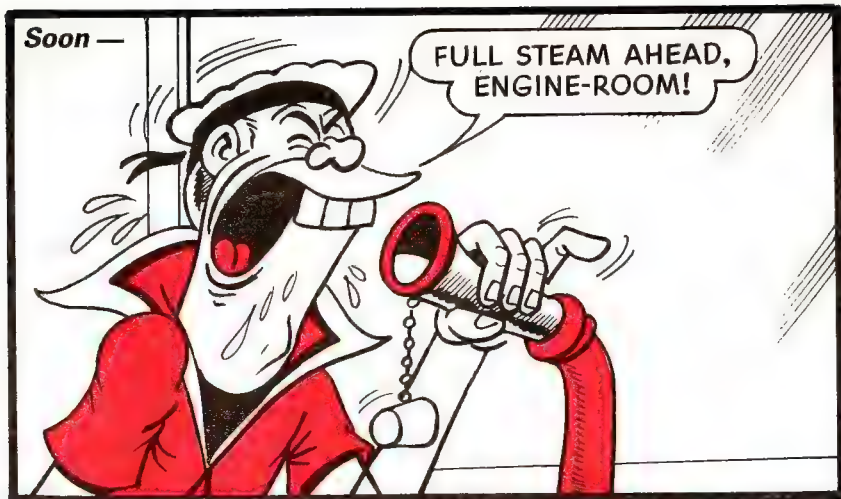








Soon —



And —



LOOK! I CAN
STEER BLINDFOLDED!
BRILLIANT, EH?

SPIN!



THERE'S
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
TO IT.



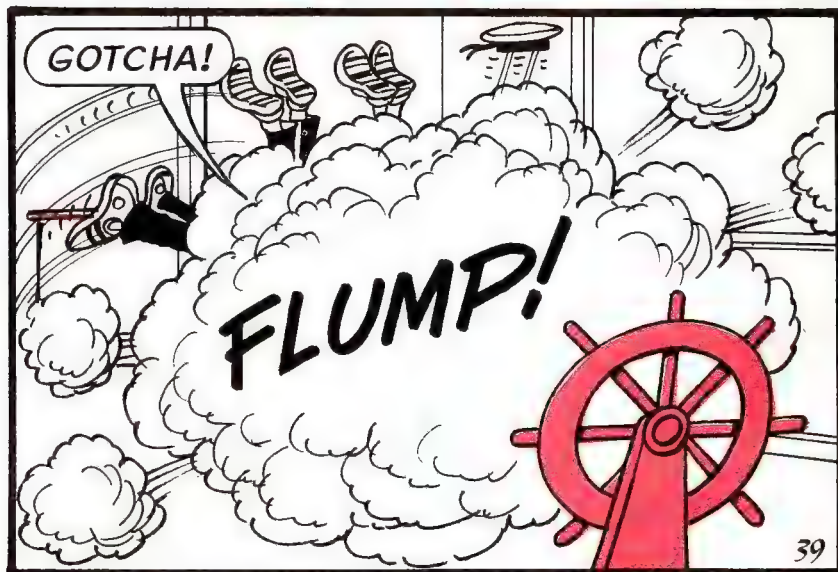
**Worried by the sounds of collisions,
the engineer pops up for a look —**

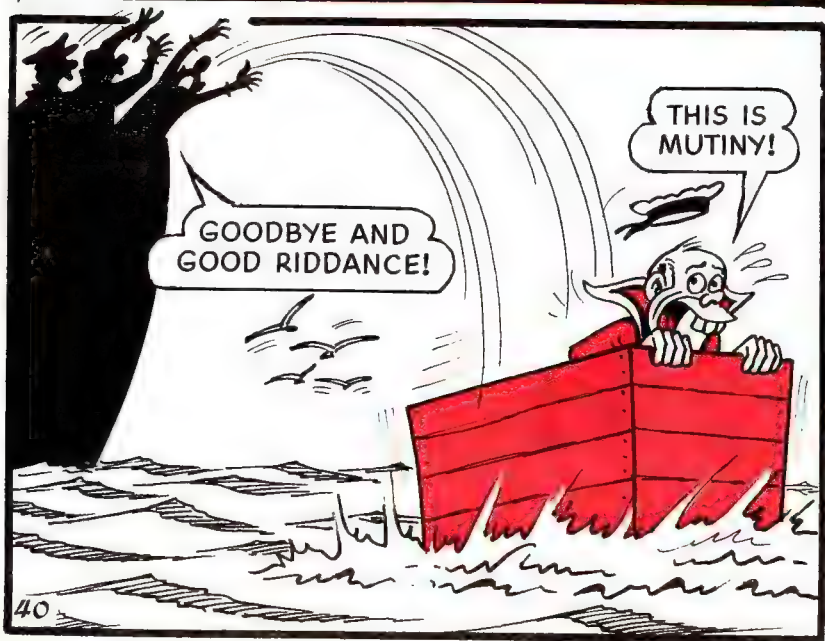
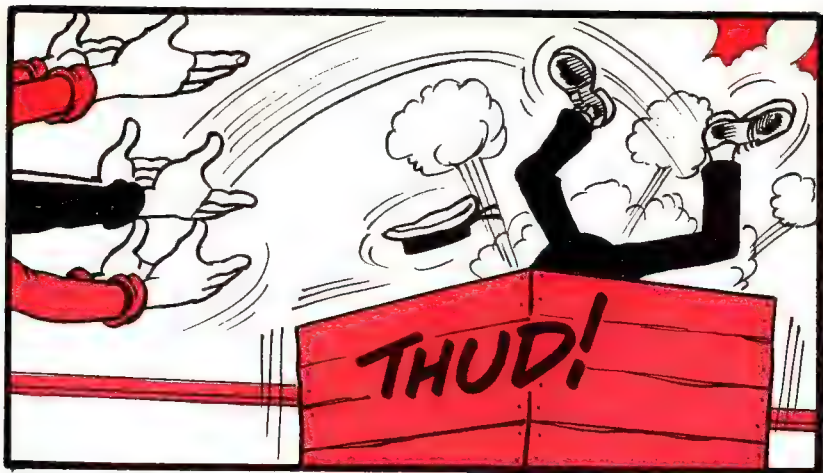
**WHAT'S
GOING ON?**



**GREAT DOGGER BANKS!
IT'S 'IM — JONAH!**

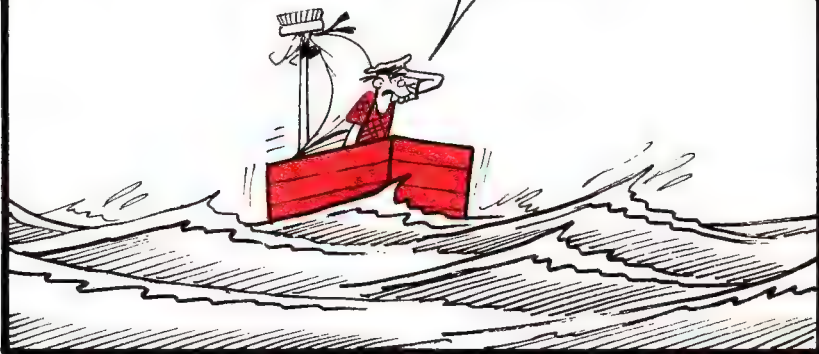






Hours later —

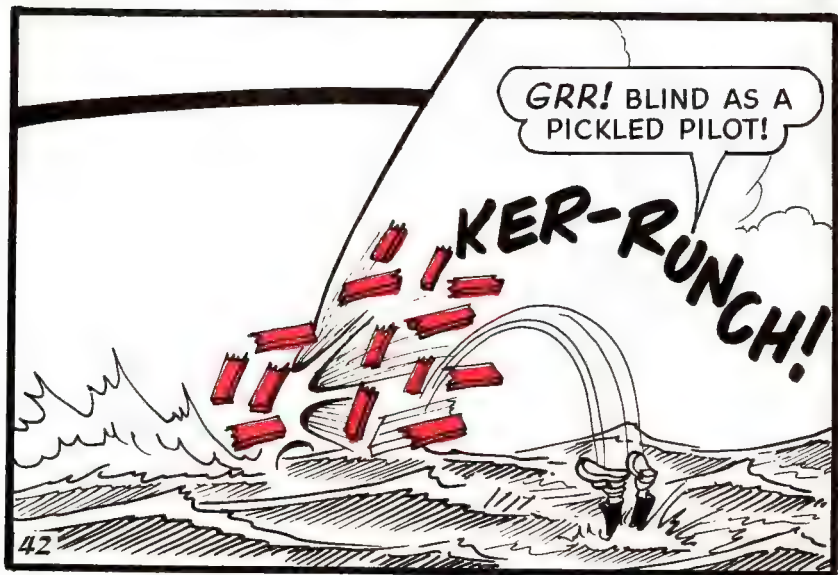
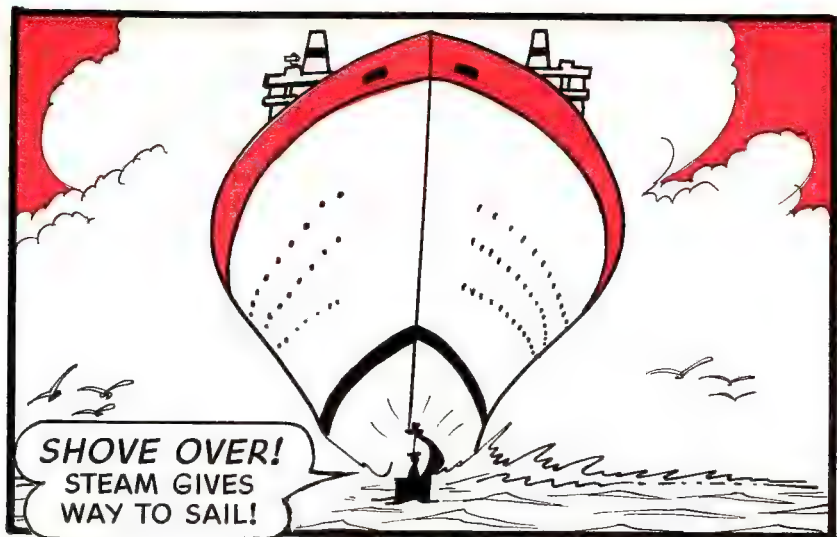
I MUST KEEP A GOOD LOOK-OUT.
I DON'T WANT TO RUN DOWN
SOME POOR FISHERMAN.

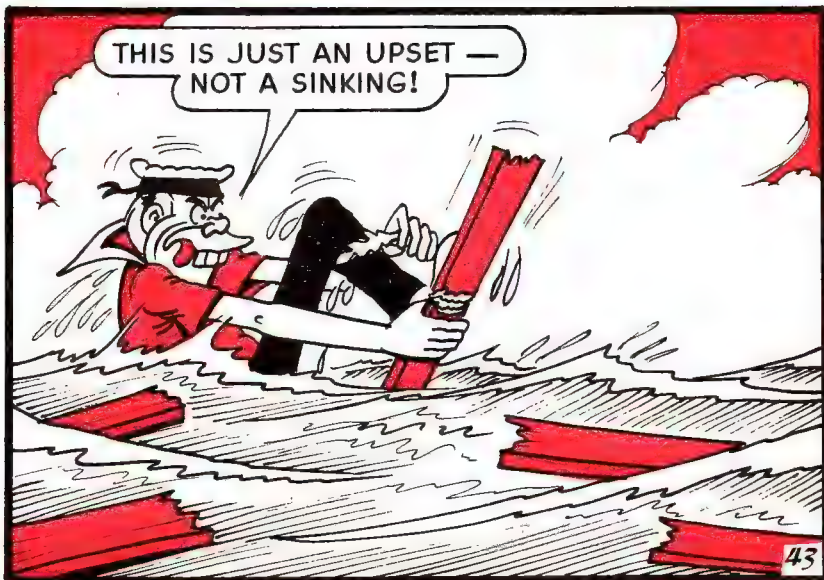


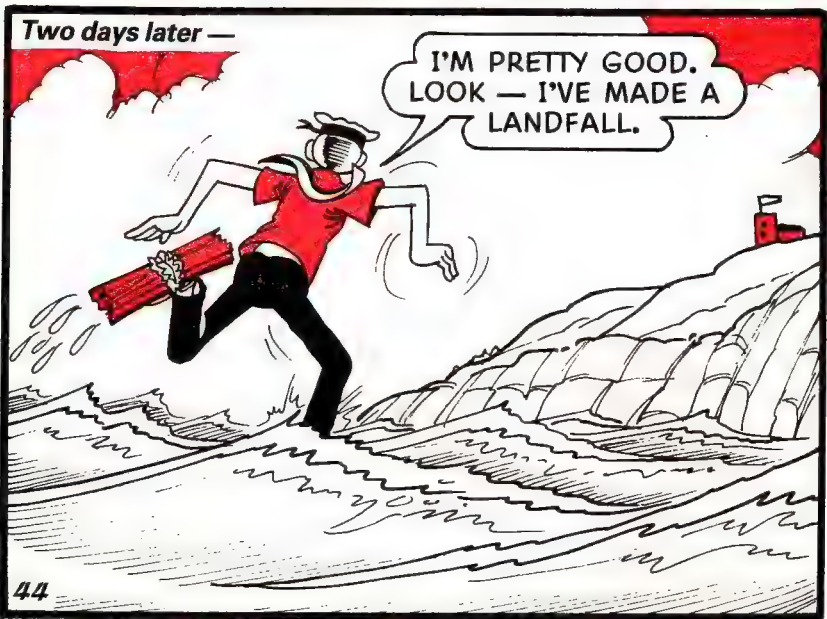
Suddenly —

EEK!





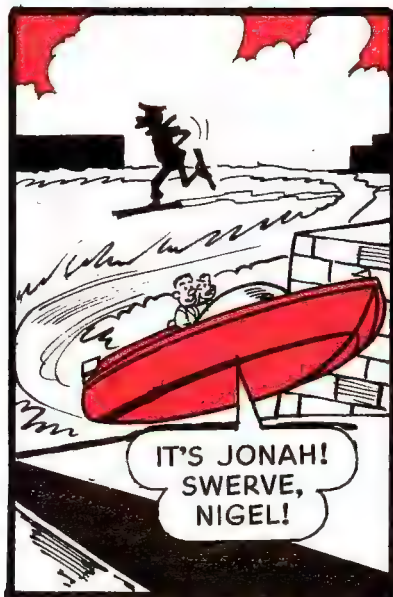




Even on water-skis Jonah's a danger —

WHO'S THAT
IDIOT?

OOF!



And —

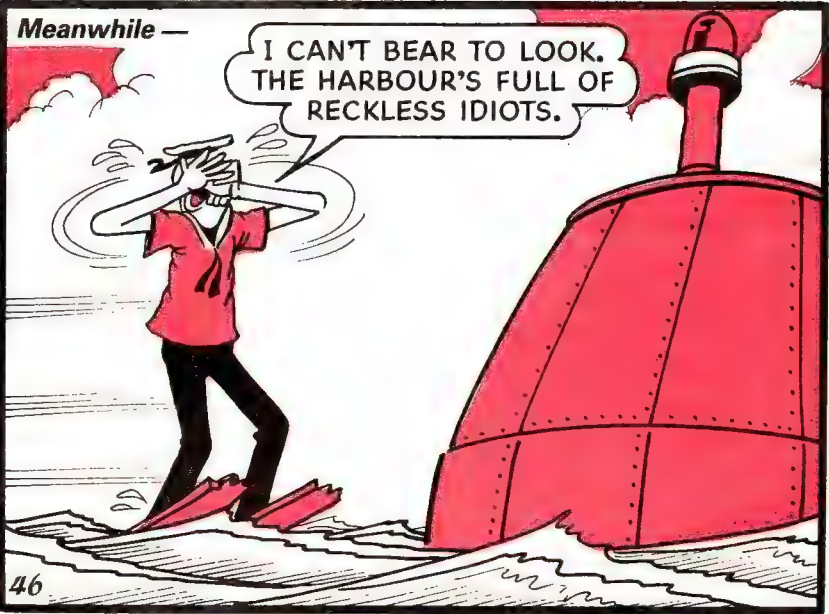
NOW YOU'VE
RAMMED A TRAM!

IT WAS THAT
IDIOT, JONAH'S
FAULT.



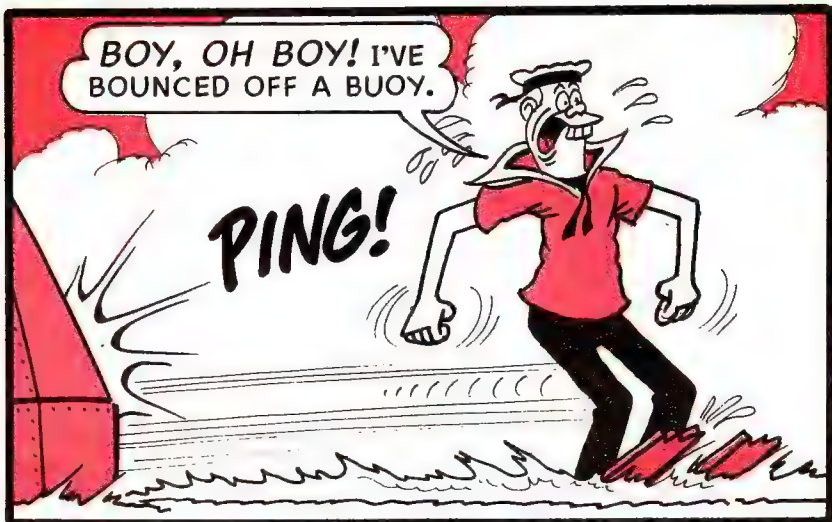
Meanwhile —

I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK.
THE HARBOUR'S FULL OF
RECKLESS IDIOTS.



BOY, OH BOY! I'VE
BOUNCED OFF A BUOY.

PING!

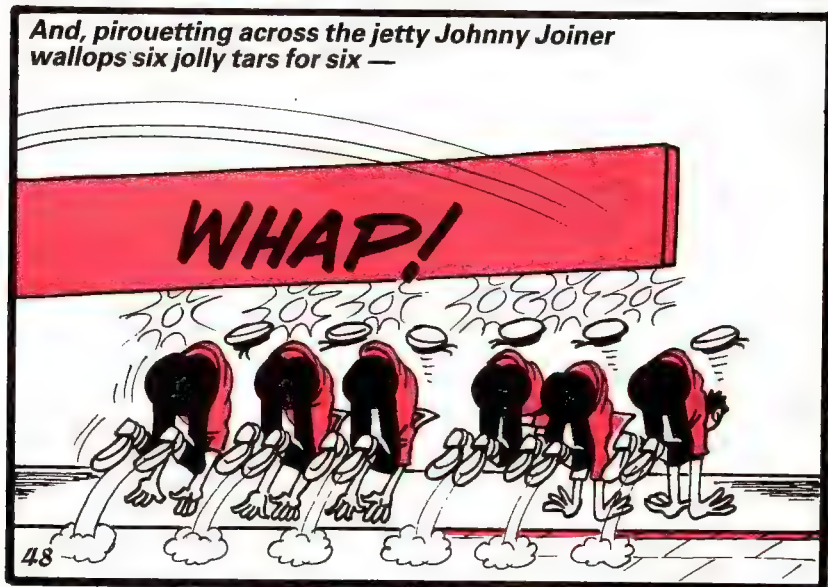


NOW WHERE
AM I GOING?

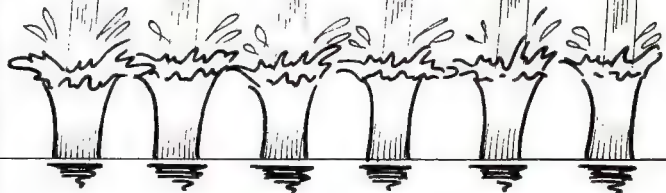




And, pirouetting across the jetty Johnny Joiner
wallops six jolly tars for six —



MEN OVERBOARD!



**LOOK, DORIS —
SYNCHRONISED
SAILORS.**



**MUST BE SOME SORT OF
SECRET NAVAL MANOEUVRE.**

Meanwhile, Jonah's in pursuit of his Skipper's 'A' Level —



TCH! IT'S GONE ON
BOARD THIS
SQUARE-RIGGER.



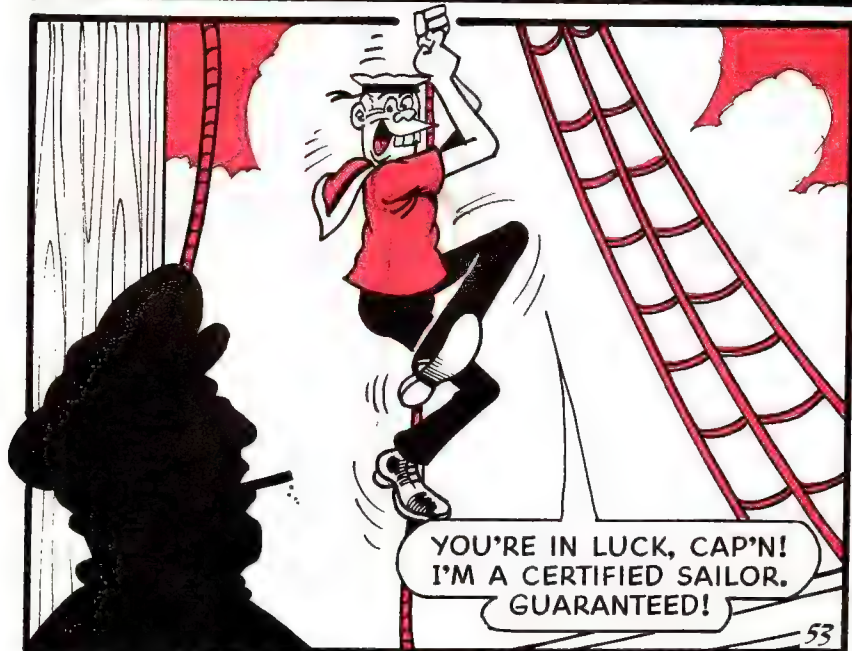


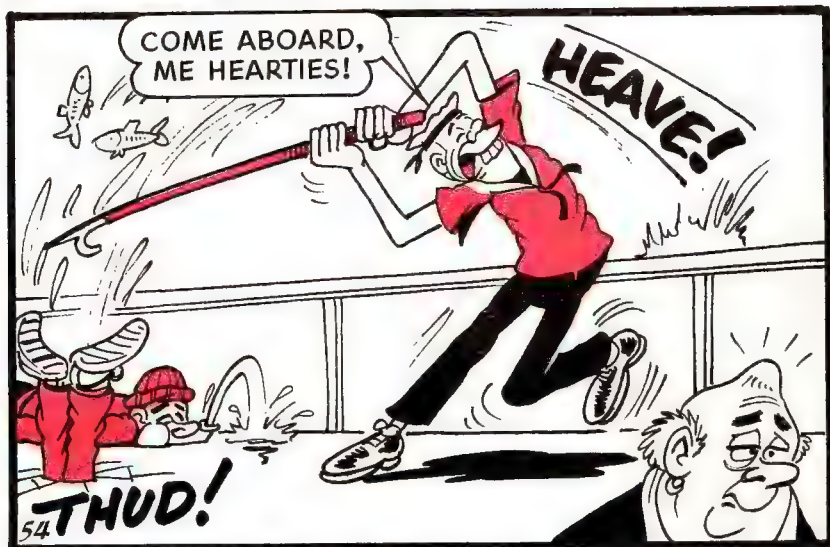
But there's many a slip —



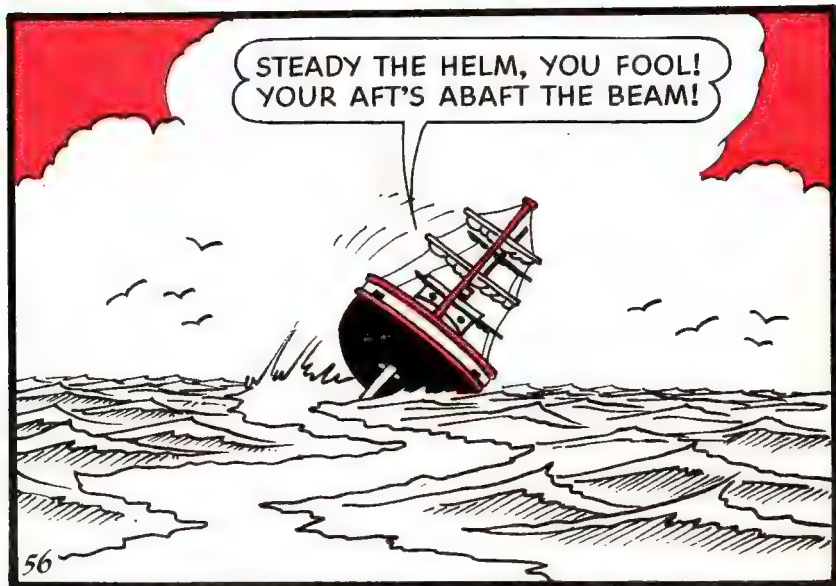
CAP'N! THERE'S
A QUEER BIRD
IN THE
CROW'S-NEST.











OH, A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE!

CHUNG!

STEADY YOUR HELM!
WE'RE IN DIRE STRAITS.

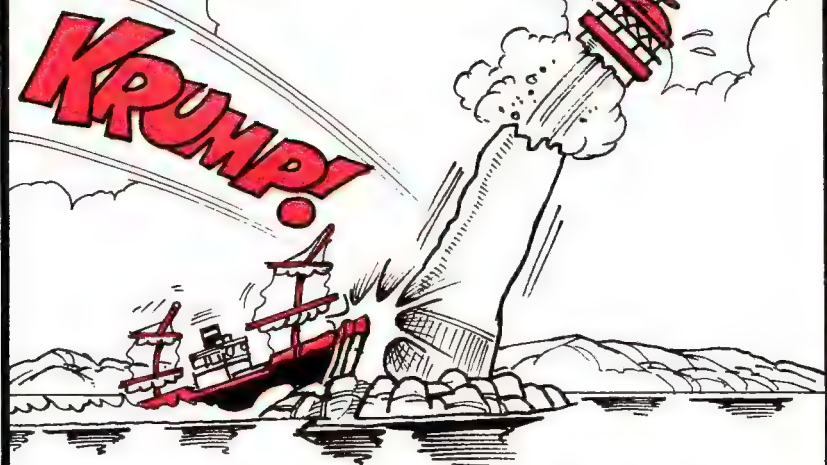
BONG!

CLUNG!

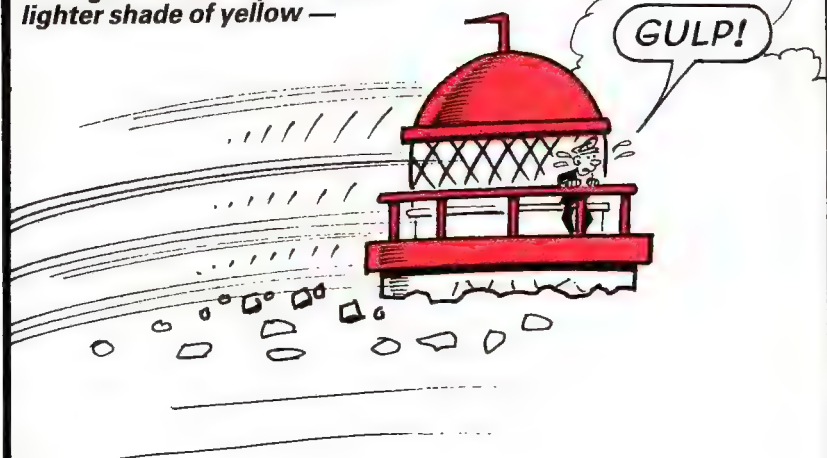
THUNG!

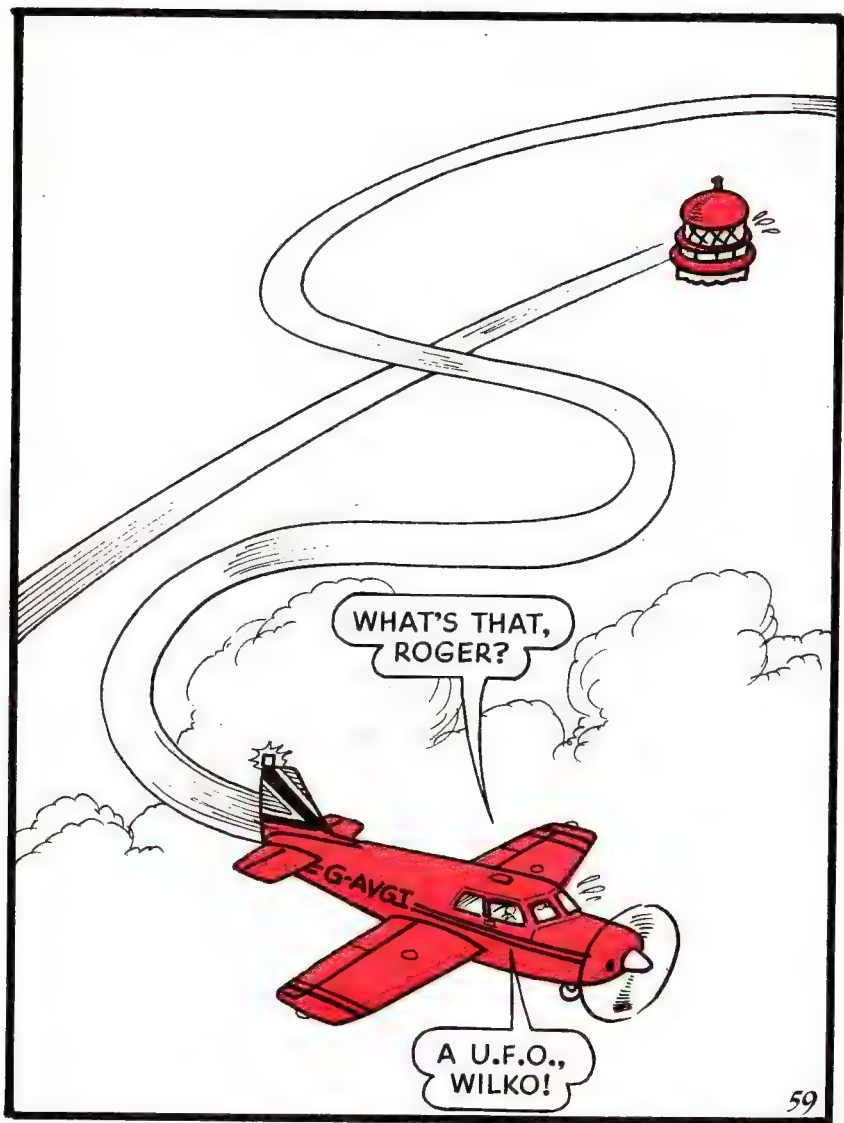
KERDUNG!

The inevitable happens —

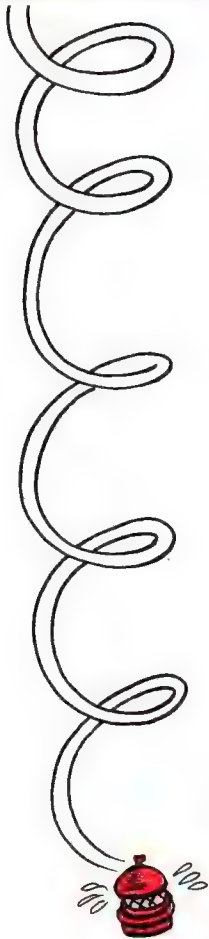


The lighthouse-keeper turns a lighter shade of yellow —

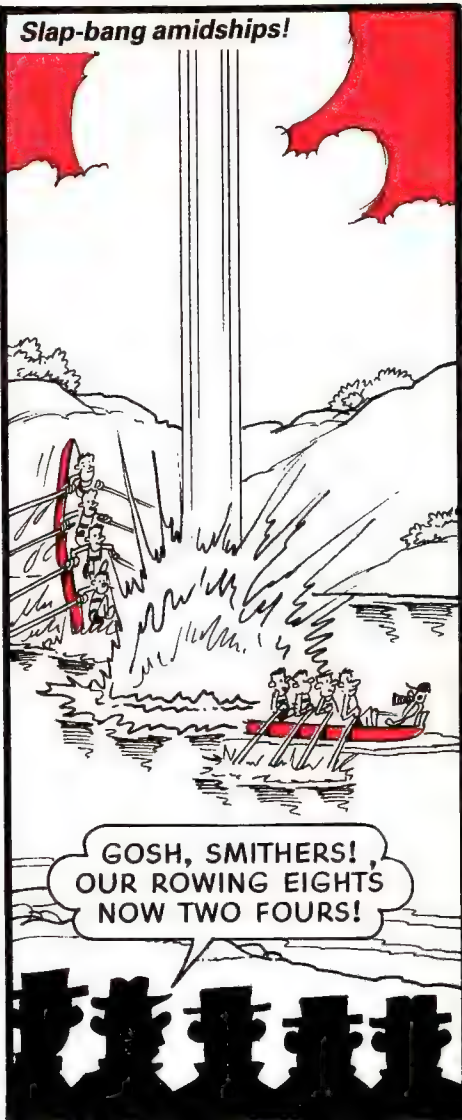




**The lighthouse lantern
and gallery plummet —**



Slap-bang amidships!



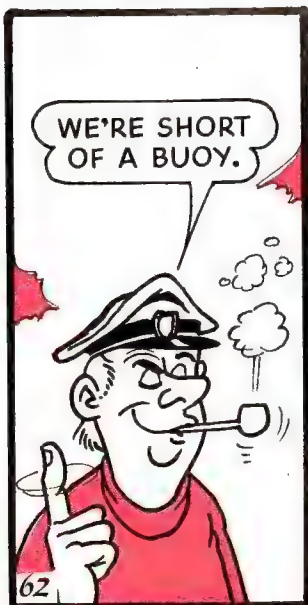
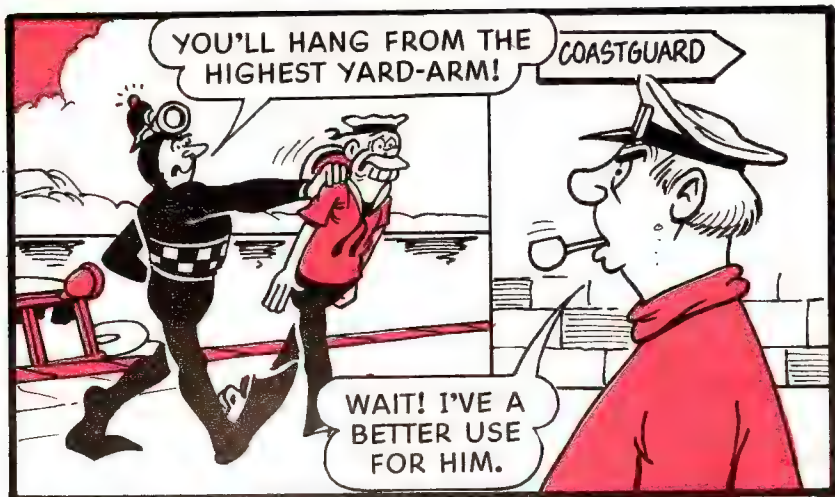
SPLOOSH! SPOFF!

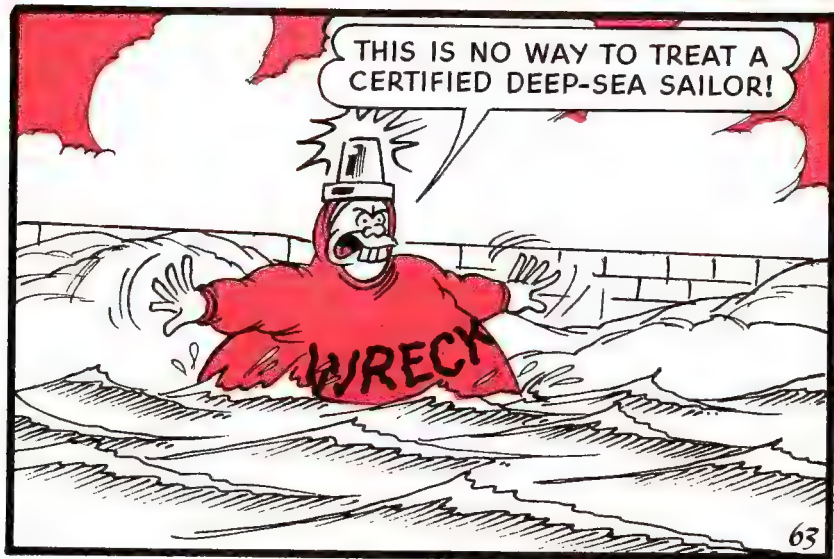
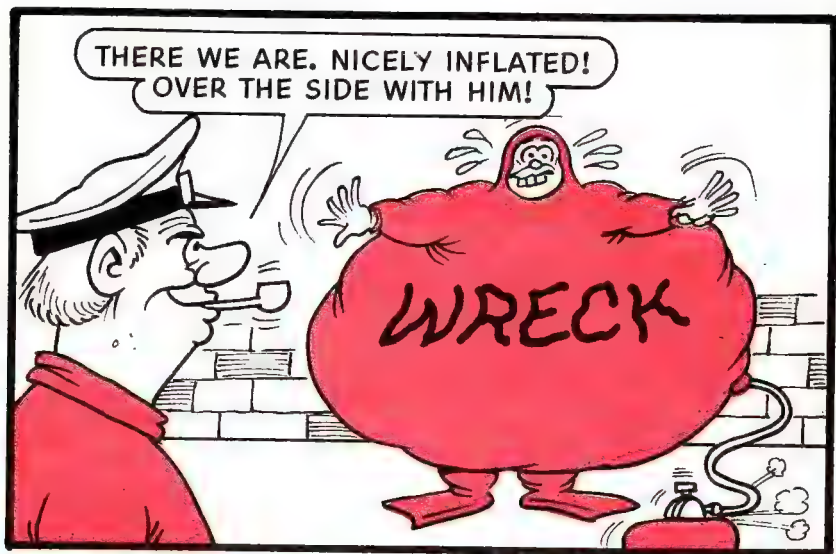
OH ROTTEN LUCK, LADS!
A DOUBLE SINKING!

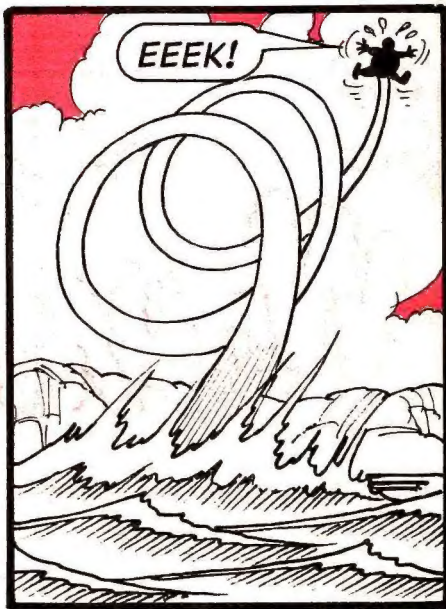
Meanwhile, the Maritime Police are on the case —

PEE-PAW!

WHAT AM I GETTING THE
BLAME FOR? I WAS
ONLY STEERING.







Hours later —

THE SAHARA?

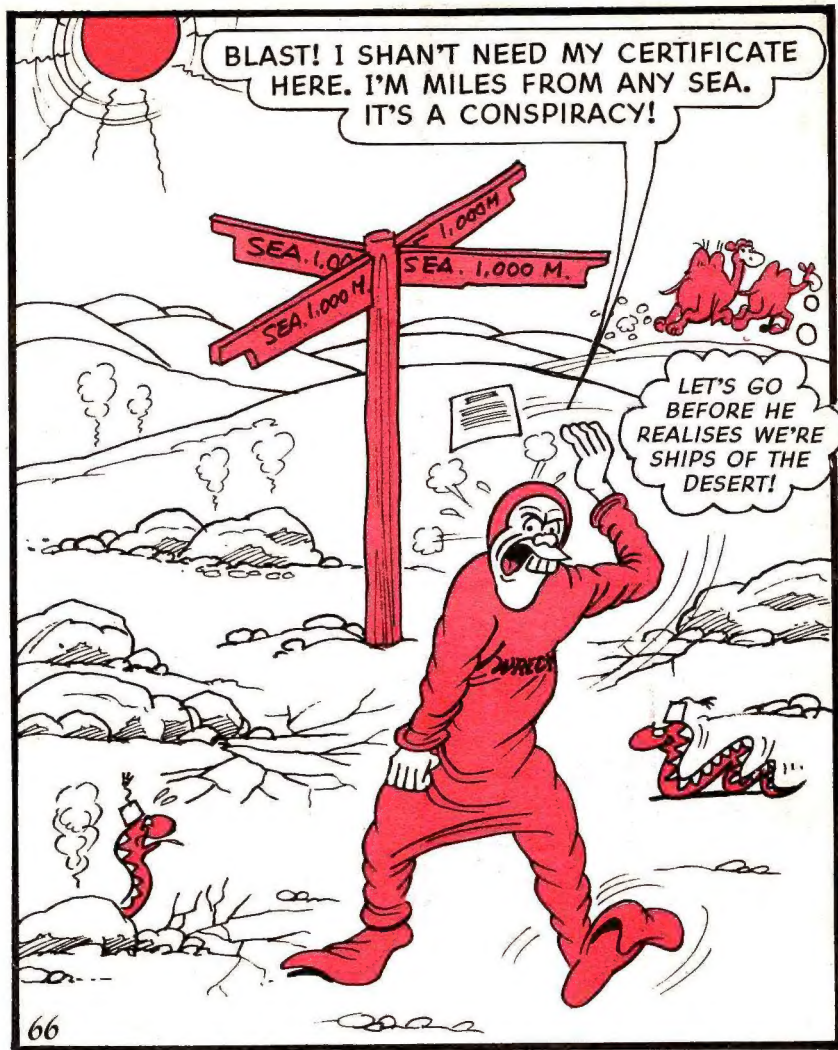
SAHARA

Landfall!

WHUMP!!

OOF!

EC 65



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JONAH - CHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT



Boutje Fedankt
COMICS